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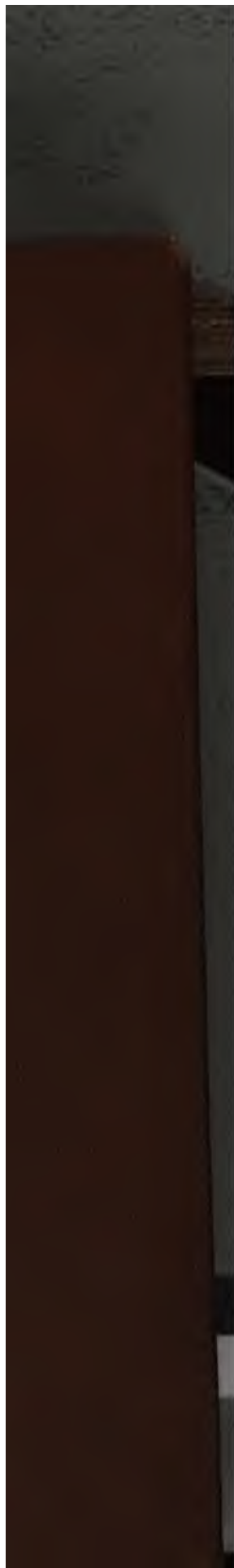
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ETONIAN  
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**THE**  
**ETONIAN.**



**SECOND EDITION.**

**VOL. II.**

**LONDON:**

**HENRY COLBURN AND CO. CONDUIT-STREET;**

**AND KNIGHT AND DREDGE, WINDSOR;**

**SOLD ALSO BY DEIGHTON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE; AND KUNDAY AND SLATIER, OXFORD.**

**1822.**







# THE ETONIAN.

No. VI.

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## THE KING OF CLUBS.

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SCENE—THE CLUB-ROOM.

*(The President prologuizes from the Chair.)*

I LOVE variety ; no book  
From me obtains a second look,  
In which I vainly seek to find  
This salt, this pepper of the mind :  
And ought that savours of precision,  
Of sameness, or of repetition,  
With more than Editorial hate  
I scorn, detest, abominate.  
*Ergo*, whereas the Reader knows  
That Volume I. began in prose ;  
I think I'll change my note this time—  
And—Volume II. begins in rhyme.  
My friends, I vote him prosy quite,  
Who speaks one word of prose to-night.

*(Members testify astonishment. O'Connor opens his mouth wide—Musgrave shuts his close—Lozell nods with assent—Burton with drowsiness—Oakley takes out his tablets, and appears to be working hard.)*

MONTGOMERY. " I love to hear a clever rhymers rhyming  
In learned measure, eloquent and strong ! "

GOLIGHTLY. " I love to hear a faulty timer timing  
His horrid cadence, dissonant and wrong ! "

VOL. II.

■



*The King of Clubs.*

MONTGOMERY. " Good poetry's the noblest thing on earth!

GOLIGHTLY. " Bad is a strong provocative to mirth;  
And, when a fool is sentimentalizing,"—

STERLING. " Order! the worthy President is rising."

COURTENAY. " My friends! I need not dwell upon  
The vast success of Volume I.;  
Suffice it, that its *tout ensemble*  
Has made our worst revilers tremble;  
That Censure owns at last she's wrong,  
And Scandal almost holds her tongue.  
Howbeit, 'midst our wreath of bays,  
There sprout some

## FRAMBLETS OF DISPRAISE;

Which, when the precious leaves we snatch,  
Inflict a most delightful scratch;  
Too soft to make us cry about it—  
And—we might go to sleep without it.  
Here is a ' Senex,' cold and grave,  
Quite puzzled by the ' Knight and Knave;'  
And thinking that it's all ' a *flam* '  
About our Publisher and Pam.  
Then here's a little note from ' Jessy,'  
Who ' can't abide that Sober Essay! '  
' A Fourth-form ' thinks 'tis best by far  
To stick to the vernacular;  
Our Muse goes limping on a patten,  
Whene'er she's running after Latin.  
' Amicus ' is in monstrous pique  
Because he isn't ' up to Greek. ' "

O' CONNOR. " As Gerard said, the other day,  
Och! sure it's very clear, oh!  
*Non intelligibilia*

*Sed intellectum fero.*"

CHORUS. " Order! order! a bull! a bull!"

O' CONNOR. " I'd knock you down, but my mouth is full."

SWINBURNE. " *Myself aside*"—

OAKLEY. " I differ."

NESBIT. " Some beer."

CHORUS. " Silence! hark to the Chairman! "—(*Hear!*) \*

COURTENAY. " My head feels a sort of a dizziness,  
I've written and spoke till it aches;  
So before we proceed to our business,—  
We'll finish this dish of

## BEEF-STEAKS.

\* Silence! Hark to the signal!—fire."—BYRON.



ROWLEY. " I love a steak!—proudly it sweeps along;  
Whether the kitchen broileth it or frieth,  
And punsters tell that oftentimes it crieth,  
'Chaucer, oh! Chaucer!'—He was Lord of song  
In Britain! Wrapt in doublet and in rhyme,  
He walk'd the dear Metropolis, and tasted  
Of meats multigenous, bak'd, broil'd, and basted;  
The pride of Taverns in that ancient time.  
I wish that I could rhyme like him of old,  
I wish that I could eat the food he eat;—  
But stop, Thalia, for you want a whet;  
The reader's tir'd—the steaks are getting cold!  
Stop! for my own, and for the reader's, sake;  
But oh! I'm very partial to a steak!"

BELLAMY. " Perhaps you think you've made a Sonnet.  
I'm sorry for you!—out upon it!  
You havn't got a rhyming phiz,  
And don't know what a Sonnet is,  
You ought to talk of May or June,  
Mary, and Music, and the Moon,  
Just mention Zephyrs in the dell,  
And give a hint of Philomel,  
Enlarge upon a blighted tree,  
A rock, a ruin, or the sea,  
Conclude with something energetic,  
Or a neat touch of the pathetic.  
This is the way, mistaken elf!  
To write—like Gerard—or myself!

GOLIGHTLY. " Oh! Charles!—who said you were a dunce?  
I heard you read a sonnet once,  
And really I was so enchanted,  
With all you said, and all you chaunted,  
That home I hurried in delight,  
And sat me down in haste to write  
A little thing the Club shall see—

SONNET TO MR. BELLAMY.

" Oh! I am weary of thy minstrelsy;  
Thou claw'st the chords with such a clumsy gripe,  
And (straining still thy throat's discordant pipe)  
Fumbllest, and fumbllest on so dismally;  
Evermore drawling a dull sleepy air,  
Like that the old Cow died of. Cruel Bard!  
What have I done, that thou would'st have me share  
That poor Cow's fate? 'Twere not a task too hard



(So I might 'scape the torture of thy lay)  
 To read the *Post* or *Courier* day by day,  
 To my deaf grandam. Oh! I could endure,  
 Methinks, of harsh and grating sounds to die,  
 So but thy song were spared, and I were sure,  
 Bellamy, thou would'st not chaunt my elegy."

CHORUS. "Bravo! the Sonnet of Sonnets!—oh never  
 Talk now of your Orpheus and Linus!"

BURTON. "I vow and declare that it's almost as clever  
 As mine on the Pons Asininus!"

CHORUS. "Bravo—Golightly's the poet to please!"

NESBIT. "May I never drink beer if he's not!"

CHORUS. "Loaded and prim'd with such verses as these,  
 Number VI. will go off like a shot!"

BELLAMY. "Libel and felony!"

GOLIGHTLY. "Zounds! Mr. Bellamy!"

BELLAMY. "How can I sit with this base charlatan?"

GOLIGHTLY. "Lord! I'm afraid that his sisters he'll tell o' me!"

BELLAMY. "Mr. Golightly shall find I'm a man!"

O'CONNOR. "Murder and turf!"

BELLAMY. "How I'll cut and assassinate!

Mr. Golightly shall smart for it soon!"

O'CONNOR. "Nate Mr. Bellamy, don't be so passionate!"

BELLAMY. "Ignorant blockhead! I'll write a Lampoon!"

(Exit in a passion!—All the Members much appalled.)

COURTENAY. "My friends! your spirits seem indeed  
 In most unusual excitation;  
 To cool them, I'll proceed to read

#### ARTICLES IN PREPARATION.

Two bits of prose from F. Golightly;  
 One 'On the Art of Dancing Lightly';  
 One 'On the Sense of Homer's Particles'—"

GOLIGHTLY. "Two very neat and clever articles!"

COURTENAY. "'Reflections upon Human Troubles';

'A Dissertation upon Bubbles';

'Remarks upon the Fight of Ramillies';

'The Art of Cookery for Families';

'Biography of Mr. Wastle';

And 'Stanzas on Caernarvon Castle';

'A Country Sabbath,' neatly penn'd

By Bellamy, our departed friend;



*The King of Clubs.*

7

'The Power of Steam;' 'A Tale of Bradgelah!'  
'Pleasure;' 'Good Night;' 'Old Boots;' 'The  
Bachelor.'

Lastly some Greek and Roman stories.—  
I've burnt 'Sir Francis on the Tories,'  
As also 'Martial's Ode to Paint:'  
It has much humour, dry and quaint,  
And there are pretty verses in't;  
But I must give the youth a hint,  
That, when he wishes to be Lyrical,  
He oughtn't to affect Satirical."

CHORUS.

"Bravo! bravo! look how it grows!  
Beautiful bundle of verse and prose!  
Jester and Moralist, on they come,  
Poet and Sage, at the beat of our drum;  
Puddings of precept, and pickings of pun,  
Solid and syllabub, wisdom and fun,  
Hurry and scurry they tumble in—  
Poor Mr. Courtenay is up to the chin!  
How can the merry ETONIAN fail,  
Blest with these writers"—

NESBIT.

"And blest with this ale?"

OAKLEY. "While the Club's in such good humour, I'm very sorry to  
shock it;

But I've receiv'd an insult, which I really can't possibly pocket:  
Mr. Swinburne himself will allow that I've good reason  
To prefer against him a charge, amounting to

HIGH TREASON.

Mr. Gerard, you've got a smile on your face, as much as to tell  
That I'm but an indifferent rhymers, but that I know very well,  
And I should be glad to tell my story in prose, if I might,  
Only, as there's nothing of the kind to be spoken here to-night,  
I must say what I have to say in verse, as well as I am able;—  
Well then, here's Mr. Swinburne a-spilling all the tea upon my table,  
And making a mess and a slop with his impertinent hand,  
Because he wants to paint the situation where Troy us'd to stand;  
And though I care a great deal more about my butter and toast,  
Than about *αυαξ ανδρων* and all his abominable host,  
Yet here he persists in spurting hot water upon my cheek,  
And, which is my detestation, quoting a bushel of Greek.  
And, 'here's the river Simois, and here's Xanthus,' says he,  
As if either of them ever ran with Mr. Weight's best tea;  
And here's 'Achilles and his Myrmidons.' I think it's very harsh  
To clap Achilles and all his soldiers into a great boiling marsh;



*The King of Clubs.*

And though I tell him to be quiet, as loud as I can bawl,  
It seems that he thinks me a blockhead, (*Hear, hear,*) for he don't mind  
me at all.

Therefore, as I don't like to be in this manner defied,  
I pray that the President will immediately decide,  
Whether the rights of Members are to be protected, or whether  
Mr. Swinburne is to go on upsetting propriety, tea-cups, and Trojans, all  
together."

SWINBURNE. "Larga quidem, Drance, semper tibi copia fandi—"

OAKLEY. "If you talk any more lingo, you'll be fin'd and that won't  
be so handy."

SWINBURNE. "I scorn to talk English where Latin won't be heard,  
And if I mayn't answer him classically, I won't answer a  
single word.

COURTENAY. "Guilty, guilty, the case is clear."

MUSGRAVE. "The Swinburne coach is upset, I fear."

COURTENAY. "To give the Judges no defence  
Argues or guilt or insolence;  
Be it the first, or be it the last,  
Dread is the doom that must now be past."

CHORUS. "Guilty, guilty, the case is clear."

OAKLEY. "Mr. Courtenay, and Gentlemen, I think you're decidedly  
wrong here,

I differ from you in most matters, and I differ from you in this;  
You say Mr. Swinburne is guilty;—now what if I don't think he is?"

CHORUS—(*testifying astonishment*)

"Oh! Lord! did you ever?

Oh Lord! no I never!

The culprit was caught, the indictment drawn!

Like a terrified child,

Mr. Oakley grows mild,

Peregrine's mock'd, and the charge withdrawn!"

OAKLEY. "Chairman and King,

I meant no such thing;

Whence is this shouting and tumult drawn?"

CHORUS. "You've gone in your track

Too far to go back,

Peregrine's mock'd, and the

CHARGE WITHDRAWN."

OAKLEY. "I don't wish or intend to transgress any proper rules,  
But I can't help observing that you're altogether a  
parcel of fools."

(*Exit in the sullen.—Members testify congratulation.*)



*The King of Clubs.*

9

COURTENAY. "It's very late!"

O'CONNOR. "Let's have another cup!"

MONTGOMERY. "And sing a song,"

BURTON. "By way of *summing up*?"

CHORUS. "Late is the evening! hush'd is the song,  
Friendly Etomians—health, and good night!  
Be your fame and your 'Articles' equally long!  
Be your Ale and your Genius equally bright."  
The Members shouted *carmen hoc*,  
As sweet as linnet or canary;  
The Club adjourn'd at Six o'clock,

(Signed,)

RICHARD HODGSON,

*Secretary.*

=====



## THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER.

FAREWELL to the Hero, whose chivalrous name  
Bade the land of his fathers rise highest in fame ;  
Farewell, Macedonia, to all that was dear ;  
Farewell to thy glory's unbroken career.  
The Triumphs of Empire have fled with a breath,  
And the Day-star of Conquest is faded in death.  
With the soul that once gave thee command over all,  
With the arm that upheld thee, proud land, thou must fall ;  
For the Spirit that warmed thee for ever hath flown,  
And left thee to weep o'er his sepulchre's stone.

Time was that the lightning, which erst used to play  
From yon eyeball that glares with a powerless ray,  
Would have flash'd through the din, and the tumult of fight,  
As the meteor gleams 'mid the darkness of night.  
Time was, that yon arm would have dealt out the blow  
With the thunderbolt's force on the helm of the foe ;  
And Fancy might think, as the blood-reeking crest  
Of the King and the Warrior shone high o'er the rest,  
That the God of the battle was goading his car  
Through the ranks of the vanquish'd, the tide of the war.  
Time was,—but those glories have long passed away,  
Like the breeze of the North o'er the sea-ruffled spray ;  
Like the rose-bud of Summer they died in their bloom,  
And Memory pauses to weep o'er their doom.

Oh ! Fiend of Ambition, look down on the shame  
That has darkened the ray of thy Votary's fame ;  
And blush to confess that in yon low estate  
Lies the remnant of all that was mighty and great.  
And shook not the world, and its kingdoms with dread ?  
And quail'd not the sky as the parting life fled ?



And fell not the Hero where nations pursued,  
In the heat of the battle, the toil of the feud?  
Did no prodigy herald the last dying pain,  
As his breath ebb'd away o'er the millions of slain?

Now, joy to ye, Thebans, whose heart's blood bedew'd  
The desolate soil, where thine altars had stood !  
Thou Genius of Persia ! look down from thy throne,  
The battle is won, and the proud are o'erthrown ;  
And the Spirit of Valour, the bosom of Fire,  
That grasp'd at the world in its headlong desire,  
Unworthy the fame of the Deified Brave,  
Has sunk like the dastard luxurious slave.  
Weep, Macedon, weep, o'er thine Hero's decay,  
Weep, Macedon ! slave of a foreigner's sway ;  
Give a tear and a frown to the page of thy story,  
That tells of the darkness that shrouded his glory ;  
And lament that his deeds were unable to save  
The son of thy love from so lowly a grave.

C. B.

---

ON THE WRITINGS OF JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE true spirit of criticism, as well as of poetry, has revived in our days ; and when that spirit had once developed itself, it was not to be supposed that so fair and extensive, as well as peculiarly interesting a field for its exercise as that of modern poetry, should remain long unoccupied. Accordingly, it has been the fortune of our great contemporaries to have their characteristic excellencies illustrated, and the interior sources of those excellencies developed, by minds more or less qualified for the task,—minds of various capacity, and which have exerted themselves in very different ways, but all endued with a deep sense of the beautiful in poetry, and the power of embodying that sense in words. Of good criticism, indeed, as of other good things, we may have too much ; and we are almost tempted to wish, that, like the Dutch in their Spice Islands, we could consume one half of the precious commodity, in order to make the rest more



valuable. I only mention this circumstance, however, as exonerating me from pursuing the track in which so many maturer and more highly-endowed intellects are engaged; and as justifying me in confining my efforts to those little neglected corners of our contemporary literature, which, while the circumstance of their being yet untouched renders the task of their explorer more easy, may also, from the comparatively contracted grasp of mind which is required for their survey, appear more suited to the humble capacities of "The Etonian."

I mean not, however, to intimate, that the writings of James Montgomery have escaped the notice of the censors. It will be remembered that his earliest publication was the object of a severe criticism in the "Edinburgh Review." This was answered by a just and spirited article in the "Quarterly," which, from its style, appears to be the production of an individual, eminent for his efficient and unpretending patronage of youthful merit; an individual whose warm benevolence, no less than his unsullied integrity, his abilities, and his extraordinary learning, will be held in honourable remembrance, when the clamour, which the spirit of party and his own indiscretion have raised against him, shall have died away. Since that period, however, though the popularity of Montgomery, before considerable, has continued, or even increased, I am not aware of the appearance of any adequate critique on his writings, nor have I seen his name mentioned by any of the modern critics, except occasionally in a census of our whole poetical population, or as one of a particular class of writers. Feeling, therefore, as I sincerely do, my incompetency to the task of a regular review, and declining any such attempt, I yet presume to hope that a summary of such detached remarks as have occurred to me on the writings of the author now before me may not be unacceptable to "The Etonian;" and, in the retrospective view of his various works which this will include, I may be permitted to make my most copious quotations from the last volume, as being less generally known than the rest.

It is more easy to comprehend than to define the peculiar genius of a writer; and that of Montgomery, though inferior in magnitude to those of most of his contemporaries, is sufficiently original. The character of his mind seems to be rather that of delicacy than of strength;\* combining with a keen preception of the beauty inherent in the milder feelings of our nature, a power of embodying that beauty in language. There is a feminine beauty in his compositions, as well as a feminine weakness; and their effect, if I may be permitted to use a fanciful illustration,

\* It is of his poetry I speak. I have heard that his occasional articles in *The Sheffield Iris* (of which he is joint editor) are characterized by a vigour which is not visible in his poems. The few specimens I have seen confirm this opinion.



resembles the "sweet influences" of the evening star. All objects appear to him, through the medium of his own imagination, invested with a certain tender brilliancy peculiarly his own, and to which I have seen nothing exactly similar elsewhere. The Quarterly Reviewer happily compares him to Klopstock; but in his temper and sentiments, as displayed in his writings, he bears more resemblance to Cowper than to any other writer that I know. Differing from him in kind and degree of talent, almost as much as it is possible for one genuine poet to differ from another, he has all his delicacy, timidity, and acuteness of feeling, his high moral tone, his patriotic warmth, his enthusiastic love of nature, and his heartfelt and affectionate respect for the female sex. Like Cowper, too, a tinge of melancholy pervades his writings; but it is nothing more than a tinge: its effect is like a gentle shade diffused over all his works, chastening, and solemnizing, and resembling that so beautifully described in the picture of his antediluvian heroine:—

"Time had but touch'd her form to finer grace,  
Years had but shed their favours on her face,  
While secret love, and unrewarded truth,  
Like cold clear dew upon the rose of youth,  
Gave to the springing flower a chasten'd bloom,  
And shut from rifling winds its coy perfume."

Another feature of resemblance between Cowper and his successor is that which distinguishes the latter from all his contemporary poets—his peculiar religious system, which I allude to on account of the influence which it exerts upon his writings. It must be allowed that this system is, in some parts at least, highly favourable to poetry. The sublime purity, and, if I may so speak, *absoluteness* of its moral precepts, the devotional feeling which it inculcates, and the mysterious beauty which it throws around the most ordinary things, when viewed in its own light, are among its poetical features. We may observe everywhere, in the writings of our author, how a familiarity with religious subjects tinges the stream of the imagination, and converts the feelings of the mind and the beauties of nature into reflections and remembrances of the "things unseen." To him the graces and glories of creation appear invested with an awful sanctity; she is, as it were, a chaste and transcendently beautiful bride, separate and consecrated to one. Amidst scenes which, to another mind, would suggest classical or romantic recollections, he is reminded of the marvellous histories and the sublime theology of Scripture.

—"O'er eastern mountains seen afar,  
With golden splendor, rose the morning star,  
As if an Angel-centinel of night,  
From earth to heaven, had winged his homeward flight,—  
Glorious at first, but lessening by the way,  
And lost insensibly in higher day."



"The smiling star, that lights the world to rest,  
Walk'd in the rosy gardens of the west,  
Like Eve erewhile, through Eden's blooming bowers,  
A lovelier star amidst a heaven of flowers."

—"From the east the moon with doubtful gleams  
Now tipt the hills, now glanced athwart the streams;  
Till, darting through the clouds her beauteous eye,  
She open'd all the temple of the sky."

—"Oft o'er these cliffs the transient storm  
And partial darkness lower,  
While yonder summits far away  
Shine sweetly through the gloom,  
Like glimpses of eternal day  
Beyond the tomb."

In like manner, the charms and enjoyments of domestic life acquire a new and nameless endearment, when consecrated by religion; and the cause of liberty assumes additional dignity from the express interposition of the God of Justice in its behalf. And even where the effect of an habitual communion with religious thoughts and feelings is not thus palpable, it may be discerned in its collateral manifestations, pervading the whole of the writer's moral system, and diffusing a visible purity and benevolence wherever it extends. Even his melancholy seems transmuted by its influence; deep and perennial as its springs appear to be, it never darkens into despondence or repining; the spirit of hope, and thankfulness, and humble rejoicing, is perpetually breaking forth through the incumbent gloom,

—"Turning the dusky veil  
Into a substance glorious as her own."

We are reminded of Cowper's description of David in the Wilderness:—

"Hear the sweet accents of his tuneful voice,  
Hear him, o'erwhelm'd with sorrow, yet rejoice;  
No womanish or wailing grief has part,  
No, not a moment in his royal heart;  
'Tis manly music, such as martyrs make,  
Suffering with gladness for a Saviour's sake."

Whether these advantages may not be counterpoised by features of a different nature; whether the influence of this particular system may not be such as to produce an habitual timidity of mind, unfavourable to the full developement of the faculties; or whether, from a certain austerity and over-scrupulousness, it may not circumscribe the poet unnecessarily in his choice of subjects, and hang a dead weight upon his imagination; are points which I do not feel myself qualified to discuss, and which, indeed, I have not time to enter upon; although they form part, as I think, of a curious and interesting subject.

I had prepared to survey the poems before me in various



other points of view ; my time, however, allows me only to advert in general to what I have more than once noticed already, the noble tenor of his sentiments, in which he has proved himself no unworthy successor of the eminent reformer in poetry and poetical morals, with whom I have in some respects compared him. He has truly said of himself,

" No !—to the generous Bard belong  
Diviner themes and purer song :  
—To hail Religion from above,  
Descending in the form of Love,  
And pointing through a world of strife  
The narrow way that leads to life :  
—To pour the balm of heavenly rest  
Through Sorrow's agonizing breast ;  
With Pity's tender arms embrace  
The orphans of a kindred race ;  
And in one zone of concord bind  
The lawless spoilers of mankind :  
—To sing in numbers boldly free  
The wars and woes of liberty ;  
The glory of her triumphs tell,  
Her nobler suffering when she fell,  
Girt with the phalanx of the brave,  
Or widow'd on the patriot's grave,  
Which tyrants tremble to pass by,  
Ev'n on the car of Victory.

These are the Bard's sublimest views,  
The angel-visions of the Muse,  
That o'er his morning slumbers shine ;  
These are his themes,—and these were mine."

Mr. Montgomery's first publication, "The Wanderer of Switzerland," was written to commemorate the gallant resistance of the Swiss patriots to the aggressions of revolutionary France ; and is an instance of that *true* consistency, common to our author with many greater men, who, like him, were in early youth seduced into an acquiescence in the great delusion of the world. With this poem I am not ashamed to own myself almost totally unacquainted ; having perused it at an age when I was incapable of understanding its beauties, and having never since re-perused it. From my indistinct recollections, however, and the opinions of others, I gather that it was brilliant, animated, and enthusiastic, overflowing with high-wrought sentiment and youthful tenderness, and all the luxuriances of heart and intellect, which characterise the productions of a poet whose genius is not yet fully developed. The "Edinburgh Review" entitled it "a mixture of the epic, lyric, and dramatic:" this is a description which would more aptly apply to Milman's "Samor;" it is certain, however, that Montgomery's strong lyrical propensities, as in the case of Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming," gave a tinge to his narrative style. As a lyrical writer, indeed, he is superior to almost all his contemporaries. Of this the poems annexed to the



"Wanderer of Switzerland" give signal proofs ; to these, however, as to the work itself, I can only at present refer my readers.

His next poem, "The West Indies," was written on occasion of the abolition of the slave trade. This work will be best characterized by observing, that those who read it with the express purpose of being pleased will be greatly disappointed, but that if read as a task, it will afford them much gratification ; seeing that the pleasures which we meet with in the performing of a laborious duty, are to us so much clear gain, and have accordingly the more effect. Its great deficiency is a want of plan, and a consequent want of interest : it has less the air of a system than of a succession of parts. Its descriptions are brilliant, its language glowing even to extravagance, and its sentiments generous, though perhaps tinged slightly with ultra-philanthropy. The poems annexed to it are among his most beautiful compositions. The "Harp of Sorrow," somewhat resembling in the thought the first of the Anacreontic Odes, and which is equally appropriate as a preface to the rest, is a fine expression of individual feeling. We extract two stanzas on the Æolian harp :—

"Thus o'er the light Æolian lyre  
The winds of dark November stray,  
Touch the quick nerve of every wire,  
And on its magic pulses play ;—  
Till all the air around,  
Mysterious murmurs fill,  
A strange bewildering dream of sound,  
Most heavenly sweet,—yet mournful still."

I must also recommend to my readers an exquisite little piece entitled, "A Walk in Spring ;" "The Dial ;" "Bolehill Trees ;" a fine ballad on the Loss of the *Britannia* ; and a poem on the death of a young lady, who, in her last illness, had been soothed by the perusal of his poems. One of these pieces, "The Molehill," bears a strong resemblance, in the idea, to a piece of Barry Cornwall's, called "The Dream :—" in each the poet calls up, in imagination, the forms and scenes in past history, on which his mind has been accustomed to dwell ; and the contrast is curious. One surveys the "mighty past" through a medium like that of a cheerful and lightsome summer morning ; to the other, the view seems overshadowed by a calm and gentle twilight. One calls up the shades of olden love, and beauty, and mirth, the wood nymphs, and youthful gods, and festive monarchs, and heroes who lost all the world for love : the other evokes the legislators, and patriots, and inventors, and poets of old time ; and if he deviates from his own course it is in his own way :—

"With moonlight softness Helen's charms  
Break through the spectred gloom."

The one, when once his vision of life, and joy, and beauty is



broken by a sound of terror, wakes and sleeps no more; his view is bounded by the sprightly and happy world before him: the other, as the "vision of the tomb" dissolves, looks beyond—his thoughts revert to his own immortal hopes and fears, and he concludes in a strain of pensive hope and humble triumph.

The "World before the Flood" is, we think, the first of Montgomery's performances. The subject is happy; it is connected with high and beautiful associations; the age of the patriarchs, as has been well observed, is one golden age; the *beau idéal* of simplicity and happiness; and the spirit of gentleness and affection which the poet has breathed through all his delineations of the domestic life of the patriarchs, imparts to them a beauty which, in its kind, I know not that I have seen equalled. Southey sometimes approaches to it. The Second Canto, in particular, is one piece of chaste and delicious magic from beginning to end; a consecrated fairy ground—a picture of innocent love, touched with an ærial tint, which makes it the more enchanting. I shall quote the address to Twilight from the Sixth Canto:—

"I love thee, Twilight! as thy shadows roll,  
The calm of evening steals upon my soul,  
Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,  
Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.  
I love thee, Twilight! for thy gleams impart  
Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,  
When o'er the harp of thought thy passing wind  
Awakens all the music of the mind,  
And Joy and Sorrow, as the spirit burns,  
And Hope and Memory sweep the chords by turns,  
While Contemplation, on seraphic wings,  
Mounts with the flame of sacrifice and sings.  
Twilight! I love thee; let thy glooms increase  
Till every feeling, every pulse is peace;  
Slow from the sky the light of day declines,  
Clearer within the dawn of glory shines,  
Revealing, in the hour of Nature's rest,  
A world of wonders in the Poet's breast:  
Deeper, O Twilight! then thy shadows roll,  
An awful vision opens on my soul."

Among the poems subjoined, I am struck particularly with "The Peak Mountains," "A Daughter to her Mother," and "Departed Days."

Of "Greenland" I have scarce time to say any thing. In want of system, and an air of historical detail, it resembles "The West Indies;" but it contains many gorgeous descriptions of icy scenery, and sweet touches of domestic tenderness. The last Canto, which relates the destruction of the Colony of East Greenland by a succession of calamities, in one rapid succession of magnificent and mournful phantasms—the glories of



Nature being introduced, as it were, to throw a splendid pall round the departing hopes of man. The poem opens thus:—

“The moon is watching in the sky; the stars  
Are swiftly wheeling on their golden cars;  
Ocean, outstretcht with infinite expanse,  
Serenely slumbers in a glorious trance;  
The tide, o’er which no troubling spirits breathe,  
Reflects a cloudless firmament beneath;  
Where poised as in the centre of a sphere,  
A ship above and ship below appear;  
A double image, pictured on the deep,  
The vessel o’er its shadow seems to sleep;  
Yet, like the host of heaven, that never rest,  
With evanescent motion to the west,  
The pageant glides through loneliness and night,  
And leaves behind a rippling wake of light.”

The concluding lines in the following description of a Moravian settlement strike us as of extreme beauty:—

“Soon, homes of humble form, and structure rude,  
Rais’d sweet society in solitude:  
And the lorn traveller there, at fall of night,  
Could trace from distant hills the spangled light,  
Which now from many a cottage window stream’d,  
Or in full glory round the chapel beam’d;  
While hymning voices, in the silent shade,  
Music of all his soul’s affections made.”

The following is from the last Canto:—

“Comes there’s no ship again to Greenland’s shore?  
There comes another;—there shall come no more;  
Nor this shall reach a haven:—What are these  
Stupendous monuments upon the seas?  
Works of Omnipotence, in wondrous forms,  
Immoveable as mountains in the storms!  
Far as Imagination’s eye can roll,  
One range of Alpine glaciers to the pole  
Flanks the whole eastern coast; and, branching wide,  
Arches o’er many a league th’ indignant tide,  
That works and frets, with unavailing flow,  
To mine a passage to the beach below;  
Thence from its neck that winter-yoke to rend,  
And down the gulph the crashing fragments send.  
There lies a vessel in this realm of frost,  
Not wreck’d, nor stranded, yet for ever lost;  
Its keel embedded in the solid mass;  
Its glistening sails appear expanded glass;  
The transverse ropes with pearls enormous strung,  
The yards with icicles grotesquely hung.  
Wrapt in the topmast shrouds there rests a boy,  
His old seafaring father’s only joy;  
Sprung from a race of rovers, ocean-born,  
Nursed at the helm, he trod dry land with scorn:  
Through fourscore years from port to port he veer’d,  
Quicksand, nor rock, nor foe, nor tempest fear’d;



Now cast ashore, though like a hulk he lie,  
His son at sea is ever in his eye,  
And his prophetic thought, from age to age,  
Esteems the waves his offspring's heritage :  
*He* ne'er shall know, in his Norwegian cot,  
How brief that son's career, how strange his lot ;  
Writhed round the mast, and sepulchred in air,  
Him shall no worm devour, no vulture tear ;  
Congeal'd to adamant his frame shall last,  
Though empires change, till time and tide be past.

On deck, in groupes embracing as they died,  
Singly, erect, or slumbering side by side,  
Behold the crew !—They sail'd, with hope elate,  
For eastern Greenland ; till, ensnared by fate,  
In toils that mock'd their utmost strength and skill,  
They felt, as by a charm, their ship stand still ;  
The madness of the wildest gale that blows  
Were mercy to that shudder of repose,  
When withering horror struck from heart to heart  
The blunt rebound of Death's benumbing dart,  
And each, a petrification at his post,  
Look'd on yon Father, and gave up the ghost ;\*  
He meekly kneeling, with his hands upraised,  
His beard of driven snow, eyes fix'd and glaz'd,  
Alone among the dead shall yet survive,  
—Th' imperishable dead that seem alive ;  
—Th' immortal dead, whose spirits, breaking free,  
Bore his last words into eternity,  
While with a seraph's zeal, a Christian's love,  
Till his tongue fail'd, he spoke of joys above.  
Now motionless, amidst the icy air,  
He breathes from marble lips unutter'd prayer.  
The clouds condensed, with dark, unbroken hue  
Of stormy purple, overhang his view,  
Save in the west, to which he strains his sight,  
One golden streak, that grows intensely bright,  
Till thence th' emerging sun, with lightning blaze,  
Pours the whole quiver of his arrowy rays ;  
The smitten rocks to instant diamond turn,  
And round th' expiring saint such visions burn,  
As if the gates of Paradise were thrown  
Wide open to receive his soul :—'tis flown.  
The glory vanishes, and over all  
Cimmerian darkness spreads her funeral pall.

Morn shall return, and noon, and eve, and night  
Meet here, with interchanging shade and light :  
But from this bark no timber shall decay,  
Of these cold forms no feature pass away ;  
Perennial ice around th' encrusted bow,  
The peopled deck, and full-rigg'd masts, shall grow,  
Till from the sun himself the whole be hid,  
Or spied beneath a crystal pyramid ;

\* "The *Danish Chronicle* says, that the Greenland colonists were tributary to the kings of Norway from the year 1023; soon after which they embraced Christianity. In its more flourishing period this province is stated to have been divided into a hundred parishes, under the superintendence of a bishop. From 1120 to 1408 the succession of seventeen bishops is recorded. In the last-mentioned year, Andrew, ordained Bishop of Greenland, by Askill, Archbishop of Drontheim, sailed for his diocese ; but whether he arrived there, or was cast away, was never known. To his imagined fate this episode alludes."



As in pure amber, with divergent lines,  
 A rugged shell emboss'd with sea-weed shines.  
 From age to age increased with annual snow,  
 This new *Mont Blanc* among the clouds may glow,  
 Whose conic peak, that earliest greets the dawn,  
 And latest from the sun's shut eye withdrawn,  
 Shall from the zenith, through incumbent gloom,  
 Burn like a lamp upon this naval tomb.  
 But when th' Archangel's trumpet sounds on high,  
 The pile shall burst to atoms through the sky,  
 And leave its dead, upstarting, at the call,  
 Naked and pale, before the Judge of all."

Among the concluding poems there are some of exceeding beauty. The lines entitled "Incognita" are characteristic (in the conclusion almost too characteristic) of the author. There is a sweetness in the stanza beginning "Somewhere," which reminds me of more than one passage of Burns:—

"Image of One, who lived of yore!  
 Hail to that lovely mien,  
 Once quick and conscious; now no more  
 On land or ocean seen!  
 Were all earth's breathing forms to pass  
 Before me in Agrippa's glass,\*  
 Many as fair as thou might be,  
 But oh! not one,—not one like thee.

Thou art no Child of Fancy;—thou  
 The very look dost wear,  
 That gave enchantment to a brow,  
 Wreathed with luxuriant hair;  
 Lips of the morn embathed in dew,  
 And eyes of evening's starry blue;  
 Of all who e'er enjoyed the sun,  
 Thou art the image of but One.

And who was she, in virgin prime,  
 And May of womanhood,  
 Whose roses here, unpluck'd by Time,  
 In shadowy tints have stood;  
 While many a winter's withering blast  
 Hath o'er the dark cold chamber pass'd,  
 In which her once-resplendent form  
 Slumber'd to dust beneath the storm!

Of gentle blood;—upon her birth  
 Consenting planets smiled,  
 And she had seen those days of mirth  
 That frolic round the child;  
 To bridal bloom her strength had sprung,  
 Behold her, beautiful and young!  
 Lives there a record, which hath told  
 That she was wedded, widow'd, old?

\* "Henry Cornelius Agrippa of Nettesheim, counsellor to Charles V. Emperor of Germany,—the author of 'Occult Philosophy,' and other profound works,—is said to have shown to the Earl of Surrey the image of his mistress Geraldine, in a magical mirror."



How long her date, 'twere vain to guess;  
The pencil's cunning art  
Can but a single glance express,  
One motion of the heart;  
A smile, a blush,—a transient grace  
Of air, and attitude, and face;  
One passion's changing colour mix;  
One moment's flight for ages fix.

Her joys and griefs, alike in vain  
Would fancy here recall:  
Her throbs of ecstasy or pain  
Lull'd in oblivion all;  
With her, methinks, life's little hour  
Pass'd like the fragrance of a flower,  
That leaves upon the vernal wind  
Sweetness we ne'er again may find.

Where dwelt she?—Ask you aged tree,  
Whose boughs embower the lawn,  
Whether the birds' wild minstrelsy  
Awoke her here at dawn;  
Whether beneath its youthful shade,  
At noon in infancy she play'd:  
—If from the oak no answer come,  
Of her all oracles are dumb.

The dead are like the stars by day;  
—Withdrawn from mortal eye,  
But not extinct, they hold their way  
In glory through the sky:  
Spirits, from bondage thus set free,  
Vanish amidst immensity,  
Where human thought, like human sight,  
Fails to pursue their trackless flight.

Somewhere within created space,  
Could I explore that round,  
In bliss or woe there is a place,  
Where she might still be found;  
And oh! unless those eyes deceive,  
I may, I must, I will believe,  
That she, whose charms so meekly glew,  
Is what she only seem'd below;—

An angel in that glorious realm,  
Where God himself is King;  
—But Awe and Fear, that overwhelm  
Presumption, check my wing;  
Nor dare imagination look  
Upon the symbols of that book,  
Wherein eternity enrolls  
The judgments on departed souls.

Of her of whom these pictured lines  
A faint resemblance form;  
—Fair as the second rainbow shines  
Aloof amid the storm;—  
Of Her, this "shadow of a shade,"  
Like its original must fade,



*On Montgomery's Writings.*

And she, forgotten when unseen,  
Shall be as if she ne'er had been.

Ah! then perchance this dreaming strain,  
Of all that e'er I sung,  
A lorn memorial may remain,  
When silent lies my tongue;  
When shot the meteor of my fame,  
Lost the vain echo of my name,  
This leaf, this fallen leaf, may be  
The only trace of her and me.

## AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

With one who lived of old, my song  
In lowly cadence rose;  
To one who is unborn, belong  
The accents of its close:  
Ages to come, with courteous ear,  
Some youth my warning voice may hear;  
And voices from the dead should be  
The warnings of eternity.

When these weak lines thy presence greet,  
Reader! if I am blest,  
Again, as spirits, may we meet  
In glory and in rest:  
If not,—and I have lost my way,  
Here part we;—go not *Thou* astray;  
No tomb, no verse my story tell!  
Once, and for ever, fare thee well."

I have just time to point out the "Little Cloud" as one of the most finished pieces with which I am acquainted; and extract part of a patriotic effusion addressed to Britain:—

"I love thee, O my native Isle:  
Dear as my mother's earliest smile,  
Sweet as my father's voice to me  
Is all I hear, and all I see,  
When, glancing o'er thy beauteous land,  
In view thy *Public Virtues* stand,  
The guardian angels of thy coast,  
Who watch the dear *domestic Host*,  
The *Heart's Affections*, pleased to roam  
Around the quiet heaven of home.

I love thee,—when I mark thy soil  
Flourish beneath the peasant's toil,  
And from its lap of verdure throw  
Treasures which neither Indies know.

I love thee,—when I hear around  
Thy looms, and wheels, and anvils sound,  
Thine engines heaving all their force,  
Thy waters labouring on their course,  
And arts, and industry, and wealth  
Exulting in the joys of health.

I love thee,—when I trace thy tale  
To the dim point where records fail;



Thy deeds of old renown inspire  
My bosom with our fathers' fire ;  
A proud inheritance I claim  
In all their sufferings, all their fame ;  
Nor less delighted when I stray  
Down history's lengthening, widening way,  
And hail thee in thy present hour,  
From the meridian arch of power,  
Shedding the lustre of thy reign,  
Like sunshine, over land and main.

I love thee,— when I read the lays  
Of British bards in elder days,  
Till, rapt on visionary wings,  
High o'er thy cliffs my spirit sings ;  
For I, among thy living choir,  
I, too, can touch the sacred lyre.

I love thee,—when I contemplate  
The full-orb'd grandeur of thy state ;  
Thy laws and liberties, that rise,  
Man's noblest works beneath the skies,  
To which the Pyramids were tame,  
And Grecian temples bow their fame ;  
These, thine immortal sages wrought  
Out of the deepest mines of thought !  
These, on the scaffold, in the field,  
Thy warriors won, thy patriots seal'd ;  
These, at the parricidal pyre,  
Thy martyrs sanctified in fire,  
And, with the generous blood they spilt,  
Wash'd from thy soil their murderers' guilt,  
Cancell'd the curse which vengeance sped,  
And left a blessing in its stead.  
—Can words, can numbers count the price  
Paid for this little paradise ?  
Never, oh ! never be it lost ;  
The land is *worth* the price it cost.

I love thee,—when thy Sabbath dawns  
O'er woods and mountains, dales and lawns,  
And streams that sparkle while they run,  
As if their fountain were the sun :  
When, hand in hand, thy tribes repair,  
Each to their chosen house of prayer,  
And all in peace and freedom call  
On Him, who is the Lord of all.

W.

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## THE COUNTY BALL.

" Busy people, great and small,  
Awkward dancers, short and tall,  
Ladies, fighting which shall call,  
Loungers, pertly quizzing all."

ANON.

THIS is a night of pleasure! Care,  
I shake thee from me! do not dare  
To stir from out thy murky cell,  
Where, in their dark recesses, dwell  
Thy kindred Gnomes, who love to nip  
The rose on Beauty's cheek and lip,  
Until, beneath their venom'd breath,  
Life wears the pallid hue of Death.  
Avaunt! I shake thee from me, Care!  
The gay, the youthful, and the fair,  
From " Lodge," and " Court," and " House," and  
" Hall,"

Are hurrying to the County Ball.  
Avaunt! I tread on haunted ground,  
And giddy Pleasure draws around,  
To shield us from thine envious spite,  
Her magic circle! nought to-night  
Over that guarded barrier flies  
But laughing lips and smiling eyes;  
My look shall gaze around me free  
And like my look my line shall be;  
While Fancy leaps in every vein,  
While love is life, and thought is pain,  
I will not rule that look and line  
By any word or will of thine.

The Moon hath risen! Still and pale  
Thou movest in thy silver veil,



Queen of the night ; the filmy shroud  
Of many a mild transparent cloud  
Hides yet adorns thee—meet disguise  
To shield thy blush from mortal eyes.  
Full many a maid hath lov'd to gaze  
Upon thy melancholy rays ;  
And many a fond despairing youth  
Hath breath'd to thee his tale of truth :  
And many a luckless rhyming wight  
Hath look'd upon thy tender light,  
And spilt his precious ink upon it,  
In Ode, or Elegy, or Sonnet.  
Alas ! at this inspiring hour  
I feel not, I, thy boasted power !  
Nor seek to gain thine approbation  
By vow, or prayer, or invocation ;  
I ask not what the vapours are,  
That veil thee like a white cymar ;  
Nor do I care a single straw  
For all the stars I ever saw !  
I fly from thee, I fly from these,  
To bow to earthly Goddesses,  
Whose forms in mortal beauty shine,  
As fair, but not so cold, as thine !

But this is foolish ! Stars and Moon,  
You look quite beautiful in June ;  
But, when a Bard sits down to sing,  
Your beauty is a dangerous thing ;  
To muse upon your placid beam  
One wanders sadly from one's theme,  
And when weak poets go astray,  
The stars are more in fault than they.\*

\* " And when weak women go astray,  
The Stars are more in fault than they."



The Moon is charming ! so, perhaps,  
Are pretty maidens in mob-caps ;  
But, when a Ball is in the case,  
They're both a little out of place.

I love a Ball ! there's such an air  
Of magic in the lustres' glare,  
And such a spell of witchery  
In all I hear, and all I see,  
That I can read in every dance  
Some relique sweet of old romance :  
As fancy wills, I laugh and smile,  
And talk such nonsense all the while,  
That when Dame Reason rules again,  
And morning cools my heated brain,  
Reality itself doth seem  
Nought but the pageant of a dream :  
In raptures deep I gaze, as now,  
On smiling lip, and tranquil brow,  
While merry voices echo round,  
And music's most inviting sound  
Swell on mine ear ; the glances fly,  
And love and folly flutter high,  
And many a fair romantic cheek,  
Redden'd with pleasure or with pique,  
Glow with a sentimental flush,  
That seems a bright unfading blush ;  
And slender arms before my face  
Are rounded with a statue's grace ;  
And ringlets wave, and beauteous feet  
Swifter than lightning part and meet ;  
Frowns come and go ; white hands are pressed,  
And sighs are heard, and secrets guessed,  
And looks are kind, and eyes are bright,  
And tongues are free, and hearts are light.



*The County Ball.*

97

Sometimes upon the crowd I look,  
Secure in some sequester'd nook,  
And while from thence I look and listen,  
Though ladies' eyes so gaily glisten,  
Though ladies' locks so lightly float,  
Though music pours her mellowed note,  
Some little spite will oft intrude,  
Upon my merry solitude.

By turns the ever-varying scene  
Awakes within me mirth and spleen ;  
By turns the gay and vain appear—  
By turns I love to smile and sneer,  
Mixing my malice with my glee,  
Good humour with misanthropy :  
And while my raptur'd eyes adore  
Half the bright forms that flit before,  
I notice with a little laugh  
The follies of the other half.  
That little laugh will oft call down,  
From matron sage, rebuke and frown ;  
Little in truth for these I care—  
By Momus and his mirth I swear !  
For all the dishes Rowley tastes,  
For all the paper Courtenay wastes,  
For all the punch his subjects quaff,  
I would not change that little laugh.\*

Shall I not laugh, when every fool  
Comes hither for my ridicule,  
When every face, that flits to-night  
In long review before my sight,

\* ————— Hoc ego opertum,  
Hoc ridere meum, tam nil, nullâ tibi vendo  
Iliade." PERS.



*The County Ball.*

Shows off unask'd its airs and graces,  
Unconscious of the mirth it raises ?

Skill'd to deceive our ears and eyes  
By civil looks, and civil lies,  
Skill'd from the search of men to hide  
His narrow bosom's inward pride,  
And charm the blockheads he beguiles  
By uniformity of smiles,  
The County Member, bright Sir Paul,  
Is Primo Buffo at the Ball.

Since first he longed to represent  
His fellow-men in Parliament,  
Court'd the cobblers and their spouses,  
And sought his honours in mud-houses,  
Full thirty springs have come and fled ;  
And though from off his shining head  
The twin-destroyers, Time and Care,  
Begin to pluck its fading hair,  
Yet where it grew, and where it grows,  
Lie powder's never-varying snows,  
And hide the havoc years have made  
In kind monotony of shade.

Sir Paul is young in all but years ;  
And when his courteous face appears,  
The maiden wall-flowers of the room  
Admire the freshness of his bloom,  
Hint that his face has made him vain,  
And vow " he grows a boy again ;"  
And giddy girls of gay fifteen  
Mimic his manner and his mien,  
And when the supple Politician  
Bestows his bow of recognition,



Or forces on th' averted ear  
The flattery it affects to fear ;  
They look, and laugh behind the fan,  
And dub Sir Paul " the young old man."

Look ! as he paces round, he greets  
With nod and simper all he meets :—  
" Ah ! ha ! your Lordship ! is it you ?  
Still slave to beauty and *beaux yeux* ?  
Well ! well !—and how's the gout, my Lord ?—  
My dear Sir Charles ! upon my word  
*L'air de Paris*, since last I knew you  
Has been Medea's cauldron to you :—  
William ! my boy ! how fast you grow !  
Yours is a light fantastic toe,  
Wing'd with the wings of Mercury !  
I was a scholar once, you see !  
And how's the mare you used to ride !  
And who's the Hebe by your side ?—  
Doctor ! I thought I heard you sneeze !  
How is my dear Hippocrates ?  
What have you done for old John Oates,  
The gouty merchant with five votes ?  
What ! dead ! well ! well ! no fault of yours !  
There is no drug that always cures !  
Ah ! doctor ! I begin to break !  
And I'm glad of it, for *your* sake—"

As thus the spruce M. P. runs on,  
Some quiet dame, who dotes upon  
His speeches, buckles, and grimace,  
Grows very eloquent in praise.  
" How can they say Sir Paul is proud ?  
I'm sure, in all the evening's crowd,



There's not a man that bows so low ;  
His words come out so soft and slow ;  
And, when he begg'd me ' keep my seat,'  
He look'd so civil and so sweet."—  
" Ma'am," says her spouse, in harsher tone,  
" He only wants to keep his own."  
Her Ladyship is in a huff,  
And Miss, enraged at *Ma's* rebuff,  
Rings the alarm in t'other ear :  
" Lord ! now, Papa, you're too severe ;  
Where in the county will you see  
Manners so taking and so free ? "  
" His manners free ? I only know  
Our votes have made his letters so ! "  
" And then he talks with so much ease—  
And then he gives such promises ! "  
" Gives promises ? and well he may !  
You know they're all he gives away ! "  
" How folks misrepresent Sir Paul ! "  
" 'Tis he misrepresents us all ! "  
" How very stale ! but you'll confess  
He has a charming taste in dress ;  
And uses such delightful scent ;  
And when he pays a compliment—"  
" Eh ! and what then, my pretty pet ?  
What then ?—he never pays a debt."

Sir Paul is skilled in all the tricks  
Of politesse, and politics ;  
Long hath he learnt to wear a mien  
So still, so open, so serene,  
That strangers in those features grave  
Would strive in vain to read a knave.  
Alas ! it is believ'd by all  
There is more " Sir " than " Saint " in Paul ;



He knows the value of a place;  
Can give a promise with a grace;  
Is quite an adept at excuse;  
Sees when a vote will be of use;  
And, if the Independents flinch,  
Can help his Lordship at a pinch.  
Acutely doth he read the fate  
Of deep intrigues and plans of state;  
And if perchance some powder'd peer  
Hath gained or lost the Monarch's ear,  
Foretels, without a shade of doubt,  
The comings in and goings out.  
When placemen of distinguish'd note  
Mistake, mislead, misname, misquote;  
Confound the Papist and the Turk,  
Or murder Sheridan and Burke,  
Or make a riddle of the Laws,  
Sir Paul grows hoarse in his applause:  
And when in words of equal size  
Some Oppositionist replies,  
And talks of taxes and starvation,  
And Catholic Emancipation;  
The Knight, in indolent repose,  
Looks only to the Ayes and Noes.  
Let youth say "Grand!" Sir Paul says "stuff!"  
Let youth take fire!—Sir Paul takes snuff.

Methinks amid the crowded room  
I see one countenance of gloom;  
Whence is young Edmund's pain or pique?  
Whence is the paleness of his cheek?  
And whence the wrathful eye, that now  
Lowers, like Kean's, beneath the brow;  
And now again on earth is bent,  
'Twixt anger and embarrassment?



*The County Ball.*

Is he poetical—or sad ?  
Really—or fashionably—mad ?  
Are his young spirits colder grown  
At Ellen's—or the Muse's frown ?  
He did not love in other days  
To wear the sullens on his face,  
When merry sights and sounds were near ;  
Nor on his unregarding ear  
Unheeded thus was wont to fall  
The Music of the County Ball.

I pity all whom Fate unites  
To vulgar Belles on Gala Nights ;  
But chiefly him who haply sees  
The day-star of his destinies—  
The Beauty of his fondest dreaming  
Sitting in solitude, and seeming  
To lift her dark capricious eye  
Beneath its fringe reproachingly.  
Alas ! my luckless friend is tied  
To the fair Hoyden by his side,  
Who opens, without law or rule,  
The treasures of the boarding-school :  
And she is prating learnedly  
Of logic and of chemistry,  
Describing chart and definition  
With geographical precision,  
Culling her words, as bid by chance,  
From England, Italy, or France,  
Until, like many a clever dunce,  
She murders all the three at once.  
Sometimes she mixes by the ounce  
Discussions deep on frill and flounce,  
Points out the stains, that stick, like burrs,  
To ladies' gowns,—or characters ;



Talks of the fiddles, and the weather,  
Of Laura's wreath, and Fannia's feather ;  
All which obedient Edmund hears  
With passive look, and open ears,  
And understands about as much  
As if the Lady spoke in Dutch ;  
Until, in indignation high,  
She finds the youth makes no reply,  
And thinks he's grown as deaf a stock  
As Dido,—or Marpesian rock. \*

Ellen,—the lady of his love,  
Is doom'd the like distress to prove,  
Chain'd to a Captain of the wars,  
Like Venus by the side of Mars.  
Hark ! Valour talks of conquer'd towns,  
See ! silent Beauty frets and frowns ;  
The man of fights is wondering now  
That Girls *won't* speak when Dandies bow ;  
And Ellen finds, with much surprise,  
That Beaux *will* speak when Belles despise.  
" Ma'am," says the Captain, " I protest  
I come to ye a stranger guest,  
Fresh from the dismal dangerous land,  
Where men are blinded by the sand,  
Where undiscover'd things are hid  
In owl-frequented pyramid,  
And mummies with their silent looks  
Appear like memorandum-books,  
Giving a hint of death, for fear  
We men should be too happy here.  
But if upon my native land  
Fair ones as still as mummies stand,

\* " Dido—non magis—sermone movetur  
Quam si dura silex, aut stet Marpesia cautes."—VIRG.



By Jove—I had as lieve be there!"—  
(The Lady looks—"I wish you were.")  
"I fear I'm very dull to-night"—  
(The Lady looks—"You're very right.")  
"But if one smile—one cheering ray"—  
(The Lady looks another way.)  
"Alas! from some more happy man—"  
(The Lady stoops and bites her fan,)  
"Flattery, perhaps, is not a crime,"  
(The Lady dances out of time,)  
"Perhaps e'en now, within your heart,  
Cruel! you wish us leagues apart,  
And banish me from Beauty's presence!"  
The Lady bows in acquiescence,  
With steady brow, and studied face,  
As if she thought, in such a case,  
A contradiction to her Beau  
Neither polite—nor a-propos.

Unawed by scandal or by sneer  
Is Reuben Nott the blunderer here?  
What! is he willing to expose  
His erring brain to friends and foes?  
And doth he venturously dare,  
'Midst grinning fop, and spiteful fair,  
In spite of all their ancient slips,  
To open those unhappy lips?

Poor Reuben! o'er his infant head  
Her choicest bounties Nature shed;  
She gave him talent, humour, sense,  
A decent face, and competence,  
And then to mar the beauteous plan,  
She bade him be—an absent man.



Ever offending, ever fretting,  
Ever explaining, and forgetting,  
He blunders on from day to day,  
And drives his nearest friends away.  
Do Farces meet with flat damnation?  
He's ready with "congratulation."  
Are friends in office not *quite* pure?  
He owns "he hates a sinecure."  
Was Major —— in foreign strife  
Not *over* prodigal of life?—  
He talks about "the coward's grave:"  
And "who so base as be a slave?"  
Is some fair cousin made a wife  
In the full autumn of her life?—  
He's sure to shock the *youthful* bride  
With "forty years, come Whitsuntide."

He wanders round! I'll act the spy  
Upon his fatal courtesies,  
Which always gives the greatest pain,  
Where most it strives to entertain.  
"Edward! my boy! an age has past  
Methinks, since Reuben saw you last;  
How fares the Abbey? and the rooks?  
Your tenants? and your sister's looks?  
Lovely and fascinating still,  
With lips that wound, and eyes that kill?  
When last I saw her dangerous face,  
There was a lover in the case—  
A pretty pair of epaulettes!—  
But then, there were some ugly debts!—  
A match? Nay! why so gloomy, boy?  
Upon my life I wish 'em joy!"

With arms enfolded o'er his breast,  
And fingers clench'd, and lips compress'd,



And eye, whose every glance appears  
 To speak a threat in Reuben's ears,  
 That youth hath heard ; 'tis brief and stern  
 The answer that he deigns return ;  
 Then silent on his homeward way,  
 Like Ossian's ghosts, he strides away.

Astonish'd at his indignation,  
 Reuben breaks out in exclamation.  
 " Edward ! I mean—I really meant—  
 Upon my word—a compliment ;  
 You look so stern!—nay, why is this ?  
 Angry because I flatter'd Miss ?  
 What ! gone ?—The deuce is in the man !  
 Explain, Sir Robert, if you can."—  
 " Eh ! what ? perhaps you haven't heard !—  
 Excuse my laughing !—how absurd !  
 A slight faux pas !—a trifle—merely !  
 Ha ! ha !—egad you touch'd him nearly."

All blunderers, when they chance to make  
 In colloquy some small mistake,  
 Make haste to make a hundred more,  
 To mend the one they made before.  
 'Tis thus with Reuben ! through the throng  
 With hurried step he hastes along ;  
 Thins, like a pest, the crowded seats,  
 And runs a muck at all he meets ;  
 Rich in his unintended satire,  
 And killing, where he meant to flatter.  
 He makes a College Fellow wild  
 By asking for his wife and child ;  
 Puts a haught Blue in awful passion  
 By disquisitions on the fashion ;  
 Refers a knotty case in Whist  
 To Morley the philanthropist ;



Quotes to a Sportsman from St. Luke,  
Bawls out plain " Bobby " to a Duke ;  
And while a Barrister invites  
Our notice to the Bill of Rights,  
And fat Sir John begins to launch  
Into the praises of a haunch,  
He bids the man of quibbles pause  
By eulogizing " Spartan Laws ;"  
And makes the epicure quite wrath  
By eulogizing " Spartan broth."  
Error on error grows and swells,—  
For, as a certain proverb tells,  
" When once a man has lost his way,—"  
But you have read it,—or you may.

Girt with a crowd of listening Graces,  
With expectation on their faces,  
Chattering, and looking all the while  
As if he strove to hide a smile  
That fain would burst Decorum's bands,  
Alfred Duval, the hoaxer, stands.  
Alfred ! the eldest-born of Mirth ;  
There is not on this nether earth  
So light a spirit, nor a soul  
So little used to all control.  
Frolic, and Fun, and Jest, and Glee,  
Burst round him unremittingly ;  
And in the glances of his eyes  
Ever his heart's good-humour flies,  
Mild as the breezes of the South ;  
And while, from many a wiser mouth,  
We drink the fruits of education,  
The solid Port of conversation,  
From Alfred's lips we seem to drain  
A ceaseless flow of bright Champagne.



In various shapes his wit is found ;  
 But most it loves to send around,  
 O'er half the town, on Rumour's gale,  
 Some marvellously-fashion'd tale,  
 And cheat the unsuspecting ear  
 With groundless hope, or groundless fear.  
 To speak in civil words—his bent  
 Lies sadly to——Embellishment.  
 " Sir," says Morality, " you know  
 You shouldn't flatter Falsehood so :  
 The Nurse that rock'd you in your crib  
 Taught you to loath and scorn a fib,  
 And Shakspeare warns you of the evil,  
 Saying, ' tell truth, and shame the Devil !'  
 I like, as well as you, the glances  
 Where gay Good-Humour brightly dances ;  
 But when a man tells horrid lies—  
 You shouldn't talk about his eyes."  
 Madam ! you'll think it rather odd  
 That, while I bow me to the rod,  
 And make no shadow of defence,  
 I still persist in my offence :  
 And great and small may join to blame  
 The echo of the Hoaxer's fame ;  
 But be it known to great and small,—  
 I can't write sermons at a ball.

'Tis Alfred fills the public prints  
 With all the sly ingenious hints  
 That fly about begirt with cares,  
 And terrify the Bulls and Bears.  
 Unrivall'd statesman ! war and peace  
 He makes and breaks with perfect ease ;  
 Skilful to crown and to depose,  
 He sets up kings, and overthrows ;



As if apprentic'd to the work,  
He ties the bowstring round the Turk,  
Or makes the Algerine devout,  
Or plagues his Holiness with gout;  
Or drives the Spaniard from Madrid  
As quick as Bonaparte did.  
Sometimes at home his plots he lays,  
And wildly still his fancy plays.  
He pulls the Speaker from the chair,  
Murders the Sheriffs, or the Mayor,  
Or drags a Bishop through the mire,  
Or sets the Theatres on fire,  
Or brings the weavers to subjection,  
Or prates of mobs and insurrection.  
One dash of his creative pen  
Can raise a hundred thousand men :  
They march ! he wills, and myriads fall ;—  
One dash annihilates them all !

And now, amid that female rout,  
What scandal doth he buz about ?  
What grand affair or mighty name  
Entrusts he to the gossip Fame ?  
Uncheck'd, unstay'd, he hurries on  
With wondrous stories of the Ton ;  
Describes how London ladies lose  
Their heads in helmets, like the Blues ;  
And how the highest circles meet  
To dance with pattens on their feet !  
And all the while he tells his lie  
With such a solemn gravity,  
That many a Miss parades the room,  
Dreaming about a casque and plume ;  
And vows it grievously must tire one  
To waltz upon a pump of iron.



*The County Ball.*

Jacques, the Cantab! I see him brood,  
Wrapt in his mental solitude,  
On thoughts that lie too deep, I wis,  
For such a scene and hour as this.  
Now shall the rivers freeze in May,  
Coquets be silent at the play;  
Old men shall dine without a story,  
And mobs be civil to a Tory!  
All miracles shall well befall,  
When Youth is thoughtful at a ball.

From thoughts that grieve, and words that vex,  
And names invented to perplex;  
From latent findings, never found;  
And mystic figures, square and round;  
Shapes, from whose labyrinthine toil  
A Dædalus might well recoil;  
He steals one night—one single night,  
And gives its moments to delight.  
Yet still upon his struggling soul  
The muddy wave of Cam will roll,  
And all the monsters grim, that float  
Upon that dark and mirky moat,  
Come jabbering round him—dark equation,  
Subtle distinction, disputation;  
Notion, idea, mystic schism,  
Assumption, proof, and syllogism;  
And many an old and awful name  
Of optic or mechanic fame.  
Look! in the van stern Euclid shows  
The Asses'-Bridge upon his nose;  
Bacon comes forward, sage austere,  
And Locke and Paley both are there;  
And Newton, with a spiteful hiss,  
Points to his "*de Principiis*."



*The County Ball.*

41

Yet often with his magic wand  
Doth Mirth dispel that hideous band ;  
And then in strange confusion lost  
The mind of Jacques is tempest-tost.  
By turns around it come and flee  
The *dulce*, and the *utile* ;  
By turns, as Thought or Pleasure wills,  
Quadratics struggle with quadrilles ;  
And figures sour, and figures sweet,  
Of problems—and of dances—meet ;  
Bisections fight with “ *down the middles*,”  
And chords of arcs with chords of fiddles ;  
Vain are the poor musician's graces ;  
His bass gives way to given bases—  
His studied trill to shapely trine—  
His mellowed shake to puzzling sine :  
Each forming set recalls a vision  
Of some enchanting proposition,  
And merry “ *Chassez-croisés huit* ”  
Is little more than Q. E. D.  
Ah ! Stoic youth ! before his eye  
Bright beauties walk unheeded by ;  
And while his distant fancy strays  
Remote through Algebraic maze,  
He sees, in whatsoe'er he views,  
The very object he pursues,  
And fairest forms, from heel to head,  
Seem crooked as his  $x$  and  $z$ .  
Peace to the man of marble !——

Hush !

Whence is the universal rush ?  
Why doth confusion thus affright  
The peaceful order of the night,  
Thwart the musicians in their task,  
And check the schoolboy's *pas de basque* ?



— play her minuet ;  
Her stately step, and angry eye,  
Her waist so low, her neck so high  
Her habit of inspiring fear,  
Her knack of boxing on the ear,  
Could ne'er have made the people  
Like the lost comb of Lady Clare !  
The tresses it was wont to bind  
Joy in their freedom ! unconfin'd  
They float around her, and bedeck  
The marble whiteness of her neck,  
With veil of more resplendent hue,  
Than ever Aphrodite threw  
Around her, when unseen she trod  
Before the sight of man or God—  
Look how a blush of burning red,  
O'er bosom and o'er forehead spread  
Glances like lightning ; and aside  
The Lady Clare hath turn'd her head  
As if she strove in vain to hide  
That counten-



Now gallantry is busy round !  
All eyes are bent upon the ground ;  
And dancers leave the cheerful measure  
To seek the lady's missing treasure.  
Meanwhile some charitable Miss,  
Quite ignorant what envy is,  
Sends slowly forth her censures grave,  
" How oddly beauties will behave !  
Oh ! quite an accident !—last year  
I think she sprain'd her ankle here ;  
And then there were such sudden halts,  
And such a bringing out of salts"—  
" You think her vain ? " " Oh gracious ? no !  
She has a charming foot, you know ;  
And it's so pretty to be lame—  
I don't impute the slightest blame—  
Only that *very* careless braid !—  
The fault is with the waiting-maid !  
I merely mean—since Lady Clare  
Was flatter'd so about her hair,  
Her comb is always dropping out—  
Oh ! quite an accident !—no doubt ! "

The Sun hath risen o'er the deep,  
And fathers, more than half-asleep,  
Begin to shake the drowsy head,  
And hint " it's time to be in bed."  
Then comes chagrin on faces fair ;  
Soft hands are clasp'd in mimic prayer ;  
And then the warning watch is shown,  
And answers in a harsher tone  
Reply to look of lamentation,  
And argument, and supplication :  
In vain sweet voices tell their grief,  
In speeches long, for respite brief ;



Bootless are all their "lords !" and "lads !"  
Their " pray papas !" and " do papas !"  
" Ladies," quoth Gout, " I love my rest !  
The carriage waits !—*cundum est.*"  
This is the hour for parting bow,  
This is the hour for secret vow,  
For weighty shawl, and hooded cloak,  
Half-utter'd tale, and whisper'd joke.  
This is the hour when ladies bright  
Relate th' adventures of the night,  
And fly by turns from truth to fiction,  
From retrospection to prediction :  
They regulate, with unbought bounty,  
The destinies of half the county,  
With gipsey talent they foretell  
How Miss Duquesne will marry well,  
And how 'tis certain that the squire  
Will be more stupid than his sire,  
And how the girl they cried up so  
Only two little months ago,  
Falls off already, and will be  
Really quite plain at twenty-three.  
Now scandal hovers laughing o'er them,  
While pass in long review before them  
The Lady that my Lord admires—  
The gentleman that moves on wires—  
The youth with such a frightful frown—  
And " that extraordinary gown."  
Now characters are much debated,  
And witty speeches are narrated ;  
And Criticism delights to dwell  
On conquests won by many a belle,  
On compliments that ne'er were paid,  
On offers that were never made,



Refusals—Lord knows when refused,  
Deductions—Lord knows how deduced ;  
Alas ! how sweetly scandal falls  
From lips of beauties—after Balls.

The music stops,—the lights expire,  
The dance is o'er— the crowds retire ;  
And all those smiling cheeks have flown !  
Away !—the rhymer is alone.  
Thou too, the fairest and the best,  
Hast fled from him with the rest ;  
Thy name he will not, love ! unite  
To the rude strain he pours to-night,  
Yet often hath he turn'd away  
Amidst his harsh and wandering lay,  
And often hath his earnest eye  
Look'd into thine delightedly,  
And often hath his listening ear——  
But thou art gone !—what doth he here ?

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A PARTY AT THE PELICAN,

DEAR COURTENAY,—On a bitter snowy day I have resolved to take our Poet Laureat's advice to " write like a devil," and have positively sat down, with the most laudable diligence and solicitude for your amusement, to send you an account of a most delightful party at which I was present the other day ; and, if the description pleases you one quarter as much as the more substantial original pleased me, you may be assured that I shall be very well satisfied.

To begin *à principes*, as Allen Le Blanc would say ;—a single gentleman who had resided some time in the neighbourhood, and had accepted every body's invitation without giving any himself, luckily for me, just before my arrival, was seized with a sudden and miraculous impulse of hospitality, and determined, out of a proper regard both to economy and good fellowship, to pay all his debts at once, in a general and grand entertainment. The good people here made many very charitable conjectures upon



this extraordinary spirit which animated Mr. Hudson. However, as the slander of the place ought not to be circulated too widely, I will only tell you the most unexceptionable of them, that Christmas had its wonted and proper effect in opening his purse-strings. You see this only hints at some supernatural agency, as being necessary for such an important circumstance. To speak to you as a learned man, "*Dignus vindice nodus.*" Well! to proceed regularly in these important matters, the above-mentioned gentleman, after he had resolved to feast his friends upon this extended scale, next began to consider where the collected company could possibly be received, and upon examination discovered that he had no room in his house large enough to hold them. In this terrible emergency he called his housekeeper to his assistance, and, after much consideration, they agreed upon a contrivance; namely, that he should hire the three best rooms in the Pelican, and send out his cards accordingly. This plan she alleged would give great consequence and notoriety to the party; and he acquiesced in it from other and more feeling motives, that he could probably supply a great part of the necessaries from home, and, by contracting with Monsieur the Innkeeper, save a considerable loss to his pocket, and a proportionable bustle and confusion to his household; nor did he forget that by these means he could avoid betraying the imperfections or deficiencies of his establishment.

These preliminaries, I assure you, are all authentic; having been partly collected from Mrs. Whitehurst, the old dame who manages every thing, and partly from himself, for he is very communicative in these respects; much more so, indeed, than most of his acquaintance desire. I dare say you will have thought me dreadfully tedious in these calumnious accounts, which so little concern me; so now, with your leave, I will introduce to you Mr. F. Golightly, in his proper dress and character, not forgetting his quizzing-glass, taking the place of a cousin fortunately absent; and, with his natural impudence, by a sort of self-invitation, proceeding in a royal cavalcade to the Pelican. And prithee, good Courtenay, do not disdainfully regard this Pelican. Take my word for it, it is a house of the very first respectability; renowned far and wide for every sort of excellence; and decorated, as all inns should be, with an effigy of its patron bird, remarkable for its size, its variety of plumage, and, in short, for its total defiance of any resemblance to nature. Here we arrived in very decent and fashionable time; that is to say, after everybody else: but scarce had I set my foot within the door, when I was surrounded by a multitude of harpies: one snatched away my hat, another my gloves, another my newly-mounted shag-coat, and so on, till I really fancied myself beset



by pickpockets, particularly after the terrible instances we have lately heard of their audacity. This, I afterwards understood, proceeded from Mr. Hudson's particular desire that everybody should be expressly attended to at his coming, and ushered into the drawing-room with proper ceremony and respect. I am sure we had no reason to complain of any neglect;—two or three smart-looking fellows, in a sort of livery, escorted us up the stairs; and two more, standing like sentinels at the door, introduced us to the whole assemblage of company, not forgetting our names and titles. My uncle, who, of course, together with his family, was pretty well known to his neighbours, took the trouble to make apologies to the Host for my unexpected appearance, which, I assure you, were most graciously received; and he was pleased to express his happiness at having the honour of seeing Mr. F. Golightly. What a fine thing it would be, thought I to myself, if I could but be a Lord just for a few hours: that little augment to my name would sound so well for an introduction, and carry off any kind of singularity; for what is impudence in a Commoner is nothing but condescension in a Nobleman. I did not continue in this fancy very long, but put up my glass, and took a regular, but rapid reconnoitre; by which I discovered, to my great pleasure, that there were a vast number of people whom I knew nothing about: and I was still more gratified to see one person on the other side of the room, whom I determined, in half a minute, to make my oracle. This was a young man of the name of Brooke, who had been at Eton, and was just released from Oxford, and to whom I had taken a great fancy when I met him a few days before at my uncle's. I was by his side in less than a moment, although I was necessarily impeded by several bows and salutations which I was obliged to make in the course of my passing from one side of the apartment to the other. After we had both settled that we were as well as we possibly could be, I took the liberty to ask him the names of several people, both male and female, which will not interest you very particularly; for the greatest part of them were only remarkable for having long noses, high feathers, odd voices, or something particular either in dress or figure. You cannot imagine how much I missed my old Rawsdon Court Friend, Mr. Ormsby. My new substitute was but a very indifferent one, compared to him; for he could not, or would not, give me half the information I desired. In spite of my endeavours to keep him to the subject, he was continually flying off to know how we managed different things at Eton now: how the boats were manned; whether Collegers or Oppidans beat the last match at Football; and several other matters of equal importance: to all of which I had the patience to return becoming answers. I have uniformly



observed that old Etonians are very like old men, inasmuch as they always maintain the superiority of things as they existed in their time; and argue that every alteration must be for the worse, although frequently they know nothing about it. Pray do not suspect that I mean to impute any uncharitableness to our predecessors, for whom I entertain the greatest respect and veneration, as well as for all their institutions. It is really a natural sort of feeling which we ourselves begin to hold towards the rising generation in our "little World," which we suspect will be neither half so big, nor half so clever, as the one which went before it.

I had long wished to know the name of a little man, with piercing grey eyes, shaggy red eyebrows, and a cast of countenance altogether more strongly indicative of cunning than any I ever remember to have seen. After I had heard, with due fortitude, many very severe remarks upon our deficiency in divers points, about which, to tell you the truth, I cared not a farthing, such as having no bonfire on the 5th of November, being locked up in our houses at five o'clock instead of six, and several others which I cannot remember, I returned to the charge, and demanded some particulars of the above-mentioned gentleman, who was evidently smiling, to the best of his endeavours, and, in fact, playing the agreeable to a fat old lady of a most portly presence, his next neighbour. "That," answered young Brooke, "is a lawyer of this place, the learned Mr. Jobson. He has the credit of having a great deal of money; but nobody pretends to say where it ever came from. In addition to this qualification, he has interest enough with his fellow-citizens to persuade them to elect for their Members whomsoever he likes best; and it is said that he always likes those best, who have no objection to fee their legal adviser handsomely. This, of course, is as much a secret as things of that sort generally are. However, he keeps a good table, and will give you a fine dinner, without charging you 6s. 8d. for your entertainment. Somebody must pay; but it is not our business to inquire who are the victims. Our good host, Mr. Hudson, has, I dare say, tasted his good cheer pretty often."

We were relapsing fast into a discourse about the merits of a neighbouring pack of hounds, when the master of the feast, who, by-the-bye, had been running about the room the whole time, came up to a gentleman seated very near us, and said, loud enough to be plainly heard, "Mr. Bradshaw, will you do me the favour to sit next to me at dinner? I have got a haunch of venison there, I assure you the very best that I could possibly procure; and I am sadly afraid that, unless I profit a little by your good instruction, it will suffer much by my awk-



ward carving." "Certainly, Mr. Hudson," was the reply. Our host was quite satisfied; and, with frightened visage, bustled away to pay his attention to some highly-favoured person on the opposite side of the room. Strangely did I wish to learn the character and vocation of this Mr. Bradshaw; and I was afraid to ask, lest he should overhear our conversation. It was very evident that he had a great share of humour in his composition, for he kept all the company around him, ladies and gentlemen, in a perpetual titter.

A most grotesque figure of a man made a very conspicuous appearance at some distance from us: his lips, his arms, in fact his whole body, moved about in unison with his words; so much so, that I began to suspect that he was some foreigner or other, for I never saw any of our cooler-blooded nation who used such extravagant action. If you, Courtenay, were to figure in such a way at the next election speeches, I positively think the audience would be thunderstruck: the experiment, perhaps, might be worth while. He had, too, a most particularly loud and silly kind of laugh, which uniformly followed every word of his own, though I could not perceive that any body else joined in it, which argued badly for his powers of amusing. My companion perceived the object of my abstraction, and readily gave me a little account of them. "Pray," said he, "are you looking at that buffoon who is standing opposite to us? He is Mr. Wise; a man, I assure you, of vast noteriety in this neighbourhood; some absolutely think him agreeable; an opinion which I could never accede to: however, it is not his fault if he is not so, for he spares neither himself nor his hearers in accomplishing this worthy purpose. You cannot conceive a greater bore than finding yourself seated next to him at dinner, with the consciousness that you cannot possibly escape from him for a whole hour. Such a compound of bad puns, stale stories, and conceit, I really believe never existed. His mouth is always open, and always to utter something foolish; and even, in spite of the better and readier occupation of eating and drinking, he would not cease five minutes together from dinning your ears with some account, carefully collected from the newest Book of Anecdotes; or with some of those miserable twists and perversions of words, such as you would never understand, unless he were to inform you by his laugh that he has cut, what we used to call at Eton in my time, a joke. This is a sufficient caution; do pray beware of getting near him." I assure you, my dear Courtenay, as I told you in my letter of condolence, I intend not to start a single pun after my arrival at the Club; and the example of this hero has fully confirmed me in my resolution.

If I were so disposed, I could tell you a number of torments to



which a professed punster or self-named wit voluntarily submits himself; such as his disappointment when people don't choose to understand his efforts, or to laugh at them; the danger he incurs of displeasing people, and making himself ridiculous: but all this Essay will keep very well till my arrival. At present we must talk of Sir John Carter, who attracted my notice from the very important manner with which he walked across the room. I was told that he was the son of a substantial Yeoman, who got a good deal of money, and spent very little, being determined to make his son a Gentleman, or at least to give him the means of being one. Accordingly the young Squire did nothing in the world but amuse himself, and at twenty-one was the best shot and the best rider in the country, without being able to read or write. Soon after this, he became ambitious of the Shrievalty; and as that is a sort of dignity which almost every body wishes to escape, if possible, he soon obtained the desired honour. With a good deal of tutoring, he managed to get through his business, and most fortunately happened to present an address to his Majesty, for which he received the distinguished mark of Knighthood. In process of time he became a Magistrate, and as he always takes very good care to have Mr. Jobson or his clerk at his elbow, I have not heard that he has as yet made any very notorious blunders. He has amazing ideas of his own consequence, and preserves a most dignified silence, scarcely ever opening his mouth; I suppose because he is afraid of betraying his country accent. I forgot to tell you that he is a Captain in the Yeomanry, and I have no doubt gives the word of command to his Troop in the finest provincial twang. In addition to this, he is Commissioner of the Turnpike Roads, and is so bigotted to the old plan, that he will never hear of any new one, the consequences of which obstinacy I felt by a pretty severe jolting on my way to the Pelican. Lady Carter is infinitely worse than her husband, for she is more ridiculously conceited than you can possibly imagine. I understand that she once turned away a footman because he forgot to call her by her proper title at a party. I overheard her exclaiming how she would fit up the apartment we were sitting in, if it were her own, just after the plan she had adopted at Yatton Lodge. You won't expect me to remember all the particulars of elegant curtains, mirrors, and suchlike. I can only tell you, that her Ladyship's dress did not give me a very high idea of her taste.

Scarcely had I made the above-mentioned resolution, when dinner was announced, to the very visible joy of most of the company. I was very much surprised that nobody began to move; and more so, when I saw the worthy Mr. Hudson, with the greatest confusion depicted in his countenance, going from



one side to another, instead of escorting his chosen fair one to her place at the dinner table. At last he ran up to Mr. Bradshaw, his never-failing oracle in time of trouble it appears, and asked what he should do under the following circumstances:—There were two Baronets, with their Ladies, in the room (a thing I forgot to mention before), and the question at present was, to which of these two he should give his arm? Mr. Bradshaw's first advice was, that he should take the oldest. Now this was an impossibility: first of all, because the truth could never be ascertained; as nobody could think of questioning a Lady upon so jealous a point: and secondly, because the one who was preferred, if she were to find out the reason, would probably consider it as any thing but an honour. They spoke a few more words in whispers, and the end was, that Mr. Hudson walked boldly up to Lady Upton, and led her off in triumph; while her rival followed next, and as far as I could see, appeared to be very well contented with the arrangement. I brought up the rear. Mr. Bradshaw sat, as had been before arranged, on the host's right hand; and I had the satisfaction of taking my place next but one to him—a terrible hungry-looking man separating us. He had a long hollow face, and eyes nearly starting out of his head; with which he stared round upon every thing upon the table, just as if he longed to have it in his plate. I afterwards learnt that his name was Mandle, and that he, and his wife, who was opposite to us, a vulgar woman to outward appearance, kept up a very respectable character for stinginess. I had taken very good care, in the preceding part of the day, that my appetite should not be overpowering in the evening; as I had proposed to myself another occupation than that of eating. However, I very much suspect that my friends about me had not taken the same precaution. In fact, if we may judge by the newspapers, we seem to be peculiarly a dinner-eating nation. There is no meeting, however insignificant, which has not a dinner at the end of it: witness the glorious entertainment of which Mr. Hunt and the Friends of Liberty partook, after that hero's triumph at Manchester; and for the expenses of which Dr. Watson was so unwarrantably clapped into prison. No great event can be celebrated so well as by a dinner: we dance for Charity, speak for Charity, but, more than all, we eat for Charity's sake. No wonder, then, as I thought to myself at the time, that Mr. Hudson should have chosen so substantial and so truly English a method of returning his obligations. You must suppose this reverie to have gone on (as was really the case) while the fish and soup had both disappeared, and a huge piece of beef, and no less haunch of venison, had taken their places; the latter of which Mr. Bradshaw and the host were busily employed in carving,



and the rest of the company in eating; among whom Mr. Mandle cut a conspicuous figure. Indeed I believe that his voracity was very well accordant with his ideas of economy; for I verily think he laid in enough to serve him for a fortnight. His wife every now and then shot some terrible glances at him from the other side of the table; but in this respect, at least, he did not appear to regard very much the good Lady's frowns. Mr. Bradshaw took very good care that his neighbour's plate should never be empty; and loaded it to that degree that at last he was obliged to cry—enough. You may imagine that he was very unsociable, as his mouth was too well occupied to be opened for any minor consideration: however, this defect of his was amply made up for by a Maiden Lady past a "certain age." But, I assure you, five and fifty years had taken away nothing from the gaiety of her dress, or the volubility of her tongue. I, as in duty bound, did every thing that was civil to her; and, to all of my attentions she returned the most engaging looks possible;—and talked a vast deal about indifferent subjects: I thought she would never have left off questioning me about Eton, as unluckily she had seen the First Number of "The Etonian." Of course she wanted to know if you were not a very clever boy—whether I was not a mischievous one, as she guessed by the character I bore in the Club. I assured her that it was a namesake of mine who figured so conspicuously; upon which she begged pardon, and intimated her surprise that there should be two people at school together with such a singular designation. Dear me! I never knew any lady with such a numerous acquaintance: her inquiries after the various young ones whom she knew at Eton were really unceasing, such as, "How does young Stone go on? His aunt, Mrs. Knipe, was my most intimate friend when we lived at Wimbledon. Is Sir William Roby still at Eton? His friends had thoughts of taking him away," &c. Then she was so curious about their characters, abilities, natures, and other things, that I really believe nobody in the world could possibly have satisfied her. She was wonderfully astonished that I should not know all these particulars; and, in fact, the whole conversation put me very much in mind of what our friend Swinburne has justly considered one of the principal of his Christmas miseries. Well, after a short interval, she wished me to tell her whether there were not two boys of the name of Swinburne at Eton; and what sort of a person I considered the eldest to be? "The very man I was thinking of," said I to myself: however, I answered her, that there was; and, for his character and manners, I took the liberty of referring her to No. V., in which I knew our friend Hodgson wished to insert that full-length portrait he drew before we went home. "I have always,"



replied she, "considered him as a particularly good sort of young man, and not deficient in sense too, when you know a little of him, but he is very odd in his ways. He is on a visit very near here at present, and Mr. Hudson asked him to dine with us, but he would not hear of it: poor fellow, he is very shy indeed: I wish he had known of your coming; I dare say he would have been glad to have met you. But I wonder very much, with his natural timidity, that he should like to be put in print; of course he gives his consent to the publication." "Oh no," said I, "for the very best of all reasons, that it never was asked. Most probably the first notice he will receive of this unexpected honour will be when he sees the new Number, and I have no doubt he will wish himself out of the Club again; but then it will be too late, as 750 copies are not easily recalled." At this time the fair Lady's attention was, happily for me, called off by an old Dowager, who insisted that some fashion of the female dress, which they called perfectly new, and one of the boldest strokes of the most famous Parisian mantua-maker, had positively been in vogue in England about thirty years ago, and declared that she well remembered wearing a costume of that sort in 1789. Of course this fact was strongly combated by all the younger part of the company; and, at last, Mrs. Marchmont was obliged to call in Miss Jones as a witness to her veracity. I wonder she could be so cruel as to expose the blooming maid in so unfeeling a manner, —to make her blush, to the danger of all the rouge that was spread upon her face,—to talk of such a thing as age in the presence of such a company. Poor Miss Jones! I sympathized most heartily with her.

In the mean time, Mr. Bradshaw was employed, as I before told you, in carving the haunch, and in finding fault with several things, in all of which it appeared that the cook had totally forgotten himself. I admired his freedom of speech particularly, and it was done with so good-humoured an air that it was impossible any body could be offended. "Here's a dish," said he, "excellent in itself, but totally spoiled by ignorance. I'll be whipped (a common expression of his) if I could not make it twice as good myself." Then he specified the ingredients so correctly that I really took him for a regular *bon vivant*, a man who delighted in cooking; in which I afterwards found that I was entirely mistaken, as well as in supposing that what he found fault with was in any way deserving his censure; for it appears he makes a practice of picking every thing to pieces, and informing himself in all sorts of matters which you never would think of. In fact, he always has a way of doing every thing peculiar to himself, and infinitely superior to that of any body else. I should like very much to pay him a visit at his house;



...to know what he thinks of the pleasure of knowing him, I am sure he would for he likes declaring what he thinks in a straightforward way, though without any sort of rudeness. call us disorderly. Now you must know that a crime of the very first magnitude in his eyes himself most scrupulously. Stepping on a down a gooseberry bush, is a very great offence to come into his house without cleaning your shoes. I really think he would turn you out again. On these matters, for, from all accounts, he is the world, and withal is very clever; but he has that is sufficient reason for a good many oddities. I have been taken up so long with talking about this that I have no time or inclination to record all the incidents which took place till the cloth was removed; I will use to tell you what you may see in any other day. Every delicacy of the season abounded, and to the infinite credit to Monsieur the Landlord, his name was Hudson.

You must take just the same account of the wines, which latter, as far as I could judge, could have proceeded from the inn cellar. I miss Robert on these particulars; for, at Rawsdon Court, he has such matters to admiration. You will pity me when I tell you that I got into the clutches of that again and was



he would immediately interrupt him without the least sort of ceremony, in some such way as this :—" Mr. —— ! aye, I knew him well, a distant connexion of the —— family—he was accused of selling his vote to the Minister, and to be sure one day he forgot his principles—but he was a charming soul, a delightful creature, the most good-natured fellow in the world—I knew him well, Sir." Whether the object of his sallies was a Nobleman or a Commoner, it did not seem to make the least alteration. The first one I heard I was very near laughing at, but I observed the rest of the company kept their gravity unmoved, so that probably they were used to these sort of impromptu sketches. He regularly first began with some bitter stroke of satire, and then appeared to be ashamed of what he had said, and determined to make his victim amends, by his unmeaning sort of panegyric.

After a little time the conversation principally turned upon Agricultural Distress, and matters relating to that weighty question, a topic which seemed to be admirably well understood by all the company, but unfortunately each had his own way of remedying it, and of course each thought his own the best. I fancied myself transported on a sudden into the House of Commons, or at least some body of Legislature ; and, if there is a meeting on this subject in the county, I shall attribute it all to Mr. Hudson's party. 'Tis true our good host seemed rather out of his element during the discussion ; in fact, I believe in his early days he spent much of his time in a counting-house, and no doubt at present has a leaning to the mercantile interest, though it would have been madness to have declared it at that time, as any opposition would have made the farming party furious, especially as some of them were rather in their cups, among whom was my worthy neighbour, Mr. Mandle. Upon this latter gentleman the invigorating effect of the wine was very evidently displayed. I think I told you before that he spoke not a word during the whole of dinner, but now he vociferated beyond all bounds, talked about the country groaning under taxation, national bankruptcy, and things of that sort, which one of Mr. Hume's speeches will readily supply you with. The Ministers he determined to be a set of hypocrites, rascals, and pickpockets, and those who favoured them not many degrees better. Of course every body saw his derangement, and let him have his own way.—I do think, for many reasons, that the Neapolitan tumult is the happiest thing that has for a long time taken place, for it has led away people's thoughts from domestic affairs, of which they have had some slight acquaintance, and has led them into the most delightful and innocent political speculations, upon concerns of which they are totally ignorant. My opinion is the more strengthened from the very opportune assistance which it gave us at the Pelican. One person



called the Neapolitans heroes; another confidently argued that they were mere rebels and poltroons, and that the Carbonari were pure radicals and sans culottes; while the opposite party affirmed that they were a brave and a liberal-minded set of men. Mr. Bradshaw stood forth most vehemently on the former side, adding that he had lived a year or two in Italy, and that their character then was that he now gave them. I thought it was better to be, in such conflicts, as England is—neutral.

I dare say you will find the dinner an uncommonly long one, as I assure you I did myself, and was not at all sorry when we joined the ladies; a proposition which Mr. Hudson at last made, by Mr. Bradshaw's special advice. Mr. Wise gave forth a vast number of miserable witticisms, which I would not disgrace my paper with, or with the tea-table talk, which I could have got very accurately second-hand from my aunt. There were plenty of card tables, and plenty of players. I watched Miss Jones down to a party of loo, with a parcel of dames all looking as sharp as needles. I would not have been with them on any consideration.

Some of the company joined in different games, just as they liked. I had seated myself on a sofa next to my friend Mr. Brooke, and prepared to talk Eton matters over again, in return for which I expected him to give me an account of various Oxford Horrors, Examinations, Proctors, &c., besides different adventures, which he had encountered himself, for I verily believe him to be a bit of a pickle; when Mr. Bradshaw advised the young folks to get up a dance. We agreed to this very readily, so they showed us into an empty room, and we performed to admiration, till we were called away, very unwillingly, to go home, about twelve o'clock. Now, my dear Courtenay, at last there is an end "*longæ chartæque viæque*;" and I assure you I am much more glad to have finished this letter, than I was to depart from the Party at the Pelican.

Yours ever,

F. G.

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## THE MARCH TO MOSCOW.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

WE take it for granted that all the world, that is all those who read and buy "*The Etonian*," are well acquainted with that sagacious critique on a certain poem called the "*Queen of Hearts*," which may be seen in the valuable volumes of the first of our venerated predecessors, Gregory Griffin, of the College of Eton. We doubt as little that many have drawn their first principles of judging of works of genius from that respected source; and that few or none will deny that they were thence instructed in the art of detecting latent beauties, which, do what we may, will often escape our notice under the disguise of puerility or nonsense. Yet feeling, as we certainly do, the utmost deference for the authority of Mr. Griffin, and acknowledging with pleasure the ingenuity of his observations, still we must own that at times a sort of a suspicion has arisen in our mind, that what that Gentleman attempted to maintain was in fact not maintainable; that the object of his admiration was not worthy of it; that in short his real intention throughout was to see how much he could make the boys swallow, and that he himself enjoyed the joke heartily, at the expense of the perverted judgments of hundreds of aspiring Poets and Reviewers. Far be it from us to impute the real consequences as the motives of his conduct;—we believe that it was meant as a pleasant piece of bantering, and that the implicit faith with which most men have received it since, was what he could not be expected to reckon upon. Our chief reason for our suspicion is this, that we cannot think the Poem itself at all worthy of such commendation from so dignified a critic; and that, talk as he may about its epic artifice and admirable plot, he will never persuade us that there is any Imagination, or Fancy, or Wisdom in it, which deserves to raise it from its legitimate habitation—the Nursery. These are novel and startling objections, and we know the difficulty and danger of attacking ancient prejudices; yet we thought it a part of our duty to speak our honest opinion, and certainly, on the supposition of our being in the right, no place could be more proper for the destruction of an error than that in which it arose, and none such legal executioners as the heirs of him who begot it.

We had another motive for giving this opinion. We were apprehensive lest the "*March to Moscow*," upon which we propose saying a few words, should be erroneously estimated; one party



degrading it below the standard of the "Queen of Hearts," and another equally degrading it, by supposing that it was intended to complete the *par nobile* of lauded childishness. We declare we have no such intention; let the "Epic" of "The Microcosm" be still considered by those, who choose it, a unique, without equal or second; but for the "Song" of "The Etonian," we entreat but a little patience from our readers, and we will wager the price of this present Number, that we prove its immeasurable superiority over its celebrated antagonist. We invite Mr. Griffin himself to take notice of our arguments in its favour, and we leave the decision to Doctors Keate or Goodall, as the appellee pleases; or, in default of either of those much-respected Judges, we will lay the case before the Visitor. We shall avoid the indelicacy of answering, point by point, the positions of our opponent, and shall set at once about showing, to the satisfaction, as we dare hope, of every candid mind, that what we have advanced boldly we are able to defend reasonably.

In the first place, then, the "March to Moscow" is a Song; and hence in its very nature, as we shall soon show, a nobler creation than an Epic Poem. The fact is, in modern times the character of Songs has been greatly depreciated, and perhaps with some justice, when reference is had to the shoals of *things* called, or calling themselves, by that name; but we should not therefore forget that the essence still remains the same, though not successfully substantialized in the imperfect attempts which we condemn.

A Song is that which was first sung before the jargon of epic, or tragic, or comic, was thought of by a parcel of plodding grammarians; it was the free and spontaneous poetry of the soul, couched in multiform images, dressed in a thousand robes, and comprehending all things, even as the soul itself comprehended them. A Song is the original and natural organ of Genius; and for this we have the greatest authority; for when the wisest man that ever lived on earth turned his universal mind to Poetry, what did he write? An Epic Poem? A Tragedy? A Comedy? A Melodrama? A Satire? A Sonnet? An Epigram? By no means! He instantly saw, or rather felt, how Poetry best showed itself to men; in what dress it least suffered from the imperfection and material touch of language; and in what form it would be most popular, most comprehensive, most penetrating, most melodious. He wrote a Song—and verily, a man must be gifted with a more than usual proportion of impudence, who denies or underrates the authority of King Solomon.

But we cite this mighty name, not to crush the question with its weight, nor even to prove the truth of our position, but simply to demonstrate the primitive and almost sacred descent of



the Song, in its proper sense. We shall show, in the instance of the "*March to Moscow*," in what manner it comprehends every kind and degree of beauty of all sorts and names; and who will deny that what possesses the particular excellences of all, must be more excellent than each particular, or that the whole is more than its parts? In the mean time, we cannot refrain from adducing, in confirmation of our argument,—and as a test that we are not playing the same trick, of which we took the liberty to suspect Mr. Griffin,—the opinion of an acute Italian, the Abbé Salvini, who concludes his examination and eulogy of this species of composition in these words:—"But where does it ever become a Poet to display himself in all his poetical riches, in his invention, his powers of arrangement, his musical variety of metres, which affect the soul diversely, in his brilliant sentences, and his great and magnificent figures, *if not in a Song?*" \*

Having shown that we had some grounds for our assertion of the superior nature of the Song in the abstract, we will now, without further delay, proceed to the examination of the "*March to Moscow*" itself; when we will endeavour to demonstrate its great and indeed transcendent merits, to the confusion of the most determined sceptic.

To do this effectually, we crave the loan, Gentle Readers, of your Ears and Imaginations; be for ten minutes but so old as the winter of 1812 will make you; revive all the terrible sentiments of anxiety, or even despair, which at that time agitated the breast of the most sanguine statesmen; consider the Emperor of France, the armed leader of countless armies, springing on from victory to victory; Holland incorporated, Italy enslaved, Spain deluged with blood, Germany crouching, Sweden playing double, and the despatches of the dreadful defeat of Smolensko overtaken by news of the slaughter of the Russians at Moskwa, and the Capital of the North in the possession of France—and we alone are left!—But Providence interferes; the conquerors are conquered and exterminated, and their Leader runs away. Remember the joy, the delight, the happiness of England; our old prejudices against soup-maigre and wooden shoes all alive; we are feasting, we are dancing, we are triumphing, when at length a true Englishman gets on a table, calls for silence, says he has a bit of a song for the occasion, drinks the King's health with a "*God bless him*," is received with three tremendous cheers, and then, half air half recitative, commences thus:—

\* "*Ma dove mai vale a mostrarsi il Poeta con tutte le ricchezze poetiche, coll' invenzione, colla disposizione, colla musicale varietà de' metri, che l'anima variamente percuotono, co' lumi delle sentenze, colle figure grande, et magnifiche, se non nella Canzone?*"

Prose Foscari di A. M. Salvini. Firenz: 1715, p. 219.



*Southey's March to Moscow.*

"Bonaparte he would set out  
 For a summer excursion to Moscow;  
 The fields were green, and the sky was blue,  
 Morbleu! Parbleu!  
 What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

Four hundred thousand men or more,  
 Heigho! for Moscow!  
 There were Marshals by the dozens, and Dukes by the score,  
 Princes a few, and Kings one or two,  
 While the fields are so green, and the sky so blue,  
 Morbleu! Parbleu!  
 What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

There was Junot and Augereau,  
 Heigho! for Moscow!  
 Dombrowsky, and Poniatowsky,  
 General Rapp, and the Emperor Nap,  
 Nothing would do,  
 While the fields were so green, and the sky so blue,  
 Morbleu! Parbleu!  
 But they must be marching to Moscow."

Now let us pause here for a moment, and examine the varied qualities of the preceding lines. Consider them in whatever light you please, still, as in a well-drawn face, the eye is ever upon you. And not merely do they address themselves to *you*; but if a hundred people, each with different feelings, gaze upon them, they answer each one look for look, and respond to the heart with an expression which every individual feels is his own. You are expecting an Epic?—Good:—Show us, in Homer or Virgil, Tasso or Milton, any thing superior to the apt arrangement of the foregoing exordium:—the attacking forces are first numbered in a mass; Homer, we are aware, does not so state their gross amount, but forces the reader to have recourse to a very long and somewhat intricate calculation to arrive at this most important preliminary; and moreover, he dissipates the energy of the idea in a heap of particular resemblances, and by telling you that they were as numerous as leaves, as noisy as geese or cranes, as thick as flies, he succeeds in the end in leaving upon the mind a most confused, uncertain, and unsatisfying accumulation of whimsical similitudes. This might have been easily avoided by that noble and decisive plainness which Mr. Southey has used; he does not distract the attention with a vast number of little sums, or disgust the enthusiasm of his readers by the puerilities of flies and ganders, but at once, with no sort of shuffling, as if he was ashamed of his "rascals," he declares the truth, makes no comment, and adds no simile.

"Four hundred thousand men or more."

Have we ever seriously meditated upon the magnitude of this complex image? That elegant captive, Mr. Hunt, said, that a



meeting of not one-fifth of this number was "tremendous." What then would be the impression created by this army, covered with glory and helmets, and of course drums and fifes playing? But it was just possible that some reader of "King Cambyses' vein" might not think this astounding multitude sufficiently great. The Poet foresaw this, and guarded against the contingency; and by saying

"Four hundred thousand men or more,"

he has left every reader to choose for himself, *ad libitum*, any number not less than the specified sum.

Are we in a tragic mood?—What can be so terrible, so fearful to the imagination, as the circumstance of this enormous army of gallant soldiers marching away from a home which they were never to see again, fondly enjoying the charms of the landscape and the climate, and all this attributed to the despotic will of one bad individual? The inexorable destiny of the Greek Tragedy was not so awful as this.

"Bonaparte he would set out"—

"*would set out*," in spite of advice, in the teeth of treaties. Nobody had injured him, no one provoked him; a sanguinary caprice urges him on, and, as it seems, the fine weather encourages his hopes. Remark also his profane, yet humorous execrations, clearly arising from a habit of swearing, for as yet nothing has irritated him—"Morbieu! Parbleu!" He is very jocund—and out it comes. Thus far may be considered as the Protasis of the Tragedy.

Must it be a Comedy?—But we see that if we go on thus, pointing out all the various lights in which this wonderful "Song" may be viewed, we shall exhaust ourselves and our readers. We will then proceed quickly through the remainder of the Poem, and only confine ourselves to the two points of Epic and Tragedy.

The action now begins; the Poet reserving the catalogue of the Russians in order to combine it with their exploits, and so save the tedium of two dry lists of names. This is a vast improvement upon the ancients. We owe it to our English genius. Well:—

"But then the Russians they turr'd to,  
All on the road to Moscow;  
Nap had to fight his way all through;  
They could fight, but they could not *parlez vous*;  
But the fields were green, and the sky was blue,  
Morbieu! Parbleu!  
And so he got to Moscow!"

He is still conqueror, has met with some hard blows, but yet the fine weather continues: he swears again, and gets into Moscow. This is the Epitasis.



Now follows immediately, without the distraction of Episode, the Peripateia and Russian catalogue; and we will venture to pronounce it as our opinion, that more terrible ridicule, more rapid and continuous accumulation of fearful vicissitudes, and altogether any thing more in Homer's best manner, or nearer Pindar's impetuous eagerness, or Shakspeare's fashion of overwhelming his victim, by repeated blows of mischance, towards the end of a play, as in Richard III., Othello, King John, &c., has never appeared in the English or any other language. But let the song speak for itself:—

“ They made the place too hot for him,  
 For they set fire to Moscow;  
 To get there had cost them much ado,  
 And then no better course he knew,  
 While the fields were green, and the sky was blue,  
 Morbleu! Parbleu!  
 Than to march back again from Moscow.

The Russians they stuck close to him,  
 All on the road to Moscow:  
 There was Formazow and Temalow,  
 And all the others that end in *ow*;  
 Rajefsky and Noverefsky,  
 And all the others that end in *efsky*;  
 Schamcheff, Souchosaneff, and Schepeleff,  
 And all the others that end in *eff*;  
 Wasilschikoff, Rostomanoff, and Tchoglokoff,  
 And all the others that end in *off*;  
 Milarodavitch, and Talaclovitch, and Karatchkowitch,  
 And all the others that end in *itch*;  
 Oscharoffsky, and Rostoffsky, and Kazatichkoffsky,  
 And all the others that end in *offsky*;  
 And last of all an Admiral came,  
 A terrible man, with a terrible name;  
 A name which you all must know very well,  
 Nobody can speak and nobody can spell:  
 And Platoff he played them off,  
 And Markoff he marked them off,  
 And Touchkoff he touched them off,  
 And Kutusoff he cut them off,  
 And Woronzoff he worried them off,  
 And Dochteroff he doctored them off,  
 And Rodinoff he flogged them off,—  
 They stuck close to him with all their might,  
 They were on the left, and on the right,  
 Behind and before, by day and by night,  
 Nap would rather *parlez vous* than fight;  
 But *parlez vous* will no more do,  
 Morbleu! Parbleu!  
 For they remembered Moscow!”

Upon this splendid passage we have a few remarks to make. The taking of Troy ended the Trojan war, and the taking of Jerusalem ends the Epic of Tasso; but here the taking and subsequent conflagration of a city five times as large as either of the two former, is so far from concluding the war or poem, that it



is used only as the commencement of the revolution of a fortune ; it is, in fact, nothing, when compared with what follows, except apparently as the matrix of thousands of horrible beings, who seem to have sprung up from its flames, arrayed in names which leave Homer's skill in onomatopœia far behind, and each of which is mentioned merely as a sample of unknown numbers, called by the same names, who are supposed to follow after. We are aware the liberty taken by the Poet on this head is unwarranted by authority ; nor are we prepared to defend it by any arguments : but we may be allowed to suggest its great utility and poetical beauty as an excuse at least ; and, since the Song combines all kinds of composition, perhaps it is here that the comic and satirical vein prevails, with reference always to that Pindaric fervour, which would not give the Poet leisure to go deliberately through all the names of his heroes, but prompted the happy idea of concluding them all under similar terminations. We persuade ourselves that no one will deny the merit of the lines in italics ; they possess that indistinctness and appalling uncertainty which the best Critics and Poets have declared to be the truest source of the sublime. The passage can be paralleled only by Milton's Death ; there is the same vague terror excited by the hideous half-conceived phantasm, with this advantage on the side of our author ;—that Milton has at length yielded to his curiosity, and let slip the real name of the spectre ; whilst Mr. Southey gives no clue to a name, " which is a terrible name," which, he declares, they all must know very well, but that nobody can speak it or spell it. What can be more awful than this certain uncertainty—this unspeakable, unspellable, nameless name ? We may be enthusiastic ; but, upon mature deliberation, we can remember nothing finer than this passage. The following lines, independent of the wit and skill, are defended by the common habit of the Greek Tragedians, who sometimes pun upon the names of their characters beyond all measure. We need not specify the manner in which poor Ajax is so eternally twitted about his unfortunate syllables, because such liberties with men's names are common throughout the Greek plays ; but Æschylus refrains not even from the ladies, and is rude enough to speak of fair Helena in these vile and graceless puns :—*ἑλένας, ἑλανδρος, ἑλέτολις*. This, therefore, the greatest authority, is on the side of our Song.

We now hasten on to the mortal catastrophe ; desiring the reader to observe the singular consonance of the change of Nap's oaths with the change of his affairs. It is no longer the sportive *Morbleu!* but the dreadful and despairing "*Sacrebleu!*" the "*bleu*" in both painfully reminding him of the colour of the sky, which was now his enemy ; remarking also the fearful draft which the runaway Emperor gives his Satanic Majesty upon his rear



guard; his utter nonplus in the midst of snow, and frost, and Cossagues; and, at length, his ignominious flight, which is the legitimate exit of the Hero.

“ And then came on the frost and snow,  
 All on the road from Moscow!  
 The Emperor Nap found as he went  
 That he was not quite omnipotent;  
 And worse and worse the weather grew,  
 The fields were so white, and the sky so blue,  
 Sacrebleu! Ventrebleu!  
 What a terrible journey from Moscow!  
 ‘ The Devil take the hindmost,  
 All on the road from Moscow,’  
 Quoth Nap; who thought it small delight  
 To fight all day, and to freeze all night;  
 And so, not knowing what else to do,  
 When the fields were so white, and the sky so blue,  
 Morbleu! Parbleu!  
 He stole away, I tell you true,  
 All on the road from Moscow!”

Here, no doubt, Homer, or Virgil, or Tasso, would have ended their Epic; Sophocles or Shakspeare their Tragedy; Aristophanes, or Jonson, or Shakspeare, or Moliere, their Comedy; Mr. Dimoud or Mr. Terry their Melodrama. Be the whole composition what you please, still the hero is decidedly done up; and when such a hero runs away upon a turnpike road, who would be able, or if able, who would have the face to bring him on the stage again? Mr. Southey saw all this, and yet does not end here: original in this, as in all the other parts of his poem, he does not let his victim loose; the wand of the enchanter is still upon the runaway; and, with a terrible boldness, to be found only in Dante's *Inferno*, he pronounces prophetically what will be his doom in another world. This exertion of poetical prerogative, like all others, will be viewed by many of the Whigs with great jealousy, and even indignation; but besides our having, as we must need confess, a Tory twist, we think the “*Divina Commedia*” sufficient warrant for any Poet against the charge of unauthorized novelty. *Mais chacun a son goût*—and we must leave this post-obituary denunciation to its fate.

“ ’Twas as much too cold upon the road  
 As it was too hot at Moscow;  
 But there is a place which he must go to,  
 Where the fire is red, and the brimstone blue,  
 Morbleu! Parbleu!  
 He'll find it much hotter than Moscow!”

We hinted before, that as a Song this Poem requires, for the full developement of its beauties, the accompaniment of music and voice. By the particular favour of Mr. Southey we are able to state that this is likely to be accomplished soon: we have been informed of the plan, and we will shortly explain it to the Public. It is to be performed by a grand convention of all the



Theatrical Talent in London ; Bishop has submitted the scheme of an overture, which is to consist of three parts. The first an *agitato* movement in A, expressive of the troubled state of Nap's mind, before he has finally determined on his expedition. This is followed, secondly, by a *minor*, in the manner of the old *chacone* in which the case is decided, and Nap is quiet again : and this movement dies away in five bars of *minims, diminuenda* from *dolce* to *piano*—to *p.p.*—to *p.p.p.* ; and the last bar is not to be heard, but understood—for Nap hath fallen asleep. He is instantly awakened by a fine splendid *Marcia en grand chœur*, which concludes the overture. We cannot charge our memory with an exact account of all the *ariette* and *recitativi*, and their performers : Matthews, we think, was to execute the Russians ; Macready to act the lines on the Admiral, with blacked eyebrows, amid thunder and lightning ; the “ heigho for Moscow,” by Miss Stephens ; and the “ Morbleu, Parbleu,” by Miss Wilson. Angrisani was to be taught to pronounce one line, but we forget which ; and Braham was to hold a D *forte* through six bars without shaking, to give some idea of the long shout of the Cossaque. Mr. Southey is to sit in the middle of the pit with a wreath of laurel on his head, and to prompt the performers. Towards the end Nap will be produced, and a very correct representation of Pandemonium, upon a more improved plan than that in “ Don Giovanni ;” Nap will try to coax Nick, but Nick will not stand bamboozling ;—after a short struggle, and two kicks on the shins, Nap is floored and unlaced, and shown to be all slush ; and then he will descend, in his Majesty's arms, to a mournful dirge, expressive of justice, brimstone, pain, nitre, and birches.

This is all we know of the intended exhibition ; but of course the Public will be more particularly informed of the place, and time, and price of admittance, by printed hand-bills. We do not mean to offer any remarks on the design, though we think it liable to objection in many parts ; we will only suggest to Mr. Southey the expediency of the representation taking place on Easter Monday, instead of that stupid stuff, “ George Barnwell.” But we have written so much that we must needs stop here ; entreating our Readers, if they have met with any thing odd or unaccountable in this Article, not immediately to suppose that we are in the wrong, but take it for granted that some deep meaning lies concealed under the text ; or, if they are dying for the secret, to write privately to us ; and, if they appear worthy of confidence, we promise to gratify their curiosity. For, Messieurs the Critics, there are more things in Heaven and Earth (and *par consequence* in “ The Etonian”) than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

G. M.



## SONNET.

TO —————

MAIDEN ! that bloom'st in solitude so still,  
 And through those eyes so gentle, yet so bright,  
 Pourest a soft and melancholy light,  
 Thou should'st be one, methinks, whose virgin will  
 Knows not temptation, nor the taint which Ill,  
 Committed or design'd, doth leave, in spite  
 E'en of Religion's self. Thou, in the might  
 Of primal Innocence, hath gaz'd thy fill  
 Of the Earth's beauties, and hast felt the power  
 And harmony intense of this great Whole ;  
 Hence never on thy brow doth Anger lour,  
 Nor Laughter lov'd bely thy peaceful soul ;  
 But sighs or smiles, in sad or happy hour,  
 And Saintlike aspirations round thee roll.

G. M.

## A WISH.

TO A YOUNG BELATION.

THOU bid'st me write ! in vain I call  
 The Muses to the welcome task ;  
 Good wishes, little Friend, are all  
 That I can give, or thou should'st ask.

May'st thou go on in quiet bliss,  
 Thy tranquil way to Virtue's shrine ;  
 Sung in happier strain than this,  
 Dear to a nobler heart than mine !



May Kindness shed her cheering ray,  
As now, upon thy sinless years !  
And may thy future praise repay  
The fondness of our hopes and fears !

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## VISIT TO A COUNTRY FAIR.

I HAVE been so emboldened, my dear Peregrine, by your approbation of my last *petite morceau* from the Country, that I have again determined to shock the ears of my fashionable Readers with one more description of rural manners and simplicity. Without further preface, then, I one evening, during my stay at the Rectory, started for a solitary walk soon after dinner, which had been earlier than usual. The sky was without a cloud, and the Sun, still almost arrayed in his meridian glory, displayed his honest countenance receding through the wide expanse of the clear transparent hemisphere. Many an Exquisite would drawl out an affected titter at the idea of a rural walk till sunset ; but, in spite of all the domineering power of fashion that affirms nothing is so beautiful as dusky walls and smoke-dried towers, and can conceive no fragrance equal to the delightfully varied odours of a town, I found sufficient and even abundant objects of enjoyment. As I strolled along through fields of the richest fertility, or lingered under the shade of blossoming verdant hedge-rows, alive with the music of a hundred songsters, most deeply should I have pitied the man that delighted not in such a scene. I should pity him almost as much as a person who has so little taste for the Novels by the Author of Waverley, and is so miserably unable to digest their extraordinary beauties, as to affirm that they resemble high-flaunting descriptions copied from some gaudy picture. I know not how such a spirit of perverseness as this, or how a perfumed Fashionable would have liked my ramble ; and care not, so long as they didn't interrupt me in it, or disturb my meditations ; which continued in full force during my wanderings over several fields, notwithstanding the unceremonious appearance of an ungentlemanly animal called a bull. He certainly appeared inclined to pay very little regard to my love of country scenery ; but a neighbouring hedge enabled me to bid a rapid farewell to this unpleasant visitor ; and I journeyed onwards, without further interruption, till I was led, by frequent shouts of merriment, to a scene unusual, perhaps, to some of my readers. It was a Village Wake, or Fair, one of



Nature's holidays; where she throws aside jerkin and spade to indulge in uncurbed festivity; or rather, where all the inhabitants of a village meet annually to feast, drink, play, make love, and break heads. Such was the scene I now entered upon, though not quite unexpectedly, as I had gained some notice of it beforehand by several noisy groupes of peasants hastening past me to this attracting point of all that is pre-eminent, beautiful, or interesting in the country circle. For this is the Emporium of Village Fashion; the Hyde-Park of the Rustics; where the Farmer doffs his leather buskins and nail-studded boots for decent worsted hose, set off by shoes ornamented with the same gleaming buckles that bespangled the legs of his forefathers. The huge shaggy coat, the faithful companion of his labours through all weathers, is ejected this one day for verdant green, or russet brown. In addition to this, the rarely-used red waistcoat rises in roseate splendor across his muscular chest, leaving just room enough at the neck to permit the snow-white cravat to be seen; which his good Dame herself has adjusted with the utmost care. He is not less metamorphosed than his neighbours, who all start forth from their cottages on this anxiously-expected day, arrayed in their best habiliments; as on some beautiful May morning a troop of butterflies gaily start from their flowery couches, and display to the rising Sun their little pinions variously adorned with a thousand splendid hues. The scene of these rural Saturnalia was a fine verdant lawn, extending like an amphitheatre towards a wood skirting the village. I was not long in finding an eminence from whence I might reconnoitre this motley scene, as well as the tumultuous hubbub of showmen and visitors would allow. I found, to my sorrow, that I had come too late for Donkey-racing, and various other sports; and, at present, found the most conspicuous objects to consist of some youths breaking each other's heads with true English courage, and certain parties in swings, hanging between heaven and earth, at what appeared to me no very pleasant height. But, doubtless, they were as ambitious to soar as some of our superiors; and, I am afraid, as liable to fall to the dust. To those who were tired of their sports delicacies were not wanting, from the new-made gingerbread to the inviting plumb; amongst the booths also were seen some few decorated most splendidly with toys, where the rustic gallant might purchase a thimble or pair of garters for his fair adorable. One or two showmen might be observed amongst the crowd, offering their cap for contributions to the by-standers; some of whom shrunk from it as if it contained a pestilence within its shattered carcase. At another time they made the skies re-echo as they shouted out the murdered names of the grandees, displayed through a glass hole to their visitors. The latter always



appeared to retire with great satisfaction from having seen the mighty potentates of the world in embryo, and reduced from their thrones to a rickety caravan. Alas! poor crowned heads, what scurvy tricks Fortune plays with you! what a pity it is you cannot exterminate rascally showmen at the edge of the bayonet, who hawk your High Mightinesses about like so many baboons in kingly robes! Turning a moment from the sports of the Fair, I beheld, beneath the shade of some gigantic oaks, a band of venerable fathers that might remind us of the patriarchs of old. Too old to engage in more robust exercises, these contented elders reclined there to view the activity of their sons; and, as they applauded the skill of the present generation, waxed strong in tales of former times; previously clearing their throats with a jug of the best village ale. At some distance from these a circle of aged dames were seated round a polished deal table to indulge in a dish of the best green tea. Like their lords and masters, they were arrayed in their best gowns and boddices, that had lain in the neatly-composed drawer at home for many a day, and were now drawn forth in all their rustling splendor and profusion of puckers. There were some healthy fat-looking souls laughing at some good joke till the tears came in their eyes; while a few steadier matrons turned one eye to the tea-table, and, with the other, watched the motions of their daughters, who seized this opportunity to flirt with their lovers. Cupid, indeed, must have emptied his quiver; for the various love-presents I saw borne off in triumph, must have had a powerful effect on hearts hitherto impregnable. At this moment my eye was caught by some smoke that rose curling over the tops of the trees in another part of the wood, and throwing a dusky hue over the surrounding foliage; and, on a more curious inspection, I discovered a group of gipseys stationed there, like the tutelary deities of the forest, to utter their oracles from the native oak. These wanderers, equally with many others, had come to take advantage of the Fair, and were dealing out pottery-ware and fortunes by wholesale. They were bargaining pots and pans, killing some damsels and marrying others, in quick succession; and, urged by my innate spirit of curiosity, I approached to take a nearer view of them. In the midst sat two sibyls hanging over the fumes of a pot, containing their evening's repast, and feeding the slender fire from time to time with sticks they had gathered in the wood. Near them were playing two or three bareheaded and barefooted urchins, that had perhaps known a better fate and better living. But the most conspicuous figures were two black-eyed lassies, with red cloaks flung with an air of negligence over their shoulders, while their sunburnt, though impressive and handsome features, were partly shrouded by a capacious hood.



... or mystic gravity, as her laugh  
inward ridicule of the object standing before  
prophetess was unrolling the page of his  
countryman, who seemed fearful of trusting  
of the gipsy, thinking perhaps she might be  
in a high wind. His doubting idiotic look  
trasted by the half-scornful fiery glance  
seemed to regard him much in the same  
eyes a trembling pigeon ere he pounces  
considered her oracles infallible; but whether  
farm-yard with a giggle of gladness, or a  
proaching death, I stayed not to unravel, but  
browed damsel was inclined to play some scene.  
The other members of the gipsy settlement  
remarkable in their appearance; there were  
engaged in selling knives, &c., whose countenances  
have manfully endured and opposed every enemy  
and might perhaps, to a better physiognomist  
borne a sinister cast of expression, indicative  
of foraging in the neighbouring hen-roosts.  
the prophetesses, and a tattered old man, among  
the tribe, to their profitable avocations, I on  
the Fair itself. Here there were decisive marks  
of even, and of the finishing of this grand gal-  
laxing in their rapid motion, moved heavily as  
like the pendulum of a huge clock.



lees, stood idly on the table, the cups and saucers ceased to rattle, and silence was reigning over that festive board, that had lately resounded with the laugh of pleasure and delight, as some well-fraught tale was ended, or some acute observation burst forth with a wink and a nod from the lips of the company. The bustling matrons themselves were reclining on the still stout arm of their spouses, or dragging away their giggling daughters, who on every possible opportunity turned their heads to catch one last glance of, or blow a kiss to, their affianced lovers. These might be seen too, some with an air of merriment, others with an expression which strove to be genteelly melancholy, wandering back to their humble cots, with thoughts divided between the hardship of to-morrow's ploughing, and the enumeration of how many pigs, how many fowls, and how much stock, they must possess, ere they can hope to have their ardent passion rewarded, and their liberty subjected to the bonds of Hymen. The cudgels lay shattered on the grass; their owners had retired to meditate on the broken head which they had given or received. The birds were slumbering in the woods, the sheep-bells tinkled no more over the plain, and I was left alone and unregarded under the shade of the forest-trees, that waved with a hollow, tremulous murmur, as if admonishing me to be gone, lest by my loitering I should disturb the nocturnal gambols of Mab and her fairy train. I lost no time in obeying them, and being enabled to find my way through the wood by the light of the Moon, soon found myself far distant from the theatre of my evening's amusement, of which, as I looked back for a parting farewell, not a vestige remained save the smoke of the gipsy fire, flitting in fantastic forms over the verdant branches of the trees, and opposing itself to the rays of the bright orb above me.

C. BELLAMY.

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THE BOGLE OF ANNESLIE ;

OR, THE THREE-CORNERED HAT.

A TALE.

"AN' ye winna believe i' the Bogle?" said a pretty young lassie to her sweetheart, as they sat in the door of her father's cottage one fine Autumn evening:—"Do you hear that, mither, Andrew 'll no believe i' the Bogle?"

"Gude be wi' us, Effie!" exclaimed Andrew,—a slender and



delicate youth of about two-and-twenty,—“a bonny time I wad hae o't, gin I were to heed every auld wife's clatter.”

“The words “auld wife” had a manifest effect on Effie, and she bit her lips in silence. Her mother immediately opened a battery upon the young man's prejudices, narrating how that on Annealis Heath, at ten o'clock at night, a certain apparition was wont to appear, in the form of a maiden above the usual size, with a wide three-cornered hat. Sundry other particulars were mentioned, but Andrew was still incredulous. “He'll rue that, dearly will he rue't!” said Effie, as he departed.

Many days, however, passed away, and Effie was evidently much disappointed to find that the scepticism of her lover gathered strength. Nay, he had the audacity to insult, by gibes and jests, the true believers, and to call upon them for the reasons of their faith. Effie was in a terrible passion.

At last, however, her prophecy was fulfilled. Andrew was passing over the moor, while the clock struck ten; for it was his usual practice to walk at that hour, in order to mock the fears of his future bride. He was just winding round the thicket which opened to him a view of the cottage where Effie dwelt, when he heard a light step behind him, and, in an instant, his feet were tripped up, and he was laid prostrate on the turf. Upon looking up he beheld a tall muscular man standing over him, who, in no courteous manner, desired to see the contents of his pocket. “Deil be on ye!” exclaimed the young forester, “I hae but ae coip i' the world.” “That coip maun I hae,” said his assailant. “Faith! I'se show ye play for't, then,” said Andrew, and sprang upon his feet.

Andrew was esteemed the best cudgel-player for twenty miles round, so that in brief space he cooled the ardour of his antagonist, and dealt such visitations upon his skull as might have made a much firmer head ache for a fortnight. The man stepped back, and, pausing in his assault, raised his hand to his forehead, and buried it among his dark locks. It returned covered with blood. “Thou hast cracked my crown,” he said, “but yet ye sha' na gang scatheless;” and, flinging down his cudgel, he flew on his young foe, and, grasping his body before he was aware of the attack, whirled him to the earth with an appalling impetus. “The Lord hae mercy on me!” said Andrew, “I'm a dead man.”

He was not far from it, for his rude foe was preparing to put the finishing stroke to his victory. Suddenly something stirred in the bushes, and the conqueror, turning away from his victim, cried out, “The bogle! the bogle!” and fled precipitately. Andrew ventured to look up. He saw the figure which had been described to him approaching; it came nearer and nearer; its



face was very pale, and its step was not heard on the grass. At last it stood by his side, and looked down upon him. Andrew buried his face in his cloak: presently the apparition spoke—indistinctly indeed, for its teeth seemed to chatter with cold:—“This is a cauld an’ an eerie night to be sae late on Anneslie Muir!” and immediately it glided away. Andrew lay a few minutes in a trance; and then arising from his cold bed, ran hastily towards the cottage of his mistress. His hair stood on end, and the vapours of the night sunk chill upon his brow as he lifted up the latch, and flung himself upon an oaken seat.

“Preserve us!” cried the old woman. “Why, ye are mair than aneugh to frighten a body out o’ her wits! To come in wi’ sic a flaunt and a fling, baresconced, and the red bluid spatter’d a’ o’er your new leather jerkin! Shame on you, Andrew! in what mishanter hast thou broken that fule’s head o’ thine?”

“Peace, mither!” said the young man, taking breath, “I haae seen the bogle!”

The old lady had a long line of reproaches, drawn up in order of march, between her lips; but the mention of the bogle was the signal for disbanding them. A thousand questions poured in, in rapid succession.—“How old was she? How was she dressed? Who was she like? What did she say?”

“She was a tall thin woman, about seven feet high!”

“Oh Andrew!” cried Effie.

“As ugly as sin!”

“Other people tell a different story,” said Effie.

“True, on my Bible oath! and then her beard”—

“A beard! Andrew,” shrieked Effie, “a woman with a beard! For shame, Andrew!”

“Nay, I’ll swear it upon my soul’s salvation! She had seen sixty winters and mair, afore e’er she died to trouble us!”

“I’ll wager my best new gown,” said the maiden, “that sixteen would be nearer the mark.”

“But wha was she like, Andrew?” said the old woman. “Was she like auld Janet that was drowned in the burn forenaint? or that auld witch that your maister hanged for stealing his pet lamb? or was she like—”

“Are you sure she was na like *me*, Andrew?” said Effie, looking archly in his face.

“You—Pshaw! Faith, guid mither, she was like to naeboddy that I ken, unless it be auld Elspeth, the cobbler’s wife, that was blamed for a’ the mischief or misfortunes o’ the kintra roun’, and was drowned at last for having “sense aboon the lave.”

“And how was she dressed, Andrew?”

“In that horrible three-cornered hat, which may I be blinded if ever I seek to look upon again! an’ in a lang blue apron.”—



"Green, Andrew!" cried Effie, twirling her own green apron round her thumb.

"How you like to teaze ane!" said the lover. Poor Andrew did not at all enter into his mistress's pleasantry, for he laboured under great depression of spirits, and never lifted his eyes from the ground.

"But ye hae na tauld us what she said, lad!" said the old woman, assuming an air of deeper mystery as each question was put and answered in its turn.

"Lord! what signifies it whether she said this or that! Haud your tongue, and get me some comfort; for, to speak truth, I'm vera cauld."

"Weel mayest thou be sae," said Effie, "for indeed," she continued, in a feigned voice, "*it was a cauld an' an eerie night to be sae late on Anneslie Muir.*"

Andrew started, and a doubt seemed to pass over his mind. He looked up at the damsel, and perceived, for the first time, that her large blue eyes were laughing at him from under the shade of a huge three-cornered hat. The next moment he hung over her in an ecstasy of gratitude, and smothered with his kisses the ridicule which she forced upon him as the penalty of his preservation.

"Seven feet high, Andrew!"

"My dear Effie!"—

"As ugly as sin!"—

"My darling lassie!"—

"And a beard!"—

"Na! na! now you carry the jest o'er far!"

"And saxty winters!"

"Saxteen springs; Effie! dear, delightfu', smiling springs!"

"And Elspeth, the cobbler's wife! oh! Andrew, Andrew, I never can forgie you for the cobbler's wife!—and what say you now, Andrew! is there nae bogle on the muir?"

"My dear Effie! for your sake I'll believe in a' the bogles in Christendie!"

"That is," said Effie, at the conclusion of a long and vehement fit of risibility, "that is, in a' that wear 'three-cornered Hats.'"

A. M'F.

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THE SERENADE.

"The maiden paused, as if again  
She thought to catch the distant strain,  
With head upraised, and look intent,  
And ear and eye attentive bent,  
And locks flung back, and lips apart,  
Like monument of Grecian art."

SCOTT.

- "ANNA, list! the zephyrs play  
Over the blue wave fleetly;  
And the boatman's distant roundelay  
Breaks on the still night sweetly.
- "Ope the casement—open wide—  
Let us drink the moonbeam's light;  
Like a proudly-glitt'ring bride,  
Rides she through the clouds of night.
- "O 'tis sweet—the hour I love—  
The lovely hour of placid Even,—  
Thus to let our spirits rove,  
And mingle with the stars of Heav'n.
- "Nature sleeps—and all around  
A holy silence spreads her reign;  
Save the sheep-bell, not a sound  
Is heard along the tranquil plain.
- "While the halcyon calm we view,  
Anxious cares and troubles fly,  
We the bliss that's past renew—  
Breathe to absent love a sigh.
- "Hark! a lute—I heard its tone—  
Again the sound salutes my ear:  
Who the Wand'rer late and lone,  
Thus that joys rude night to cheer?"



" List thee, Anna ; list, I pray—  
Softly steals the melody—  
Sweet the voice, and sweet the lay,  
Floating o'er the silent sea : "—

---

" The dew-drop that shines on the violet's bed,  
Or the stars that are glitt'ring in Heav'n above,  
Or the diadem gracing a conqueror's head,  
Are never so bright as the eyes of my Love.

" The odour exhaled from yon opening rose,  
Or the breezes that play round Arabia's grove,  
Or when labour is over, the peasant's repose  
Is never so sweet as the kiss of my Love.

" Selina, thou fair one, O ! list to my tale,  
'Mid her heaven of purple rides blithely the Moon ;  
O ! waft me that kiss on the wings of the gale,  
Or waft me thyself—a far lovelier boon."

---

" 'Tis he, 'tis he—I know the strain  
His flatt'ring tongue was wont to sing—  
That lute—which could my heart enchain,  
When Lona touched the pliant string.

" Dear youth, I come—but no!—my soul,  
While love entwines his flowery bands,  
Forgets a father's stern control—  
Forgets his oft-renewed commands.

" But O ! I love—shall bolts or bars,  
Shall all restrictions out of number,  
Impede the light of kindred stars ?  
Keep hearts that Love has joined asunder ? "



She said, and o'er her downy cheek  
There stole a tinge of deeper dye,  
And 'prison'd Love would try to speak  
Its anger through her twinkling eye.

She flung away, in trembling haste,  
The ringlets of her flowing hair;  
And Zephyr left the billow's breast,  
To frolic and to nestle there.

Then look'd on Anna—and a sigh  
Unheeded from her bosom fled—  
And then—in speechless apathy,  
Gaz'd on the ocean's tranquil bed.

The minstrel youth, who, ling'ring nigh,  
A lover's hopes and fears had prov'd,  
Thought ev'ry breeze that murmur'd by  
Brought news of bliss from her he lov'd.

But all was silent—all was still—  
Again he wak'd the trembling lyre;  
Again, obedient to his will,  
It uttered love and soft desire,

A voice arose, whose every word  
Fell sweet as Hybla's honey tear,  
And plaintive as that lonely bird  
That tells her woes in Evening's ear.

---

“ Can the river flow on in a unison stream,  
If the fountains that feed it with waves are suppress?  
The sun-flower withers, if reft of the beam  
Of the God that enlightens and nurtures her crest.



" Then pity the lover, who sighing implores  
One smile to disperse his soul's lowering shade ;  
If bereft of the light of those eyes he adores,  
Like the flower when blighted, he'll sicken and fade.

" O can that fair bosom, Selina, O can it  
Be deaf to the cries of the wretched? O no !  
As the billow bends down to the breezes that fan it,  
So woman's soft heart bends to accents of woe.

" Then bid me but hope, and my wandering lute  
Again shall sound cheerly, again shall be gay,  
But frown on me, lov'd one, but frown on my truth,  
And then silent the Wand'rer, then hush'd is the Lay."

---

The maid had heard—her bosom heav'd,  
And passion sparkled in her eye ;  
E'en for a while of sense bereav'd,  
She stood entranc'd in ecstasy.

For music, with its magic pow'r,  
Each fibre of the soul can move ;  
But doubly charms at lonely hour,  
When warbled by the lips of love.

With gentle blandishment it woos,  
And weaves a chain the heart around,  
Till every pulse the strain pursues,  
And beats responsive to the sound.

But short the bliss that wrapt her soul,  
And short that visionary calm ;  
She spurned her Anna's soft control,  
And flung away the lifted arm.



That image, which in Fancy's eye  
She saw to touch the trembling lyre,  
Rais'd in her breast Love's tempest high,  
Usurp'd Affection's softer fire.

There was but one—one heart alone,  
That moment all the world within,  
That she would wish to call her own,  
That she would care to lose or win.

And still the strain her Lona sung  
Would vibrate on her list'ning ear;  
Each airy accent of his tongue  
Seem'd still as if 'twas warbling near.

She stood awhile—but passion's tide  
Was pour'd along her eddying soul !  
And, springing from her Anna's side,  
She darted, reckless of control,

Through that fair window's open frame,  
And gain'd the balcony—her form  
Shone lovely as some fairy dame,  
Or white-rob'd spirit of the storm.

She saw the much-lov'd youth beneath,  
While kindled love her bosom warms ;  
And hardly daring to take breath,  
She rushed to meet her Lona's arms.

I know no more—a little bark,  
Whene'er the moon illum'd the tide,  
Was seen amid the billows dark  
In bounding playfulness to glide.



And there was heard the murm'ring sound  
 Of oars, that dash'd the briny spray ;  
 And when the zephyr play'd around,  
 It bore along this simple lay :

---

" O smile, Love, to-night, for together we trace  
 The rude ocean of billows, deriding its ire ;  
 I'll warm thee, when cold, in a lover's embrace,  
 And lull thee to sleep with the sound of the lyre.

" Then smile, Love, to-night—for the breast of the wave  
 Seems to sparkle aneath the rude dash of the oar ;  
 For the Nereids laugh in their coralline cave,  
 And speed us away to some happier shore."

X. C.

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PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

## I.

*Peregrine Courtenay to " Coll. apud Cantab. Soc."*

MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter has afforded me so much amusement in my closet, that I should consider myself quite unpardonable if I made no return for the favour of it : and, since you have opened to me no means of private communication, I am compelled to acknowledge my obligations to you publicly.

I am really quite charmed with your epistolary style. There is a something of ease and *jauntiness* about it, which I would almost give his Majesty's crown to acquire. But " what's impossible can't be"—I must scribble as well as I may !

Your description of your breakfast-table, on the first of the month, quite enraptured me. " Your paper-cutter always accompanies your breakfast apparatus ; and you leisurely inspect the *Nuga Literariæ*, which you regularly take in." I had the whole picture before me in a moment ! The mahogany table,—the clean cloth,—the buttered toast,—the chocolate,—the spruce serving-man, or sprucer serving-maid, and *Coll. apud Cantab. Soc.* seated



in a great arm-chair, almost as big as my own, looking by turns at the breakfast and the *Nugæ*, and gaping for both with the appetite of an Ogre. Beside him, on a little spider-legged table, legions of periodical worthies repose; but I pass them all over to come to his "chiefest delight." "My chiefest delight, Sir, I readily confess, is drawn from the pages of 'The Etonian.'"—My dear Sir, you are the best Critic that ever drank chocolate. So far we have gone on smoothly, but the catastrophe is shocking!

It is the first of March.—The servant enters:—"Sir! I have been to Mr. Warren's"—(*Coll. apud Cantab. Soc. testifies impatience.*)—" 'The Etonian' is not arrived"—(*Coll. apud Cantab. Soc. looks black.*)—"It is not expected."—(*Coll. apud Cantab. Soc. is in a passion.*)—He calls for pen, ink, and paper; he indites, yea! he indites a grievous letter! He taketh up the cudgels, and he will no more take in the work; he giveth us his sage advice, and he will no more give us his two shillings.

And you really think, my dear Sir, that "the vaunted extension of 'The Etonian's' sale must not be relied upon!" I think this an unfair insinuation, and I shall be serious about it; which I very seldom am. I will lead you into our Printing-Office;—put you quite behind the scenes. In this work we have no view to individual reputation; and therefore we do not wish to dispose of more than a limited number of copies. We print 750 copies of every Number; we shall continue to do so; and we shall sell them all! Mark me, Sir! I cannot prevent your "inferences" or your "fears;" but, by his Majesty's whiskers, *we shall sell them ALL.*—Our sale will never be "extended."

To proceed.—"You had intended to offer me a few criticisms upon the Review of Wordsworth's Poetry, and on a few other passages in 'The Etonian' which appear to favour the profession of principles, which you would willingly persuade yourself its conductors do not entertain." How unfortunate! you have never found out that the sentiments contained in the said Review have been repeatedly disavowed by the said conductors. *Vide* page 169, and page 232.

After all, my dear "*Coll. apud Cantab. Soc.*," I believe you to be our very good friend, and long to shake hands with you in the Club-room. But I must let you into a secret. There are here things which we call "regular weeks," and "four exercise-weeks," which you know nothing at all about, but which we consider a great nuisance. There are also such things as weak constitutions, illnesses, &c.—but these, in common with another worthy and Rev. Gentleman (whom I could mention), you may, perhaps, call "Peregrine apologies." And you are surprised at my irregularity? Alas! alas! I have twenty excuses to make; but



when I have said, "First, I am an Etonian," all charitable people will say "Enough—leave out the nineteen." After all, No. V. was in London on the 1st of March, and you might have had it at tea.

And now, my dear Sir, I must take my leave of you. Forgive me if I have said anything impertinent; you see that foolish inference about our sale put me into a little pet. Believe me, few persons expect much "regularity" from a schoolboy. You have no idea how punctual I will be when I am "*Coll. apud Cantab. Soc.*" In conclusion, allow me to assure you that I shall be happy to receive your criticisms, and loth to peruse your fears; that I am very thankful for your good-will, and very sorry for your inferences; that I have the greatest respect for your observations, and not the smallest wish for your two shillings.

I have the honour to be, &c.

PEREGRINE COURTENAY.

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II.

*Extract of a Letter written from Athens, in the 2d Year of the 109th Olympiad.*

CHARICLES TO MENEDEMUS.

It is painful, Menedemus, to contemplate Death at a distance; it is painful only to *hear* of the departure of a human soul; but you cannot form an idea how dreadful a thing it is to *see* the dissolution of what was dear to us, to look upon the final extinction of the prospects, the wishes, the pursuits, of a being like ourselves.

Poor Crito! You remember well how kind and engaging he was; how mild to his inferiors, how obliging to his equals, how respectful to his superiors! He died, as you know, very young; and it may perhaps be foolish to dwell much upon talents whose cultivation had hardly commenced, and to anticipate the future success of qualities which had scarcely begun to expand; nevertheless it is consolatory to us to reflect, that, if manhood had been granted to him, he might have become as great in public as he was amiable in private life; he might hereafter have been as dear to Athens as he already was to us! Alas! while I paint a vision of what he might have been, I am striving to forget the certainty of what he *is*!

His illness was short, but painful. He bore it with exemplary fortitude, and testified throughout the greatest reluctance to give



pain or apprehension to his friends. Alas! the recollection of this only avails to add poignancy to the regret which pervades the walks of Academus. Latterly, as his danger became more imminent, his friends were not allowed to see and converse with him, but he was not the less present to their hearts;—their inquiries concerning him were constant and affectionate; the mirth which is natural to youth was pensive and restrained; they avoided causing the slightest sound, and walked softly by the threshold of the sufferer.

At last all expectation, all hope, of his recovery expired. We were informed of his situation, and admitted to the room where he lay. Oh! Menedemus! if you had witnessed with me that feverish countenance, those vain efforts to express by words some wish which we could not hear or gratify, and, last of all, the faint struggles of departing animation,—you would not be surprised when I say, that more wisdom is to be learned from the contemplation of a death-bed than from the precepts of another Socrates.

He endeavoured to take leave of us, and he could not speak; we spoke to him, and he could not hear; he strove to look round upon those who wept about him, and agony had weighed down his eyelids; his sister was sitting by his bedside, and he was unconscious of her presence: every faculty of his mind, every nerve of his body, seemed to be powerless; he was awake to no sensation but that of pain. As we gazed upon his face, dark and clammy with fever,—as we beheld his motionless and emaciated hand, his closed eyes, his distorted lips;—what dreadful ideas came over us! We felt that Death was in the chamber, and looked round upon each other, as if doubting which of us was to be the next victim of the destroying power! Oh! my friend, if, as Plato has taught us, the soul is really immortal; if, in bliss or in woe, it survives the frail vesture of clay in which it is shrouded, how cautious should we be in every moment of our lives; how carefully should we regulate our actions; how closely should we scrutinize our thoughts!

Cleon, who was standing next to me, touched my gown: I turned round to him. He whispered to me, "Now he is dying!" I looked back to the couch with a feeling of chilly stupor which I cannot attempt to describe: Aspasia was leaning over her brother, and kissing his cold lips. Suddenly she arose:—"I have drank his last breath!" she said hysterically, and fell into the arms of her husband. In a moment the features of the youth lost all appearance of pain or distortion: they resumed their usual mildness of expression; they lay composed in the beautiful serenity of death.

Poor Crito! his memory will long be treasured up in the  
VOL. II.



hearts of those who loved him ; his virtues are often the subject of conversation among us : some of us preserve with the fondest assiduity the little presents which they may have received from him ; others have locks of his hair entwined in rings and lockets. Plato, whose pupil he was, has written some beautiful poetry, to be inscribed upon his tomb. \* \* \* \*

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#### ON THE PROPOSED ESTABLISHMENT OF A PUBLIC LIBRARY AT ETON.

WE are very glad to be able to announce, that, after the Easter Holidays, a Public Library for the use of the School will be established by Subscription, at Mr. Williams's. We are very glad of it, not for our own sake, for before it shall rise to any degree of importance, we shall be inhabitants of this spot no longer ; our very names will be forgotten among its more recent inmates. But we hail with joy this Institution, for the sake of the School we love and reverence, to which we hope it will prove, at some future period, a valuable addition.

The plan admits of 100 Subscribers ; viz. the 100 Senior Members of the School. If any of these decline to become Members, the option will descend to the next in gradation. The Subscription for the first year will be 10s. 6d. after the Easter, Election, and Christmas Holidays ; in future 10s. 6d. will be paid after the two latter Vacations only. The Library will consist of the Classics, History, &c. ; and Subscribers will be allowed, under certain regulations, to take books from the room. Of course a thing of this kind has not been set on foot without the concurrence of the Higher Powers ; and the Head Master has assisted the promoters of it by his approbation, as well as by liberality of another description. We trust that Eton will not long continue to experience the want of an advantage which many other Public Schools enjoy.

We had intended to send the foregoing loose remarks to press, in order to request as many of our schoolfellows in the Upper Division, as are willing to become Subscribers, to leave their names with Mr. Williams, at whose house the Library will be established. But as we were preparing to send off the manuscript, an old gentleman, for whom we have a great respect, called in, and looked over our shoulder. He then took a chair, and observed to us, " This will never do ! " He took off his spectacles—wiped them, put them on again, and repeated—" This will never do ! "

" I, Sir, was an Etonian in the year 17—, and, being a bit of



a speculator in those days, had a mind to do what you are now dreaming of doing. I addressed myself forthwith to various friends, all of them distinguished for rank, or talent, or influence, among their companions. I began with Sir Roger Gandy, expatiated on the sad want of books which many experienced, and asked whether he did not think a Public Library would be a very fine thing? 'A circulating one,' he said, 'Oh yes! very!'—and he yawned. There was taste!

"The next to whom I made application, was Tom Luny, the fat son of a fat merchant on Ludgate-Hill. Poor Tom! he died last week, by-the-bye, of a surfeit. Well, Sir, I harangued him for some time upon the advantages of my scheme, to which he gave his cordial assent. Finally, I observed that, of course, it would not be very expensive.—'Expensive!' he said, 'Oh yes! very!'—and he walked off. There was liberality!

"Next I besieged Will Wingham. I made my approaches, as before, with great caution, and at last summoned the garrison to surrender.—'Books!' he exclaimed, 'I hav'n't one but a Greek Grammar, with all Syntax out.' 'And do you think,' I resumed, 'that an Etonian can do well without them?' 'Do well!' he said, 'Oh yes? very!'—and he laughed. There was a wish for improvement!

"Now, my good Peregrine," continued the old Gentleman, putting his feet up upon the hobs of my fire, and looking very argumentative, "what do you say to all this?"

The old Gentleman is

"*Laudator temporis acti*

*Se puero.*"

He left the room piqued, when we hurt his prejudices by replying, "Nothing, Sir, but that the Etonians of 1821 are not, we will hope, the Etonians of 17—."

P. C.

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## PEREGRINE'S SCRAP-BOOK.

### NO. IV.

*March 1.*—Upon looking over No. V., I find that an allusion to the "London Magazine," bears an unfeeling appearance, as connected with the unfortunate death of Mr. Scott. I trust that our friends need not be assured, that the paragraph in question was written and sent to press before the melancholy catastrophe was apprehended.



I must apologize to the author of "Evening," for the long period during which it has been lying in my desk. And I must also apologize for the necessity which even now prevents me from giving so much space to the Poem as I could wish. It was my intention that it should have stood as a separate article; but I find myself unable to do more than to quote from it in the Scrap-Book. My first extract is the exordium of the work :—

" The glowing orb descends ; the beam of day  
That crowned the summit of meridian sky,  
Sheds from the western tract a mellow'd ray,  
And tints the azure with a golden dye,  
Slow sinking to the ocean ;—'tis a way  
That Phœbus often takes to wish ' good-bye,'  
A certain sign that he's engaged to meet his  
Submarine friends, and drink his tea with Thetis.

" Suppose him then loud knocking at the door,  
Suppose all Neptune's household in commotion,  
Tritons, and Nymphs, and Nereids twenty score,  
The progeny of Tethys and the Ocean ;  
Suppose at last—all ceremony o'er—  
Apollo seated on an easy cushion ;—  
Though some, who think themselves supremely knowing,  
Affirm he never rests, but still keeps going.

" And when, upon the bright horizon gleaming,  
He pours his parted radiance o'er the sea,  
They'll tell you gravely that it's all a seeming,  
He does not really venture in, not he !  
And when he *does* go down, he is not dreaming  
Of chairs and tables, coffee-pots and tea,  
Nor will his weary limbs on couch or tripod ease,  
But gallops off, and visits the Antipodes.

" Well ! be that as it may !"     \*     \*     \*

The author proceeds to give a humorous prospectus of his intended work, after which he thus resumes the thread of his description :—

—————" Phœbus has gone down,  
Still glows that vivid radiance soon to fade ;  
And still those dazzling clouds, that form'd a throne  
To the descending monarch, are arrayed  
In hues of splendor, and, tho' destin'd soon  
To darken in the night's triumphant shade,  
Linger awhile, clad in their golden dye,  
The last bright beam of parted majesty.



" And fainter now is that effulgence proud,  
 And heavier now, o'er Ocean's purple tide,  
 Spreads the thick gloom, and darker now the shroud  
 That hangs upon the distant mountain's side ;  
 And deeper blushes streak the western cloud,  
 And cooler zephyrs o'er the ripple glide ;  
 And calmer now, in this still hour of rest,  
 Are the dark feelings of a troubled breast.

" I'm not describing now, you may suppose,  
 Things that *re ipsa* stand before my eyes ;  
 One Evening is a deal too short, Heav'n knows,  
 To write two hundred verses for a prize !\*  
 But yet I have beheld some evenings close,  
 As fair as warmest fancy can devise ;  
 Two, in particular, I now remember,  
 One was last August—t'other in September."

The first of the said Evenings the Poet describes as having been witnessed at Salisbury ; but I must only allow myself the pleasure of transcribing the second :—

" The other was at Plymouth, as I said,  
 Or rather near it, as shall soon be shown ;  
 And that I shall remember till I'm dead,  
 For while I watch'd the Sun, I'll fairly own,  
 I rather trembled at the haste he made ;  
 And though he looked so charming going down,  
 I'd reasons then (no reasons could be stronger)  
 To wish he'd keep above a little longer.

" For at the time that he was beaming reddest on  
 The distant confines of the western ocean,  
 I was half-way 'twixt Plymouth and the Eddystone——  
 How far that's out at sea I've no clear notion :  
 It is the most ingenious fabric made o' stone ;  
 But I shall ne'er again be so Boeotian  
 As to go out to see it, *solus ipse*,  
 At least, with *but two boatmen*—and one tipsy.

\* Here you must know this is the subject set  
 At Cambridge by Vice-Chancellor and Co. ;  
 And all must write on it that want to get  
 A medal !—but this metre will not do  
 I'm much afraid, but I'm not certain yet  
 Whether to send my Poem in or no ;  
 Though, to be sure, I have not found a precedent,†  
 But then I've certainly not long been resident.—*Author's note.*

† And to be sure you nade not say that now, for an't I coming up to Cambridge next year, and wout I give you a precedent, by writing in the same metre myself ?  
 P. O'CONNOR.



She was got safely in with much ado  
 Although there chanc'd to be a he  
 The many dangers we had then pass  
 Believe me, I am quite afraid to t  
 When I got home I wrote a pretty Sc  
 Just now I hav'n't time to dwell upo

The Poet then eulogizes the Moon;  
 appearance in the Covent-Garden Pant  
 digressions on the lover, the flute, the  
 bell, and the old gray tower. He next,  
 times, notices, with severe reprehension, t  
 dining late in the evening; and thres  
 article upon the subject, (which I ho  
 draws a delightful contrast between the  
 the depravity of modern times; averring t

" Not thus in good old times it us'd to b  
 When honest people were all drunk b

He then reverts to the descriptive, an  
 enumeration of the heavenly bodies :—

" And now the stars shine brightly ; the  
 The little Do., not to say the Pleiad  
 Andromeda, Cassiopeia's chair,  
 Orion, and Arcturus, and the Hyade  
 The Pole-star too," &c.   \*   \*   \*

He then informs the reader that Astron  
 acquirements



I have received, during the last month, several applications from Ladies, who wish to be informed when the King of Clubs intends to hold his next Drawing-Room. Such a numerous attendance has been promised, that the size of the Club-room would be quite inadequate to the purpose; and, as the Mayor will not grant the use of the Town-Hall, no more Drawing-Rooms can be held! If his Majesty were smothered (I shudder at the idea!) what would become of "The Etonian?"

*March 4.*—Received various criticisms on No. V. Really the extraordinary penetration of our kind Commentators amuses me exceedingly. If an author favours us with two or three Articles, the censure inflicted upon one is usually balanced by the *blarney* lavished upon the other. Here are two papers by the *same* hand! The author of one is pronounced a promising writer; the author of the other is denominated "a millstone round our necks!" With reference to his first contribution, the poor fellow is void of all talent for dialogue, plot, or grouping! Upon the subject of the second, the gentleman who is so lamentably deficient in the above requisites, is recommended to try his hand at *Dramatic Sketches*. These are the little bits of absurdity which make anonymous writing so delightful; these are the little incidents, which, by the laughter they produce, make the life of an Editor just endurable!

*March 7.*—Dined out.—Mr. Truffles discovered a strong resemblance between me and Alexander the Great! After I had sat in astonishment some time, I discovered that he alluded to Lady Vanhooven's fat pug-dog.

*March 15.*—Received various compositions bearing the signature M. H. I return my best thanks to the author for his kind disposition towards us, and assure him that I would gladly have inserted his favours if I thought that any of them were calculated to do credit either to "The Etonian" or to M. H.

*March 17.*—Received a splendid piece of criticism! This is indeed an article! "The March to Moscow" marches to press as fast as my Mercury can carry it. Why do we talk about the learned of olden time—the Commentators upon Poets, and the Commentators upon Commentators? Let them look from the Shades upon "The March to Moscow," and "hide their diminished heads!"—Longinus and Toupius, put together, never wrote any thing like this!

*March 21.*—Patrick O'Connor had a letter this morning from his uncle the Captain, containing an account of an occurrence far too important to be passed over. The Captain narrates his visit to General Bonaparte, at St. Helena. The General seemed in good spirits, and was very jocose. After discussing the usual topics, such as, the opinion entertained of him in England, state



of affairs in Europe, &c. he became very curious about the periodical literature of Great Britain. He said, "he understood that one of our Magazines had represented him as promising to become a Contributor; but this was false; people would not cease telling lies of him yet." In conclusion, he was very desirous to see a specimen of English Magazinery. The Captain had our first Number in his pocket; it was produced—examined. The Ex-Emperor looked a long while at his Majesty of Clubs on the wrapper; at last he said, "*Quelle friponnerie!*"—The Captain is of opinion that he was thinking of his own crown and sceptre, and St. Cloud—but *I* think no such thing.

After much inquisitiveness on the part of Napoleon, and much embarrassment on the part of the Captain, the former signified his intention of sending an Article of four or five pages every now and then, if the Ministers of the King of Clubs and the King of England would give him leave. His informant observed, that Politics could not be admitted. "Ah ha!" said the Querist; "and do you think I can write nothing but Politics? Speak for me (turning to Madame Bertrand), do I not write delightful Sonnets?" "Sire," said Montholon, "let us hope you will soon have something better to do." "*C'est selon!*" said Bonaparte, significantly.

*March 22.*—From a long Poem on Dogs, which I do not much admire, I extract the following lines on Munito, with whom many of our readers are, doubtless, well acquainted. I had a great mind to make no extract at all, for I am rather piqued that the author has talked about Kings, and Queens, and Pam, without introducing a compliment.

"Though great Spadille, or that fam'd prince of Loo,  
All-conqu'ring Pam, turn backward from his view,  
Swift in the noble chace, Munito tracks  
The Royal Guests amid Plebeian packs:  
And though the cards in mix'd confusion lie,  
And mock the vigour of a human eye,  
Munito still, with more than magic art,  
Knows Kings from Knaves, the Diamond from the Heart!  
Happy were men, if thus in graver things,  
Our Knaves were always parted from our Kings!  
Happy the maid, who in Love's maze can part  
The Miser's Diamond from the Lover's Heart!"

Corrected the proof of "Tancred and Sigismunda," and had it struck off for No. VII.

Sent "The Serenade" to Press. Our readers will excuse a few trifling inaccuracies of rhyme, &c. I need not bring to their recollection

———"Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis  
Offendar maculis."



Whist in the evening. Held his Majesty nearly every deal, and won accordingly.

*March 24.*—Read over several little compositions, by I. I. G. I am sorry that it is not in my power to avail myself of his kindness in such a degree as I could wish; but, as we allow 20 pages only to *Old Etonians*, we are obliged to be very choice in the selection. The following, I think, is as good a specimen as I can select:—

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

“Go, tuneful bird, and quickly pass,  
To wake my Emma's eyes from sleep;  
Go tell her that there are, alas!  
Some eyes that only wake to weep.  
Go tell her that there are on earth  
Some hearts that only wake to sigh;  
And when the morn renews her birth,  
Some souls that only long to die.”

Received the following lines “to the Rainbow,” by R. S. By-the-bye, we intended to have assured him, before this, that the jest about “*bamming*” was only inserted for the purpose of calling attention to some very pretty lines, and at the same time giving a colour to the singularity of their style.

TO THE RAINBOW.

“Gentle Sylph of the Storm, who reposest above,  
While the thunders around thee rattle;  
As a Virgin that hangs on the neck of her love,  
'Mid the reckless approach of the battle;  
For protection and rest, 'mid aerial war,  
Could I fly to thy soothing embrace;  
I should find what appeared so lovely afar,  
But in tears and illusion to cease.  
So 'mid sorrows of earth, tho' festivity smile,  
As a Heaven-sent comforter luring;  
Its embrace is delusion, its loveliness guile,  
When attained nought but danger ensuring.  
Fare thee well! 'Mid affliction to him while I bow,  
Who thy form a love-token hath given:  
I'll remember that hope and repose are, as now,  
Never found—save in Patience and Heaven.”

*March 25.*—Went to the *Devil* in a high wind.

*March 26.*—Corrected the proof of “*Le Blanc on Interest.*” An article on the subject was promised, if I recollect right, by Mr. Burton. I cannot imagine what made him relinquish a topic so suited to his taste and studies.



present day. Moreover, I believe that  
carried on at Eton, which has not *admitted*

I am, Sir,

Yours, &  
PERE

*March 27.*—Having a vacant page, I wrote  
a little composition by my poor friend :—

“ A Flower, in Nature's fairest dress,  
Bloom'd on its parent tree ;  
Brightly it blush'd in loveliness—  
That blush was not for me !  
Oh ! not for me, right well I knew ;  
And yet I watch'd it where it grew,  
Fondly and fearfully,  
And often from my heart I prayed  
That gentle Flower might never fade.

I could have borne to see it bloom  
By other hands carest,  
Giving its blossoms and perfume  
To deck another's breast ;  
And when that Flower, in future days,  
Had met my melancholy gaze,  
Still living and still blest  
I should have



Gone is the colour from thy cheek,  
 The lustre from thine eye;  
 Thy brow is cold—thy step is weak,  
 Thy beauty passeth by!  
 In ignorance supremely blest,  
 Thy child is slumbering on thy breast,  
 And feels not, "she will die!"  
 Alas! alas!—I know not how  
 I speak of this so coldly now!

I love to muse on thee by night!  
 And, while my bosom aches,  
 There is a something of delight  
 In thinking why it breaks;  
 Therefore doth Reason come in vain;—  
 I doat on this consuming pain,  
 Cling to the wounds it makes,  
 Talk—dream of it, and find relief  
 E'en in the bitterness of grief.

Where are ye now, ye coldly wise,  
 Who bid the passions sleep,  
 Who scorn the mourner when he sighs,  
 And call it crime to weep?  
 Yours is the lifelessness of life!—  
 I will not change this inward strife  
 For all your precepts deep,  
 Nor lose, in my departing years,  
 The pain—the bliss—the throb of tears!"

E. M.

*March 28.*—At the Printing-Office. Mr. M'Kechie (a very worthy Gentleman, and a particular friend of mine,) asked for what day No. VII. should be announced? If *I* do not remember, I am afraid my Readers will, that No. IV. (our last Holiday Number) was not out altogether so soon as it ought to have been. Now the Holidays are again coming, and I am afraid of making promises.

Shakspeare, as somebody has before observed in the course of this Number, has said "tell truth, and shame the Devil!" In the present instance I fear one might say, with greater propriety, "tell *lies*, and shame the *Devil*." However, that the *Devil* may never again have to blush for the lies of Peregrine Courtenay, I will make a safe promise—Yes! I pledge myself that—

No. VII. shall be published on the first of May—if possible.







No. VII.

THE KING OF CLUBS.

SCENE—THE PRINTING-OFFICE.

CHORUS OF DEVILS.

“ ALL’s lost ! All’s lost !  
Not a penn’orth o’ copy is come per post !  
Not a line in hand,  
The Press at a stand !  
And we’re coming so close to the First of May,  
That the Number will never be out to its day.  
I’m certain and sure,  
Though he looks so demure,  
Mr. Courtenay’s a deuce of a cool one ;  
For, day after day,  
He blarneys away,  
And feeds up our hopes,  
With his figures and tropes ;  
Promises making,  
And promises breaking,  
As if he delighted to fool one.  
Sulphur and nitre ! all’s lost, all’s lost !  
Not a penn’orth o’ copy is come per post ! ”

FIRST COMPOSITOR.

“ Oh ! dear ! what can the matter be ?  
Dear ! dear ! what can the matter be ?  
Good lack ! what can the matter be ?  
Mr. P. is so late with his pen !  
We can never go on ! why, he gets worse and worse !  
He promis’d to send me a budget of Verse,  
And a morsel of Prose, which he calls ‘ The Old Nurse ; ’  
And see—ha’nt he chous’d us again ? ”



*The King of Clubs.*

## SECOND COMPOSITOR.

“ Good Mr. Courtenay, Sir, you see,  
 Has but a drowsy head ;  
 Why was’nt Mr. Bellamy  
 The Editor instead ?  
 He writes so quick, so wondrous quick,  
 He’d fill a volume very thick,  
 While Courtenay nibs his pen ;  
 Ay ! sure as I expect to dine,  
 Courtenay can write but half a line  
 While Bellamy writes ten.”

## CHORUS.

“ Well, well, we needn’t make a fuss,  
 We needn’t now be bother’d thus,  
 For sure the Number’s nought to us,  
 Whether it’s out or not ;  
 And so, instead of all this noise,  
 Suppose we hold our tongues, my Boys,  
 And pass about the Pot ! ”

*(Enter Mr. Peregrine Courtenay, booted and spurred, with a long face  
 a bundle ; Devils stare and put down the Beer.—A pause.)*

## MR. COURTENAY.

“ What is’t ye do ?  
 All idling here,  
 And drinking of beer,  
 When our Number’s so late,  
 And our hurry so great,  
 And our moments of leisure so few ? ”

## FIRST COMPOSITOR.

“ Oh Lord ! Mr. Courtenay, I vow and profess  
 You’re worse than a Turk or a Jew ;  
 For look ye, you won’t give a line to the Press,  
 And you won’t give the Devil his due.”

## CHORUS.

*(Crowding round.)*

“ And where are all the papers, Sir,  
 You promis’d you would send ;  
 For how can any Printer stir  
 When his copy’s at an end ? ”



*(Devils speak alternately, Mr. Courtenay looking miserable.)*

" And where's ' The Bachelor ? '—and where  
Good Mr. Sterling's ' Thoughts on Prayer ! '—"  
" And ' Burton's Verses on the Stocks ? '—"  
" And ' Lozell's Prose on Weathercocks ? '—"  
" And where is ' Martin on the Martyrs ? '—"  
" And ' The Mistake ? '—and ' Changing Quarters ? '—"  
" Those Sonnets ? and ' The Welcome Guest ? '—"  
" ' On Calumny ? '—" " ' On Interest ? '—"  
" How all your vast professions fall !  
You speak us soft and fair ;  
But when we ask, ' Where are they all ? '  
An Echo answers—' Where ? ' "

MR. COURTENAY.

" Abus'd and maltreated in this sort of fashion,  
By his Majesty's crown I shall be in a passion !  
Shall I work till my head  
Has a marvellous ache ?  
Shall I dine on dry bread  
When I sigh for a steak ?  
Shall I sport ' midnight tapers ? '  
And fly from Quadrille ! Oh !  
Betimes at my papers,  
And late on my pillow ?  
Shall I write till my eyes  
Grow drowsy, and blink,  
To be harassed with lies,  
And bespatter'd with ink ?  
Ay ! this is the way !  
If a man is of use,  
He has for his pay  
Little else but abuse !  
Why ! I've been writing like a Turk,  
So, pray ye, set your types to work,  
Here's copy in my sack !—  
Nay, nay,—paws off, good Master Gruff !  
I find Blue Devils quite enough,  
And may be spared the Black ! "

CHORUS.

" Hurra !—Hurra !—  
The Number is sure to be out to its day.  
Mr. Peregrine Courtenay's come out of the west,  
Through all the wide country his pens are the best ;



*The King of Clubs.*

And he's brought a fresh stock of his puffing and puns,  
 To be laugh'd at by all but the Vandals and Huns ;  
 Let us laugh and hurra ! put our heart in our voice—  
 With our Long Primer, Small Pica, Mignon, Bourgeois !  
 Hurra !—Hurra !—  
 The Number is sure to be out to its day ! ”

MR. COURTENAY.

“ You Bawlers ! every moment adds  
 New danger to delay !  
 Go, work the Number off, my lads,  
 With all the speed you may !  
 Meantime I'll sit me down in quiet,  
 Upon a brace of tubs,  
 And, when I'm freed from all this riot,  
 I'll write the ‘ *King of Clubs*. ’ ”

*(Exit Devils, Compositors, &c. making a great noise ; manet Mr. Courtenay.—He sits for some time in a brown study ;—then soliloquizes :)*

“ Alas ! no King of Clubs can meet,  
 When all its Members fly and fleet ;  
 And leave their writing and renown  
 For joys of country or of town !  
 So, in the absence of my crew,  
 For ‘ *King of Clubs* ’ what *can* I do ?  
 What sly device, or cunning plan,  
 Will serve instead of my Divan ?  
 Shall I, grown weary of the vapours,  
 Write boldly like the daily papers,  
 Give my imagination play,  
 And tell as many lies as they ?  
 Shall I report,—‘ the Club sat down,  
 Dinner—the Anchor and the Crown—  
 Delicious meat—the choicest wine  
 Spirits and speeches all divine.’  
 Or shall I let what will befall,  
 And have no King of Clubs at all ?  
 Or shall I pour a Preface long  
 From Mr. Courtenay's single tongue ?  
 Or shall I sleep and write a Dream ?  
 Alas ! whate'er may be the scheme,  
 I'm sure the reader will excuse !—  
 Yet I should like to tax my Muse !  
 Hem—hem—”



*The King of Clubs.*

99

*Mr. Courtenay noddeth—yawneth—sleepeth.—A Devil cometh for the “King of Clubs.”—He pulleth Mr. Courtenay by the nose.—Mr. Courtenay is thereby awakened;—he pincheth the Devil with the tongs, in imitation of St. Dunstan. He taketh pen, ink, and paper, and writeth for the space of two hours.—He then thus exclaimeth :—*

“ Enough, enough—the feat is done !  
And at the setting of the sun  
I’m rid of all my evils !  
Having much labour’d to rehearse,  
In something between prose and verse,  
My visit to the Devils ! ”

PEREGRINE COURTENAY.

Windsor, April 28, 1821.



## INTEREST.

" So, for a good old gentlemanly vice,  
I think I must take up with Avarice."

BYRON.

As a want of fixed and steady principle is the ruin of youth, so a too strict adherence to our interest frequently becomes the disgrace and canker of old age: the first destroys the tender buds of our Spring with the pestilential influence of a blight; the other congeals, paralyzes, and deforms our Winter, with its chilling frost. The former having been treated of in a preceding Number, I shall confine myself to the rise, progress, and final effects of the latter. This "old gentlemanly vice" steals upon us, together with age, and is generally supposed to be the consequence, as well as characteristic, of declining years. But its seeds are not different from those of other vices. They are sown in youth; and though seldom visible to every one, are easily distinguished by the microscopic eye of the moralist. When, indeed, parsimony, and an interested regard for money, are discoverable in early life, it is manifest that these seeds will ripen into avarice and rapacity; we easily perceive that the young Pacuvius may hereafter be rich, but that his riches will never bestow happiness upon their possessor, or contribute to that of his fellow-creatures. A few words may suffice to delineate the life of such a person. The calculating and penurious character of his youth is despised by his companions, whose actions are dictated by the more exalted motives of youthful generosity and feeling; his riper years are wasted in the obscure and grovelling pursuit of wealth, which will be a benefit to no one, and will not even afford enjoyment to the infatuated being who is at once its master and its slave; who, urged on by the powerful influence of avarice, will not scruple to break down any principle of honour, morality, or religion; and who, in his unbridled career, will turn a deaf ear even to the voice of nature. These observations upon the probable conduct of the covetous man are not merely speculative; they are confirmed by the examples afforded us, drawn from the history of all ages and countries. No motive (religious fanaticism excepted) has led to more horrors than avarice. It has been the incentive to crime in sovereigns, favourites, and adventurers: reigning lord of the ascendant in the minds of the two former, it has frequently proved a scourge to the Old World; and, leading on the daring enterprises of the latter, had nearly



caused the utter annihilation of the inhabitants of the other Hemisphere. Such is the conduct of men, when engaged in the attainment of wealth; the fruition of which is an object as unworthy the attention of mankind, as the pursuit of it is laborious and harassing. But when age renders man incapable of the latter, and the time which he has spent in it should have brought him to the former, he shows as much obstinacy in retaining his wealth, as he did rapacity and perseverance in amassing it. He neither enjoys the fruit of his labour himself, nor contributes to the enjoyment and happiness of others: he would appear, at first sight, to hold the creed of the Indians, that the same wants and cares, which are daily experienced in this world, are to accompany us beyond the grave; and we should conclude that he was making provision for his support in the next world. But it is rather from habit, than from any assignable reason, that arises this almost unaccountable propensity to render his acquisitions useless; he has been so accustomed to consider the possession of money as the chief good of life, that he cannot persuade himself to part with it. The misery and punishment which the covetous bring upon themselves are admirably predicted in the following lines of Juvenal:—

“Vivat Pacuvius quæso, vel Nestora totum :  
Possideat quantum rapuit Nero : montibus aurum  
Exæquet : nec amet quemquam, nec ametur ab ullo.”

It is seldom (as I before observed) that the seeds of this vice are manifest in youth; yet, like the seed of the thistle, which is carried in the air, and falls unseen upon the soil, they are often too deeply sown before they are perceived. A minute and studied concern for every thing which concerns self, and a neglect of the interests and welfare of others, are the sources to which every year will add a tributary stream, until they expand into avarice and covetousness, and finally overwhelm all the barriers which honour and morality oppose to their course. The force and power which these vices finally obtain, are, of course, greater or less in proportion to the magnitude or exiguity of the fountain-head.

I have already detailed the rise, progress, and effects of avarice, which is powerful and manifest, even at its beginning; it is now time that I should consider the vice of interested selfishness, which is smaller at its rise, but not less rapid in its increase, or less mischievous in its consequences. This vice is the more dangerous from the nature of its sources, which are concealed until they obtain uncontrollable force. Selfishness may have existed and increased for a long time in youth before it assumes its visible and definite form. We are seldom apt to apply the epithet of selfish to the idle or the extravagant; and, because



they neglect their real interest, we fancy that they are indifferent to themselves. This is far from being the case; the fact is, they think of nothing but their idol *self*, and of that which will afford it present enjoyment. Idleness and profusion are the shapes which selfishness usually takes in early life, as avarice is that which it assumes in age; for youth, somewhat after the manner of the Epicureans, fancies it sees its interest in present enjoyment.

Eugenio has obtained the character and reputation of a dashing fellow, because he spends a profusion of money; and, disregarding discipline and constraint, follows all those pleasures which his fortune has placed within his reach, and which fashion tempts him to pursue. "He is the most generous creature in the world," says one of his companions. "His purse is always open," says another. True; his purse is always open, because he is always engaged in such pursuits as require it; but ask him to open it for any other object than that of procuring pleasure for himself, and it will be found to retain its contents with the close grasp of the miser; from whom its possessor differs in a very slight degree. The one adores the money itself; the other its produce; and both are equally careful that no one except themselves shall be a partaker of the enjoyments which accrue to them from their possessions.

Adrastus has, in the same pursuit, wasted gifts of nature much more valuable than those of the amplest fortune. Copiously endowed with the former, he has omitted to improve them, from a want of power over himself. His good sense admonishes him not to lose the opportunity of becoming useful to society, by cultivating and exercising his talents, but self has acquired such an ascendancy over him, that it scorns control, and hurries him headlong into the abyss of pleasure. Though limited with regard to fortune, his slender means are no obstacle to his course; the same cause (the gratification of his passion for himself) which urged him to neglect his talents, draws him on into the snares of debt. He obtains trust from creditors whom he knows he can never pay; and thus, step by step, loses all sense of honour and integrity: for, accustomed from youth to consider himself before every body and every thing, it is natural that he should not scruple even to defraud others for his own gratification, and that he should disregard the interests of other men, when put in competition with his own. Many other instances of the various descriptions of youthful selfishness might be enumerated; but I have been contented with these two, as they are the most common, and are sufficient to show the powerful influence and baneful effects of that vice. Let us now consider what it leads to in after-life. Ripening in years, the selfish man still continues to consult his own interest, and



that alone, in all his actions and undertakings: he now finds, that it is his interest to obtain authority, influence, or wealth; that the days are past when his idol was to be satisfied with mere pleasure; and that they have been spent in such a manner, that he is unable to appease its present cravings, without making a greater sacrifice than he was wont in his early years. In proportion to the magnitude of the object in view, must be the sacrifice made to attain it. In his youth he disregarded the admonitions of others, and even of his own good sense;—his idol now demands a Hecatomb; and in obedience to it, he sets at defiance the dictates of his conscience, which will in vain strive to oppose any measure which interest bids him pursue. To him indeed

“ Sweet is the scent which from advantage springs,  
And nothing dirty which good interest brings.”

Leonatus was from a boy of a selfish disposition; yet that vice which brought disgrace upon his riper years was scarcely observed in his youth: he always rejoiced in an opportunity to distinguish himself at the expense of any of his companions; he would inwardly chuckle at the prospect of answering a question, which had been fruitlessly proposed to his neighbours; and when his assistance might have saved another from punishment, he invariably withheld it, lest he should lose the opportunity of publicly showing that he was acquainted with the subject of which his schoolfellow was ignorant. This was kindly attributed to an ardent spirit of emulation, yet he would never sacrifice his own wishes or enjoyments in order to be distinguished;—the selfish path of pleasure held out too many temptations, and he made no effort to forsake it. His idleness and extravagance, which were the consequence of this, received the fashionable appellations of juvenile thoughtlessness and spirit. Thus, while his youth lasted, his selfishness was disguised under various forms and colours; but in his manhood it threw off the mask, and appeared in its distinguishable shape. Overburdened with debt, the fruit of his pleasures, Leonatus married an heiress, whose fortune he did not scruple to sacrifice to the demands of his creditors, relieved from whom he enjoyed a moderate fortune; but his interest prompted him to increase it; whether the means by which he could accomplish this purpose were creditable or disgraceful, was to him a matter of indifference: he chose such measures as would lead him most speedily, and with the least trouble, to the fulfilment of his wishes. The power of the Ministry seemed on the decline; his professed principles had always been in unison with theirs, yet he hesitated not to join a violent Opposition in order to obtain a part of the spoils of his former friends. The exertions which he made to



raise himself to consideration in his party were great, and ruinous to his fortune; and after a few years he found that the undertaking in which he had embarked was fruitless, and the ray of hope which had gleamed upon his party proved an *ignis fatuus*, which led him to the brink of ruin. The alluring prospect of a place tempted him; he perceived interest beckoning to him from the treasury bench; he obeyed her command, received his bribe, and, from the bold and stormy patriot, became the

“Placeman, all tranquillity and smiles.”

This step, though suggested by a regard for his interest, did not prove in the end more beneficial to Leonatus than his former speculation. An opposition was raised against him at the next election, and his constituents, enraged at his parliamentary conduct, declared themselves in favour of his antagonist; and, after having spent the remainder of his shattered fortune in an unsuccessful contest, he lost his seat in parliament, and sunk into the insignificance of a pensioned courtier. Thus all he reaped by his attention to interest in the prime of his life, was a poor miserable old age, embittered by the contempt and disgrace which awaits the apostate, and soured by disappointment, the seldom-failing punishment which hangs over the heads of the ambitious and covetous. The great danger of selfishness to youth is, that working underground and unseen, it saps the foundations of virtue and happiness, for it needs but to be seen in order to be despicable and odious: it has therefore been more the object of this paper, to bring selfishness into the light, stripped of the coverings and disguises which surround it, than to dwell upon its deformity. The manner in which the former may be accomplished, is by examining, not only the actions, faults, and virtues of men as they appear to our view, but also the latent sources from which they arise. These are two in number: one is Generosity, a clear and limpid stream, rising amidst the pure snows of the mountains, gradually expanding into a noble and beneficent river, fertilizing and adorning the land through which it flows;—the other is Selfishness, taking its rise in low swamps and marshes, swelling its polluted tide by receiving the confluent sewers of vice, and spreading noxious and pestilential vapours over the adjacent countries. From the first flow Honour, Friendship, Morality, and Philanthropy; from the latter Idleness, Fraud, Profligacy, and Avarice. The cup of Virtue is replenished from the pure rill of Generosity,—that of Vicious Pleasure with the ditch-water of Interested Selfishness.

A. L. B.



TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA.

*(A Tale from the Italian.)*

TANCRED, Prince of Salerno, was distinguished in the age in which he lived for the courtesy of his manners, and the kindness and generosity of his disposition ; and he would have preserved this character to his grave, if, in his old age, he had not, by a strange concurrence of events, become the murderer of his child and of his friend. This child, the only one he ever had, was a daughter ; and happier far would it have been for the souls of both, if she had never existed. No father ever loved a daughter with more tenderness ; insomuch that it was not until Sigismunda had passed the age usually destined for the marriages of the Italian Princesses that Tancred could prevail upon himself to part from her. She was, however, at length betrothed to the son of the Duke of Capua, who dying within a very short time afterwards, she returned, as the custom is, to her father's palace, a blooming widow. There are some old natives of Salerno who remember having seen her in their boyhood, and they relate, that her shape was exquisitely proportioned ; that she was rather taller than the ordinary run of women, with a most pleasing roundness of figure, quite consistent with perfect elegance ; all they could say of her face was, that they had never seen any thing like it since throughout their lives ; and that altogether, her youth, her vivacity and wit, rendered her the gem, or the rose, of the south of Italy.

When the days of her mourning were expired, her father introduced her publicly in his court, which was one of the most splendid of the age, and took great pleasure in indulging her in every sort of luxury and amusement that she had a fancy to, chiefly with a view to prevent her from desiring a second marriage, and so to keep her near him for the remainder of his life. But it is not the first time that love has baffled the plans of greater princes than Tancred ; and, in the present instance, before that potent influence, all the nets which were hung around the heart of Sigismunda, were ineffectual to bar the access of the little Corsair God. Amongst the numerous retainers of the court, there was a youth called Guiscard, who, though of low birth and mean connexions, had, by means of the beauty of his person, his gentle and polite manners, and well-known courage, been taken great notice of by Tancred, and at length raised from extreme poverty to be his constant attendant, in quality rather of companion than page. With this youth Sigismunda fell passionately in love, as was not much to be wondered at ; and he, from the first moment he had seen



Sigismunda, had scarcely dismissed her image from his mind; but knowing the vast distinction of rank between himself and the Princess, it had never entered into his head that his love could ever be ought else but a fruitless romantic attachment, which he must conceal within his heart from the eyes of all the world. Thus affairs stood some little time; each loving in secret, without the consciousness of being beloved in return, and each despairing of that which despair alone rendered impossible. But it is the nature of all passion, more especially of love, to be always in motion, increasing or decreasing, and so it fell out (and let not the gentle lover, Knight or Lady, blame the poor girl for her rashness,) that Sigismunda, becoming more and more enthusiastic in her devotion to Guiscard every time she saw him, and perceiving that the dignity of her rank constrained her to make the first advances, resolved at length to drop somewhat of the reserve usual to females in these matters, and contrive, by means of a stratagem, to make known the condition of her heart to the young and amiable, but humble, object of her affection. To this end she wrote a letter, containing minute instructions to Guiscard of the mode which he should adopt of procuring an interview with her on the following day, and, concealing it within a hollow cane or tube, which, in that country, is used for the purpose of blowing a fire, she sportively presented it to him, with these words:—"If you are wise you will make use of this cane to kindle a flame at home." The youth took it, and reflecting within himself that Sigismunda would not have given him such a present without some hidden meaning, he went to his own house, and, finding upon examination that the cane was cut through on one side, he opened it, and discovered the letter, and read it, and blessed his stars for his good fortune, considering himself, not without some appearance of reason, as the happiest man living. The means of accomplishing the proposed plan of meeting now occupied all his thoughts.

Now, adjoining the royal palace there was a grotto, excavated in the mountain, which had been used in former days for purposes of war and rapine, and into which a scanty light descended through an aperture at the top, which aperture, however, owing to its having been for many years entirely abandoned, was now, in a great measure, choked up by thorns and wild bushes growing there. Into this grotto a secret staircase led from that part of the palace in which the Princess herself had taken up her particular residence, though it had been so entirely disused for a great length of time, that most probably not a person in the palace remembered its situation, or even its existence. But Love, to whose eyes nothing is so hidden that it will not become manifest, had turned the ardent imagination of the enamoured maiden to benefit



by this ancient prison, or receptacle for booty. She employed herself many days in effecting an opening into the staircase, which had been guarded by a large massy door, and having at length descended into the grotto itself, she calculated the height from the ground to the opening, and told Guiscard in her letter the result, and whither he was to betake himself, and at what time, to accomplish the intended interview. Accordingly, the youth procured a rope-ladder of sufficient strength and length, and, protecting himself from the thorny bushes at the opening by a coat of leather, without letting another soul into the secret, went by night to the mountain, and, having fastened his ropes to a stump of a tree, descended safely and quietly into the cavern below. The next day the maiden pretended to her damsels that she wished to sleep, and having caused them all to retire, and fastened her chamber door inside, she opened the staircase entrance, and flew down into the grotto, where Guiscard expected her. Need I describe the rapturous expressions of love and joy which burst forth from the happy pair on their first embrace? Need I say that Guiscard fell at the Princess's feet, and swore eternal fealty to the sovereign of his heart, and that Sigismunda, half blushing and half smiling, bade him not swear lightly, for that Love was a tyrant, and would not endure or pardon rebellion? After their first emotions were a little subsided, the maiden conducted her lover into her apartment; and, taking their seats by the side of a window, which commanded all the romantic country and sea-view around Salerno, they mused in sweetest melancholy upon their unequal lot in life, which forbade their openly avowing their attachment to the world: and the Princess often sighed, and wished she had been born a shepherdess; and the youth as often responded to her look by an aspiration that he could have been able to have demanded her hand as a Prince. At length, by a simultaneous movement of their feelings, the idea of a secret marriage suggested itself: and, when once either had taken the courage to communicate it to the other, it was immediately determined upon, and the means alone formed the subject of their doubts. Guiscard was nephew to an aged priest, whose godchild he was, and with whom he was an absolute favourite. After leaving the grotto with the same precautions as before, he flew to this priest, whom, after long entreaty, and much argument about the danger and propriety of such a step, he engaged to attend him to the mountain the next night; and, having let themselves down by the ladder, they waited but a few minutes, until Sigismunda, arrayed in white, and resplendent with jewels, made her appearance with a torch. Upon Guiscard's expressing his surprise at seeing her so richly dressed, she said, "I was willing to do our nuptials all the honour which I could have bestowed



upon them if they had been open and notorious; for, dearest Guiscard, this rugged grot and single torch, sanctuary and light as they are of genuine love, please me far better than gilded roofs and ten thousand lamps, when they only serve to add the weight of splendor to that of sorrow." This tender speech filled the heart of her lover with the softest emotions; and he thought that he had never, to this moment, loved the beautiful creature before him with half the fervour and devotion of soul with which he now felt himself animated. The aged priest shortly placed their hands within each other; and, faintly chaunting a Latin service, and pronouncing a benediction upon the lovers, bade them ever, in all holiness and sincerity, protect and defend each other, and know no change of affection to the end of their lives.

It was two months after their marriage, while they were yet intoxicated with their own perfect happiness, and fondly believed it would last for ever, that Fortune, envious of so much and so pure delight, determined to crush the opening blossoms of their garden of bliss, and in an instant sweep away with a hurricane all the airy illusions of the love-created Elysium. To understand how all this came to pass, you must know, gentle Reader, that Tancred delighted so much in his daughter's company, that he very frequently went without attendants into her apartment, and would spend many hours in conversation with her, and take great pleasure in hearing her play upon the guitar, upon which instrument she was accounted an excellent performer. Now it happened one day that the Prince, after dinner, took it into his head to pay one of these visits to his daughter: and finding, upon entering her apartment, that she was amusing herself in the gardens with her maidens, he was not willing to call her away from her diversion; but perceiving the windows all closed, and the curtains of the summer couch let down, he sat himself at the foot of the said couch upon a cushion, and, reclining his head against the side of the frame, and drawing the curtains over him, he fell sound asleep. Soon after this, Sigismunda softly entered the room without her attendants; and, not perceiving her father, proceeded immediately to open the door of the grotto staircase to admit Guiscard; whom, as the Fates were determined to destroy them, she had appointed to meet her that day. Guiscard was there; and, going to their favourite seat by the window, which they opened, they were absorbed in fond questions and eager answers, and indulging in the chaste and innocent endearments of nuptial love, until upon Guiscard's saying, with an animated tone of voice, "My dearest wife, let us fly from hence, and live in humble liberty;" and accompanying the speech with a kiss upon her cheek, Tancred awoke, saw the action, but heard not the words, was struck dumb with astonishment; and



was at first upon the point of rushing forward with his drawn sword upon the couple; but the natural hesitation attending old age checked him, and he determined to remain concealed, and make sure of his victim by other means; and, besides, he was anxious to spare his daughter's reputation as much as possible. The two lovers continued a long time in the same manner repeating their caresses, until, upon its growing dark, they separated; Guiscard to the grotto, and Sigismunda to call her maidens. In this interval Tancred emerged from his hiding-place; and, being willing to escape observation, he let himself into the garden from a small window which communicated very nearly with the ground, by a flight of steps, to another window below. Upon his return to his chamber he gave loose to his restrained indignation and deadly sorrow; for it seemed to him certain that his daughter had dishonoured herself, and that with one of such low and ignoble condition, as aggravated the disgrace. Inflamed with rage, he gave orders that two of his guards should watch the egress of the grotto, through which he immediately conjectured that Guiscard must make his escape, and strictly enjoined them, at all hazards, to bring him alive into his presence, which was shortly after accomplished: for though Guiscard was strong and brave, yet, being taken unexpectedly, with such odds, and encumbered with his leathern dress, he could make no effectual resistance. Upon being brought into his presence, Tancred gazed upon the prisoner; and, hardly refraining from tears, from the recollection of his past affection for the youth, and the fate which now awaited him, said—"Guiscard, my kindness towards you did not, methinks, deserve the outrage and the shame which you have inflicted upon me, and of which, alas! I myself have this day been an agonized witness." To which Guiscard replied nothing but this:—"Love was more powerful than either you or myself." Tancred upon this ordered him to be removed quietly into some inner chamber, and there guarded until further orders; which was instantly performed. The next day (Sigismunda all this while knowing nothing of the fate of her husband), Tancred ruminated for many hours upon his future conduct towards his daughter; which ended at length in his going about the same hour as in the preceding evening to her apartment; and, having closed the door, and called her to him, he took her hand for a moment in silence, then let it go; and, withdrawing himself somewhat from her, burst into a passionate fit of weeping, to the amazement of Sigismunda: in a few minutes, however, he recovered himself; and, with a distressed, yet kind tone of voice, he began thus:—"Sigismunda, supposing as I did, that I knew your virtue and sincerity, it would never have occurred to me that you could have deigned to give up your honour to any man; nay, that you could ever have thought of



such a thing: this you have done; and the small remainder of my life is now embittered by the reflection of my having outlived the modesty of my child. I wish, indeed, to God, that at least you had selected for your lover some man of illustrious rank; but now, amidst all the various princes and nobles of my court, you have picked out this Guiscard, whom I myself brought up from infancy and rescued from poverty, and who hath never been emancipated from a servile condition. With him,—for know that I have taken him and have him in confinement,—I am resolved how to act; but with you, God knows, I am at a loss what to do. On one side love draws me; for no father ever loved his child more than I did; on the other, a most just anger at your great crime: the one bids me pardon; the other orders me, against my nature, to behave cruelly to you. But before I take one part or the other, I desire to hear what you yourself have to say;—and, having thus spoken, he bent down his face, and wept so violently, that you might almost have supposed him a corrected child.

Sigismunda hearing her father's words, and perceiving that not only her secret love was discovered, but that Guiscard also was in prison, was penetrated with a thrilling pang of despair which nearly overwhelmed her, and she was many times at the point of bursting into lamentations and tears, as most women are accustomed to do; but soon her lofty spirit quelled this inclination to weakness, and recomposing her countenance and repressing the starting tear, instead of having recourse to prayer and entreaty, she determined at once to die herself, since she considered her Guiscard as now already dead also. Therefore, not as a sorrowing female, or one caught in a fault, but as one regardless of fate and courageous in misfortune, with a serene look and steady voice, she thus replied to her father:—"Tancred, I am not disposed to deny or to supplicate; since the one will not avail me; and I do not myself wish that the other should avail me; neither do I by any act of mine intend to appease your anger, or render you propitious to my voice; but, confessing the truth, I will defend my reputation with reason, and then, as by my deeds shall appear, will unalterably execute the fixed purpose of my soul. It is true, that I have loved, and do love, Guiscard, and as long as I live, which now will be but short, I will love him, and if in death it be conceded me to love, even there I will love him still. That I have forfeited my claim to innocence I deny. I am not the mistress—I am the consecrated wife of Guiscard. Love called us, but religion joined us and blessed us. Pure as the robe that now veils it, is the heart that beats within me: if to love be a crime, I yield and own myself an offender without redemption. But where learned you that doctrine? not, O Tan-



cred, when you fought to save and win my mother, as I have heard you oft relate with mixed triumph and sorrow! And have you forgotten that I am young? But again you say, that Guiscard is ignoble and base, and that I might have selected a noble of your court upon whom to confer my heart. Your nobles are not so noble as Guiscard! God created all mankind equal; he gave them; and does now, although the world think differently, give them courage, and genius, and virtue, without reference to title or riches. He who is most eminently endowed with these gifts,—he is the noblest of all; and can you deny to Guiscard now, what so often you have allowed to him formerly? It was you who first taught me to love him by extolling his modesty, and valour, and gentleness, and wit, and yet you call him ignoble! You speak not the truth! But he is poor—be it so! It was your fault that, knowing his worth, you did not heap riches upon him; but let him be poor—kings have become beggars, and beggars ere now have lived to be the greatest of kings. You doubt, you say, what you should do with me!—dispel that doubt; for if now, in your old age, you are determined to do that which in your youth you would have abhorred, that is, be unjust and cruel—proceed—torture me! I will not shrink or pray to you;—and if left to myself, I swear to inflict upon myself, by my own hand, whatever you shall do, or have already done, to Guiscard. Go, then, and shed those tears with my women, and then ferociously kill, by the same blow, a husband and a wife.”

Tancred, though he was conscious of the determined character of his daughter's mind, yet did not think she would put in execution all that she had threatened; and being indignant at the open, and, as he thought, shameless avowal of her connexion with his own servant, he departed, secretly resolving, not, indeed, to use any kind of violence upon Sigismunda herself, but to cool the fervour of her love by removing for ever from her the living object of it. Accordingly he gave orders to the two who guarded Guiscard, that on the ensuing night, with the utmost silence, they should strangle their prisoner, cut out his heart, and bring it to him. Which being forthwith executed, and the heart on the next day being presented to the Prince, he ordered a very large and richly-chased gold cup to be brought, in which he placed the bloody relique, and closing it with a lid of gold, committed it to a faithful page, with injunctions to deliver it to Sigismunda with these words:—“Your father sends you this to console you for the loss of that which you loved most; as you consoled him for the loss of what he once loved most.”

In the mean time Sigismunda, unshaken in her terrible purpose, had been collecting certain poisonous herbs and roots, with which she was well acquainted, and had distilled from them a



deadly liquor, which she kept close to her to use instantly, as she knew for certain what she anticipated must happen. The page entered with the present and with the enjoined words; and the maiden, taking the cup, and uncovering it, and seeing the heart, knew in a moment that it must be Guiscard's. A short space she fixed a vacant gaze on it; but in an extraordinary manner recovering herself, with perfect calmness she answered the messenger thus:—"A coffin, less royal than this golden one, did not become a heart so nobly formed as this, whosoever it be; in this my father hath acted discreetly." And having thus spoken, lifting the cup to her mouth, she kissed the heart and then continued:—"In every thing from my infancy, even to this last extreme hour of my life, I have always found the love of my father most tender towards me, but now more than ever; render, therefore, I charge you, my last thanks to the author of my existence for this so splendid and invaluable a present." This said, she again bent her gaze upon the cup, which she held with a convulsive grasp close to her bosom, and kissing the heart, went on thus:—"Ah, sweetest habitation of all my earthly pleasures, accursed be the cruelty of him who has caused me to behold thee with the eyes of my face. It was enough for me to see thee at every hour more clearly with the eye of my mind. Thou hast finished thy course, and now thou art rid of thy worldly fortune, whatever it might have been. Thou art arrived at that goal whither we all are running. Thou hast left all the miseries and the fatigues of this world, and hast gained from thine enemy himself a sepulture worthy of thy merit. Nothing was wanting to thy perfect obsequies, but the tears of her whom thou lovedst so dearly when alive; and no doubt God has put it into the heart of my indignant father to send thee to me, that I might perform this last duty. My tears thou shalt have; and then suffer me to dry these fountains, which would flow for ever; for I have determined to die royally, without a groan or a tear. I will hasten to join thee; thou shalt not long mourn in solitude for thy love. With whom or when could I better make the journey to the unknown regions of eternity, than with thee? Blest spirit, speak to me; for I know by a mysterious pressure upon my soul, that at this instant thou art hovering around me, and taking a last farewell of the scenes of our earthly joys. Spirit—yet a moment, and I come to thee for evermore!" Thus speaking, without any womanish lamentation, she bent her head upon the cup, and, in a miraculous abundance, shed a torrent of tears into it, kissing every instant the dead heart before her. Her \*attendant damsels knew neither what heart it was, nor the import of her soliloquy; but moved with pity they approached

\* The remainder of the translation has been given by another hand, owing to a circumstance which it is unnecessary to explain.



her, inquiring the cause of her grief, and proffering their feeble consolations. After she had given her sorrows full scope, she raised up her head, and wiping her eyes, exclaimed, "Thou heart most tenderly beloved! All my duty is now performed towards thee; and it only remains for my soul to accompany thine!" Then she bade them reach the vessel which she had prepared the day before, and pouring its ingredients into the cup containing the heart, which was bathed all over with her tears, she drank it off without the least dread or apprehension, and threw self upon her couch with the cup in her hand. Composing her body as decently as she could, and clasping her lover's heart to her own, she lay without uttering a word more, calmly awaiting the approach of death. Her maidens, on observing this, though they knew not what she had drunk, sent to inform Tancred of the circumstance; who, fearing what had really happened, came into the chamber soon after she had laid herself down, and although it was too late, began to pour forth the most bitter lamentations: she then addressed him—"Sir, reserve those tears against worse fortune that may happen—I want them not. Who but thyself would mourn for an event which by thee hath been brought about? But if any part of that affection now remain in thee, which I once enjoyed, grant this my last request—that, as thou would'st not permit us to be happy together whilst living, our two bodies (wherever you have disposed of his) may be publicly interred together when dead." Extreme grief forbade him to reply. Finding herself drawing near her end, she pressed the heart with an effort of remaining strength to her bosom, saying, "Receive us, Heaven, I die!" Then, closing her eyes, all sense forsook her, and she was released from a world of sorrow. Such an end had the loves of Guiscard and Sigismunda. The Prince, too late repented of his cruelty, caused his unfortunate victims to be buried in one grave, with the most public solemnities;—and the people of Salerno wept over their fate.

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## SONNETS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

## I.

## TO MISS NALDI.

PERHAPS I ne'er shall look on thee again,  
 Fair, modest Virgin, with the silver voice ;  
 Yet, while I gaze and listen, I rejoice  
 To feel that thy so wild and touching strain  
 Will oft hereafter wander through my brain,  
 A faint and dreamlike music :—that thy form  
 For ever, from this evening, is enshrin'd  
 Amid those tranquil visions of the mind,  
 Which when we steal a moment from the storm  
 Of the dark world, and tumult of mankind,  
 Whispering sweet tones and eloquently smiling,  
 Gladden our still and pensive solitude ;  
 Bright, holy recollections—thoughts beguiling  
 The gloom of many a melancholy mood.

*Town-Hall, Cambridge, March 9, 1821.*

## II.

## TO ———

THE bloom of health hath faded from thy cheek,  
 The light of love is quench'd in that soft eye,  
 Through which, like sunbeams in the summer sky,  
 Lighting its azure depths, the bright soul shone,  
 Beaming on all in glances that did speak  
 Its frank, but delicate hilarity ;  
 Then men fell down before thy Spirit's throne.



But now those beams have sunk, and in their stead,  
A feeble, wan, and melancholy ray,  
Like twilight fading into night away,  
Steals o'er thy pensive beauty. Yet, dear Maid,  
Far lovelier art thou now, than in thy day  
Of cloudless light, for holy woe hath given  
To Earth's decaying charms a radiance as of Heaven.  
*August, 1819.*

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## III.

I DREAM'D there was a bright and tranquil Star  
Shining above the quiet Vale I love ;  
To which, at times, my dreaming soul would rove,  
And worship its pale radiance from afar  
With no unholy homage : high above  
The fret, and tumult, and discordant jar  
Of the base world it led me, and the war  
Of grosser passions which it dream'd not of.  
I knew the idle fancy could not last ;  
Yet, when I turn to the blank, dreary sky,  
Whence that pale star shone forth so tenderly,  
I weep to think its light could fade so fast ;—  
Away !—away !—my boyish dream is past,—  
I am alone with cold reality.  
*April 8, 1821.*

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## SONNETS FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

I.

TO \_\_\_\_\_

———"Thou canst claim  
The shelter, from *thy sire*, of an immortal name."—SHELLEY.

MY weaker glance shrinks from that glorious sun  
Which cheers thine eagle-pinion. Gentle Friend,  
In vain thou bid'st me by thy side ascend  
The path my lowly destiny must shun.  
For I am bound by heavy chains of Earth,  
And my soul grovels in its shroud of clay;  
Thou art a Poet even from thy birth,  
And bright-eyed Glory beckons thee.—Away!  
Hereafter, when thy wing hath ceas'd to roam  
Awhile, amid the fields of Phantasy,  
Thou shalt descend to my lone, quiet home,  
And deign to praise my simple melody;  
My song of calm affections, love and mirth,  
Piped to kind happy hearts around some Christmas hearth.

II.

THOU hast a gentle nature; yet I know  
That thy life's spring hath been unfortunate;  
That thou hast firmly borne the frown of Fate,  
And met Affliction with unalter'd brow.  
Oh! not to Lady Fortune's captious hate  
Are fine and delicate spirits first to bow;  
Wealth and young Hope, like thine, made desolate,  
Have broken many a sterner heart: but thou



Hast quiet thoughts, and exquisite affections,  
 And dreams that waft thee far from storms of Earth,  
 Sweet tears, lone musings, cherish'd recollections ;  
 And Poesy smil'd on thee at thy birth ;  
 And o'er thy path one lov'd and tranquil Star  
 Still flings its cheering radiance from afar.

III.

(With the MS. from which the following Lines are extracted.)

No freak I send of venturous Phantasy,  
 But the dull coinage of a College brain,  
 Wrought with fatigue, and heaviness, and pain,  
 And hours of cold and sober industry ;  
 A thing of rhyme and syntax, writ to gain  
 Haply a week's poor notoriety.  
 Young Poet, 'tis a dearer pride to me  
 To know that this weak, wayward Muse of mine  
 Hath touch'd a few such gentle hearts as thine,  
 With her faint, melancholy minstrelsy.  
 Thou hast the pinions of poetic might ;  
 Mine is a poor and lowly destiny,—  
 To gaze, far off, upon thine eagle-flight,  
 And hail thy proud ascent to Immortality.

THE EXTRACT,

FROM A TERRIBLE LONG MS. POEM.

THOU brightest idol of th' enthusiast's heart,  
 Enchanting Eve, how beautiful thou art !  
 Spirit of soothing sounds and hues divine,  
 What gentle power ! what tearful joy is thine !  
 How, at thy bidding, from their fountains roll  
 The fresh untroubled waters of the soul !



How soars entranced thought to realms above,  
On rushing pinions of immortal love!  
Or dwells, in rapture too serene to last,  
On the dim, dreamlike regions of the past!  
For all thy gentle hues, and sounds that seem  
The airy music of some wandering dream;  
Yet more for thy brief gleams of bliss gone by,  
Thy breezelike whispers of futurity;  
Thy calm and solemn musings,—do we raise  
To thee, Enchantress, thankful hymns of praise.  
'Tis thine to veil, one hour, from mortal eye,  
The dreary present's dull reality;  
Wafting th' entranced soul through many a scene  
Of bliss to be, and rapture which hath been.  
Thine are a thousand "thoughts too deep for tears,"  
Gladdening remembrance of our early years;  
Thoughts of the hours which with our heartstrings wove  
The fairy fetters of confiding love;  
Thoughts of the impulse warm, the grasp close-strain'd,  
The look that utter'd all the heart contain'd;  
The voice that cheer'd, the gentle eyes that smil'd  
On the gay, sinless, and unthinking child;  
And yet far holier musings oft are thine,  
Sublimar moods, and raptures more divine,  
When, in thy silence, at th' Eternal throne,  
Man's spirit communes with his God alone;  
And bends a fearful, yet unshrinking eye,  
On the seal'd portal of Eternity.

Beautiful hour! when first from cloudless skies  
Thou smil'dst on Adam in his Paradise,  
What throbs of awe, what strange emotion ran  
Throughout the being of the infant man,  
While glow'd his spirit from its heavenly birth,  
Clear and unclouded by the mists of earth!



With silent wonder, through the burning sky,  
He saw the sun descend in majesty,  
Saw the faint twilight o'er his Eden steal,  
And felt such awe as sinless spirits feel,  
As the last sunbeam vanish'd from his sight,  
And Earth was darken'd in the shade of night.  
He mark'd the quiet of all living things,  
The wild birds motionless with folded wings,  
The weary brutes asleep in wood and brake,  
Himself at last alone on Earth awake.  
He saw the pale stars one by one appear,  
The Moon glide upward on her calm career,  
And felt, in the repose of earth and sky,  
The presence of the One Divinity.  
Then, with what meek devotion, through the air,  
Rose the pure incense of his silent pray'r,  
Till, o'er his soul, entranc'd in rapture deep,  
First stole the awful heaviness of sleep.

Alas! how changed that soul! how fallen its pride,  
When, with his gentle partner at his side,  
Again he watch'd the sunset fade away,  
The first, sad sunset of a toilsome day!  
What gloomy visions then their fancy cross'd,  
What sad repinings for their Eden lost!  
What dark forebodings of impending woes,  
Of care, and pain, and sin, and death, arose!  
Yet, as beneath those bright and tranquil skies,  
Each caught the lustre of the other's eyes,  
And felt that last, best blessing from above,  
The deep, the mighty tenderness of love,  
Calm hopes arose, and aspirations high,  
And consciousness of Immortality,  
Till, in the silence of their bliss, they smiled,  
To earth and all its sorrows reconciled.

\* \* \* \* \*

JUAN.



## THE LOVER'S SONG.

SOFTLY sinks the rosy sun,  
And the toils of day are past and done,  
And now is the time to think of thee,  
My lost, remember'd Emily!

Come, dear Image, come for a while,  
Come with thy own, thy evening smile;  
Not shaped and fashion'd in fancy's mould,  
But such as thou wert in the days of old.

Come from that unvisited cell,  
Where all day long thou lovest to dwell,  
Hous'd among Memory's richest freight,  
Deep in the sunless caves of thought.

Come, with all thy heraldry  
Of mystic fancies, and musings high,  
And griefs, that lay in the heart like treasures,  
Till Time had turn'd them to solemn pleasures:

And thoughts of early virtues gone,—  
For my best of days with thee are flown,  
And their sad and soothing memory,  
Is blended now with my dreams of thee!

—Too solemn for day, too sweet for night,  
Come not in darkness, come not in light;  
But come in some twilight interim,  
When the gloom is soft, and the light is dim:

And in the white and silent dawn,  
When the curtains of night are half undrawn,  
Or at evening time, when my task is done,\*  
I will think of the lost remember'd one!

G. MONTGOMERY.

\* And at set of sun,  
When my task is done,  
Be sure that I'm ever with thee, Mary!—BARRY CORNWALL.



THE BACHELOR.

*T. Quince, Esq. to the Rev. Matthew Pringle.*

You wonder that your ancient friend  
Has come so near his journey's end,  
And borne his heavy load of ill  
O'er Sorrow's slough, and Labour's hill,  
Without a partner to beguile  
The toilsome way with constant smile,  
To share in happiness and pain,  
To guide, to comfort, to sustain,  
And cheer the last, long, weary stage,  
That leads to Death, through gloomy Age!  
To drop these metaphoric jokes,  
And speak like reasonable folks,  
It seems you wonder, Mr. Pringle,  
That old Tom Quince is living single!

Since my old crony and myself  
Laid crabbed Euclid on the shelf,  
And made our Congè to the Cam,  
Long years have past; and here I am,  
With nerves and gout, but yet alive,  
A Bachelor, and fifty-five.  
Sir, I'm a Bachelor, and mean,  
Until the closing of the scene,  
Or be it right, or be it wrong,  
To play the part I've played so long,  
Nor be the rat that others are,  
Caught by a ribbon or a star.

"As years increase," your worship cries,  
"All troubles and anxieties



Come swiftly on : you feel vexation  
 About your neighbours, or the nation ;  
 The gout in fingers or in toes  
 Awakes you from your first repose ;  
 You'll want a clever nurse, when life  
 Begins to fail you !—take a wife ;  
 Believe me, from the mind's disease  
 Her soothing voice might give you ease,  
 And when the twinge comes shooting through you,  
 Her care might be of service to you !”

Sir, I'm not dying, though I know  
 You charitably think me so ;  
 Not dying yet, though you, and others,  
 In augury your learned brothers,  
 Take pains to prophesy events,  
 Which lie some twenty winters hence.  
 Some twenty ?—look ! you shake your head,  
 As if I were insane or dead,  
 And tell your children and your wife,—  
 “ Old men grow *very* fond of life !”  
 Alas ! your prescience never ends  
 As long as it concerns your friends ;  
 But your own fifty-third December  
 Is what you never can remember !  
 And when I talk about my health,  
 And future hopes of weal or wealth,  
 With something 'twixt a grunt and groan,  
 You mutter, in an under-tone,  
 “ Hark how the dotard chatters still ! \*  
 He'll not believe he's old or ill !

\* I must confess that Dr. Swift  
 Has lent me here a little lift :  
 For when I steal some trifling hits  
 From older and from brighter wits,  
 I have some touch of conscience left,  
 And seldom like to *hide* the theft.  
 This is my plan !—I name no name,  
 But wish *all* others did the same.—*Author's Note.*



He goes on forming great designs,—  
Has just laid in a stock of wines,—  
And promises his niece a ball,  
As if gray hairs would never fall!  
I really think he's all but mad."  
Then, with a wink and sigh, you add,  
"Toth is a friend I dearly prize,  
But—never thought him *over* wise!"

You—who are clever to foretel  
Where ignorance might be as well,  
Would marvel how my health has stood :  
My pulse is firm, digestion good,  
I walk to see my turnips grow,  
Manage to ride a mile or so,  
Get to the village church to pray,  
And drink my pint of wine a day ;  
And often, in an idle mood,  
Emerging from my solitude,  
Look at my sheep, and geese, and fowls,  
And scare the sparrows and the owls,  
Or talk with Dick about my crops,  
And learn the price of malt and hops.

You say, that, when you saw me last,  
My appetite was going fast,  
My eye was dim, my cheek was pale,  
My bread—and stories—both were stale,  
My wine and wit were growing worse,  
And all things else,—except my purse ;  
In short, the very blind might see  
I was not what I used to be.

My glass (which I believe before ye,)  
Will teach me quite another story ;



*The Bachelor.*

My wrinkles are not many yet,—  
 My hair is still as black as jet,  
 My legs are full—my cheeks are ruddy—  
 My eyes, though somewhat sunk by study,  
 Retain a most vivacious ray,  
 And tell no stories of decay ;  
 And then my waist, unsex'd, unstay'd,  
 By fetters of the tailor's trade,  
 Tells you, as plain as waist can tell,  
 I'm most unfashionably well.

And yet *you* think I'm growing thinner !—  
 You'd stare to see me eat my dinner !  
 You know that I was held by all  
 The greatest epicure in Hall,  
 And that the voice of Granta's sons  
 Styled me the Gourmand of St. John's,  
 I have not yet been found unable  
 To do my duty to my table,  
 Though at its head no Lady gay  
 Hath driven British food away,  
 And made her hapless husband bear  
 Alike her fury and her fare.  
 If some kind-hearted chum calls in,  
 An extra dish, and older bin,  
 And John in all his finery drest,  
 Do honour to the welcome guest ;  
 And then we talk of other times,  
 Of parted friends, and distant climes,  
 And lengthened converse, tale, and jest,  
 Lull every anxious care to rest,  
 And when unwillingly I rise,  
 With newly-waken'd sympathies,  
 From conversation—and the bowl,  
 The feast of stomach—and of soul,



I lay me down, and seem to leap  
O'er forty summers in my sleep ;  
And youth, with all its joy and pain,  
Comes rushing on my soul again.  
I rove where'er my boyhood rov'd—  
I love whate'er my boyhood lov'd—  
And rocks, and vales, and woods, and streams,  
Fleet o'er my pillow in my dreams.  
'Tis true some ugly foes arise  
E'en in this earthly paradise,  
Which you, good Pringle, may beguile  
By Mrs. P.'s unceasing smile.  
I am an independent elf,  
And keep my comforts in myself.  
If my best sheep have got the rot—  
Or if the Parson hits a blot—  
Or if young Witless prates of laurel—  
Or if my tithe produces quarrel—  
Or if my roofing wants repairs—  
Or if I'm angry with my heirs—  
Or if I've nothing else to do—  
I grumble for an hour or two ;  
Riots, or ramours, unreprest,  
My niece, or knuckle, over-drest,  
The lateness of a wish'd-for post,  
Miss Mackrell's story of the ghost,  
New wine, new fashions, or new faces,  
New bills, new taxes, or new places,  
Or Mr. Hume's enumeration  
Of all the troubles of the nation,  
Will sometimes wear my patience out !  
Then, as I said before, the gout—  
Well, well, my heart was never faint !  
And yet it might provoke a saint.



A rise of bread, or fall of rain,  
 Sometimes unite to give me pain,  
 And oft my lawyer's bag of papers  
 Gives me a taste of spleen and vapours.  
 Angry or sad, alone or ill,  
 I have my senses with me still ;  
 Although my eyes are somewhat weak,  
 Yet can I dissipate my pique  
 By Poem, Paper, or Review ;  
 And though I'm dozy in my pew,  
 At Dr. Poundtext's second leaf,  
 I am not yet so very deaf  
 As to require the rousing noise  
 Of screaming girls and roaring boys.  
 Thrice—thrice accursed be the day  
 When I shall fling my bliss away,  
 And, to disturb my quiet life,  
 Take Discord in the shape of wife !  
 Time, in his endless muster-roll,  
 Shall mark the hour with blackest coal,  
 When old Tom Quince shall cease to see  
 The *Chronicle* with toast and tea,  
 Confine his rambles to his park,  
 And never dine till after dark,  
 And change his comfort and his crony,  
 For crowd and conversazione.

If every aiding thought is vain,  
 And momentary grief and pain  
 Urge the old man to frown and fret,  
 He has another comfort yet :  
 This earth has thorns, as poets sing,  
 But not for ever can they sting :  
 Our sand from out its narrow glass  
 Rapidly passes !—let it pass !



I seek not—I—to check or stay  
The progress of a single day,  
But rather cheer my hours of pain  
Because so few of them remain.  
Care circles every mortal head,—  
The dust will be a calmer bed !  
From Life's alloy no Life is free,  
But—Life is not eternity !

When that unerring day shall come  
To call me from my wandering, home,  
The dark, and still, and painful day,  
When breath shall fleet in groans away;  
When comfort shall be vainly sought,  
And doubt shall be in every thought,  
When words shall fail th' unutter'd vow,  
And fever heat the burning brow,  
When the dim eye shall gaze, and fear  
To close the glance that lingers here,  
Snatching the faint departing light,  
That seems to flicker in its flight,  
When the lone heart, in that long strife,  
Shall cling unconsciously to life,  
I'll have no shrieking female by  
To shed her drops of sympathy ;  
To listen to each smother'd throe,  
To feel, or feign, officious woe ;  
To bring me every useless cup,  
And beg " dear Tom " to drink it up ;  
To turn my oldest servants off,  
E'en as she hears my gurgling cough ;  
And then expectantly to stand,  
And chafe my temples with her hand ;  
And pull a cleaner nightcap o'er 'em,  
That I may die with due decorum ;



And watch the while my ebbing breath,  
 And count the tardy steps of death;  
 Grudging the Leech his growing bill,  
 And wrapt in dreams about the will.  
 I'll have no Furies round my bed!—  
 They shall not plague me—till I'm dead!

Believe me! ill my dust would rest,  
 If the plain marble o'er my breast,  
 That tells, in letters large and clear,  
 "The Bones of Thomas Quince lie here!"  
 Should add a talisman of strife,  
 "Also the Bones of Jane his Wife!"

No, while beneath this simple stone  
 Old Quince shall sleep, and sleep alone,  
 Some Village Oracle, who well  
 Knows how to speak, and read, and spell,  
 Shall slowly construe, bit by bit,  
 My "*Natus*" and my "*Obiit*,"  
 And then, with sage discourse and long,  
 Recite my virtues to the throng.

"The Gentleman came straight from College!  
 A most prodigious man for knowledge!  
 He us'd to pay all men their due,  
 Hated a miser,—and a Jew,  
 But always open'd wide his door  
 To the first knocking of the poor.  
 None, as the grateful Parish knows,  
 Save the Churchwardens, were his foes;  
 They could not bear the virtuous pride  
 Which gave the sixpence *they* denied.  
 If neighbours had a mind to quarrel,  
 He us'd to treat them to a barrel;



And that, I think, was sounder law  
Than any book I ever saw.  
The Ladies never us'd to flout him;  
But this was rather strange about him,  
That, gay or thoughtful, young or old,  
He took no wife for love or gold;  
Woman he call'd 'a pretty thing,'—  
But never could abide a ring!"

Good Mr. Pringle!—you must see  
Your arguments are light with me;  
They buz like feeble flies around me,  
But leave me firm, as first they found me.  
Silence your logic! burn your pen!  
The Poet says "we all are men;"  
And all "condemn'd alike to groan!"  
You with a wife, and I with none.  
Well!—yours may be a happier lot,  
But it is one I envy not;  
And you'll allow me, Sir, to pray,  
That, at some near-approaching day,  
You may not have to wince and whine,  
And find some cause to envy mine!

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THE MISTAKE;

OR, SIXES AND SEVENS.

"Be particular to observe that the name on the door is ——,"  
*Morning Chronicle, April, 1831,*

It is a point which has often been advanced and contested by the learned, that the world grows worse as it grows older; arguments have been advanced, and treatises written, in support of Horace's opinion.

*Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit  
Nos nequiores, mox daturos  
Progeniem vitiosiorum.*



The supporters of this idea rest their sentence upon various grounds; they mention the frequency of crim. con. cases, the increase of the poor-rate, the licentiousness of the press, the celebrity of *rouge et noir*.

There is, however, one circumstance corroborative of their judgment, to which we think the public opinion has not yet been sufficiently called. We mean the indisputable fact, that persons of all descriptions are growing ashamed of their own names. We remember that when we were dragged in our childhood to walk with our nurse, we were accustomed to beguile our sense of weariness and disgust by studying the names, which, in their neat brass plates, decorated the doors by which we passed. Now the case is altered! We observed, in a former paper, that the tradesmen have removed their signs; it is equally true that the gentlemen have removed their names. The simple numerical distinction, which is now alone emblazoned upon the doors of our dwellings, but ill replaces that more gratifying custom, which, in a literal sense, held up great names for our emulation, and made the streets of the metropolis a muster-roll of examples for our conduct.

But a very serious inconvenience is also occasioned by this departure from ancient observances. How is the visitor from the country to discover the patron of his fortunes, the friend of his bosom, or the mistress of his heart, if, in lieu of the above-mentioned edifying brass plates, his eye glances upon the unsatisfactory information contained in 1, 2, or 3? In some cases even this assistance is denied to him, and he wanders upon his dark and comfortless voyage, like an ancient mariner deprived of the assistance of the stars.

Our poor friend, Mr. Nichol Loaming, has treated us with a long and eloquent dissertation upon this symptom of degeneracy; and certainly, if the advice "*experto crede*" be of any weight, Mr. Nichol's testimony ought to induce all persons to hang out, upon the exterior of their residences, some more convincing enunciation of their name and calling, than it is at present the fashion to produce.

Nichol came up to town with letters of introduction to several friends of his family, whom it was his first duty and wish to discover. But his first adventure so dispirited him, that, after having spent two mornings at a hotel, he set out upon his homeward voyage, and left the metropolis an unexplored region.

He purposed to make his first visit to Sir William Knowell, and having with some difficulty discovered the street to which he had been directed, he proceeded to investigate the doors, in order to find out the object of his search. The doors presented nothing but a blank! He made inquiries; was directed to a house; heard



that Sir William was at home, was shown into an empty room, and waited for some time with patience.

The furniture of the house rather surprised him. It was handsomer than he had expected to find it; and on the table were the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Edinburgh Review*, although Sir William was a violent Tory. At length the door opened, and a gentleman made his appearance. Nichol asked, in a studied speech, whether he had the honour to address Sir William Knowell? The gentleman replied, that he believed there had been a little mistake, but that he was an intimate friend of Sir W. Knowell's, and expected him in the course of a few minutes. Nichol resumed his seat, although he did not quite perceive what mistake had taken place. He was unfortunately urged by his evil genius to attempt conversation.

He observed that Sir W. Knowell had a delightful house, and inquired whether the neighbourhood was pleasant. "His next neighbour," said the stranger, with a most incomprehensible smile, "is Sir William Morley." Nichol shook his head; "was surprised to hear Sir William kept such company,—had heard strange stories of Sir W. Morley,—hoped there was no foundation,—indeed had received no good report of the family!—The mother rather weak in the head,—to say the truth under confinement;—the sister a professed coquet,—went off to Gretna last week with a Scotch Officer,—Sir William himself a gambler by habit, a drunkard by inclination;—at present in the King's Bench, without the possibility of an adjustment—"

Here he was stopped by the entrance of an elderly lady leaning on the arm of an interesting girl of sixteen or seventeen. Upon looking up, Nichol perceived the gentleman he had been addressing rather embarrassed; and "hoped that he had not said any thing which could give offence."—"Not in the least," replied the stranger, "I am more amused by an account of the foibles of Sir W. Morley than any one else can be; and of this I will immediately convince you. Sir William Knowell resides at No. *Six*,—you have stepped by mistake into No. *Seven*.—Before you leave it, allow me to introduce you to Lady Morley—who is rather weak in the head, and to say the truth, under confinement;—to Miss Ellen Morley, a professed coquet, who went off to Gretna last week with a half-pay Officer;—finally," (with a very low bow) "to Sir William Morley himself, a gambler by habit, and a drunkard by inclination—who is at present in the King's Bench, without the possibility of an adjustment!"

F. G.



## SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

—“*Hæc in re scilicet unâ  
Multum dissimiles.*”—*HOR.*

IN a visit which we paid some time ago to our worthy contributor, Morris Gowan, we became acquainted with two characters ; upon whom, as they afford a perfect counterpart to Messrs. “ Rhyme and Reason,” recorded in No. I., we have bestowed the names of Sense and Sensibility.

The Misses Lowrie, of whom we are about to give our readers an account, are both young, both handsome, both amiable : Nature made the outline of their characters the same ; but Education has varied the colouring. Their mother died almost before they were able to profit by her example or instruction. Emily, the eldest of the sisters, was brought up under the immediate care of her father. He was a man of strong and temperate judgment, obliging to his neighbours, and affectionate to his children ; but certainly rather calculated to educate a son than a daughter. Emily profited abundantly by his assistance, as far as moral duties or literary accomplishments were concerned ; but for all the lesser *agréments* of society, she had nothing to depend upon but the suggestions of a kind heart and a quiet temper. Matilda, on the contrary, spent her childhood in England, at the house of a relation ; who, having imbibed her notions of propriety at a fashionable boarding-school, and made a love-match very early in life, was but ill prepared to regulate a warm disposition, and check a natural tendency to romance. The consequence has been such as might have been expected. Matilda pities the distressed, and Emily relieves them ; Matilda has more of the love of the neighbourhood, although Emily is more entitled to its gratitude ; Matilda is very agreeable, while Emily is very useful ; and two or three old ladies, who talk scandal over their tea, and murder grammar and reputations together, consider Matilda a practised Heroine, and laugh at Emily as an inveterate Blue.

The incident which first introduced us to them afforded us a tolerable specimen of their different qualities. While on a long pedestrian excursion with Morris, we met the two Ladies returning from their walk ; and, as our companion had already the privileges of an intimate acquaintance, we became their companions. An accurate observer of human manners knows well how decisively character is marked by trifles, and how wide is the distinction which is frequently made by circumstances apparently the most insignificant.

In spite, therefore, of the similarity of age and person which



existed between the two sisters, the first glance at their dress and manner, the first tones of their voice, were sufficient to distinguish the one from the other. It was whimsical enough to observe how every object which attracted our attention exhibited their respective peculiarities in a new and entertaining light. Sense entered into a learned discussion on the nature of a plant, while Sensibility talked enchantingly of the fading of its flower. From Matilda we had a rapturous eulogium upon the surrounding scenery; from Emily we derived much information relative to the state of its cultivation. When we listened to the one, we seemed to be reading a novel, but a clever and an interesting novel; when we turned to the other, we found only real life, but real life in its most pleasant and engaging form.

Suddenly one of those rapid storms, which so frequently disturb for a time the tranquillity of the finest weather, appeared to be gathering over our heads. Dark clouds were driven impetuously over the clear sky, and the refreshing coolness of the atmosphere was changed to a close and overpowering heat. Matilda looked up in admiration—Emily in alarm: Sensibility was thinking of a landscape—Sense of a wet pelisse. "This would make a fine sketch," said the first; "We had better make haste," said the second. The tempest continued to grow gloomier above us: we passed a ruined hut, which had been long deserted by its inhabitants. "Suppose we take refuge here for the evening," said Morris; "It would be very romantic," said Sensibility; "It would be very disagreeable," said Sense: "How it would astonish my father!" said the Heroine; "How it would alarm him!" said her sister.

As yet we had only observed distant prognostics of the tumult of the elements which was about to take place. Now, however, the collected fury of the storm burst at once upon us. A long and bright flash of lightning, together with a continued roll of thunder, accompanied one of the heaviest rains that we have ever experienced. "We shall have an adventure!" cried Matilda: "We shall be very late," observed Emily. "I wish we were a hundred miles off," said the one hyperbolically; "I wish we were at home," replied the other soberly. "Alas! we shall never get home to-night," sighed Sensibility pathetically; "Possibly," returned Sense drily. The fact was, that the eldest of the sisters was quite calm, although she was aware of all the inconveniences of their situation; and the youngest was terribly frightened, although she began quoting poetry. There was another and a brighter flash; another and a louder peal: Sense quickened her steps—Sensibility fainted.

With some difficulty, and not without the aid of a conveyance from a neighbouring farmer, we brought our companions in safety



to their father's door. We were of course received with an invitation to remain under shelter till the weather should clear up; and of course we felt no reluctance to accept the offer. The house was very neatly furnished, principally by the care of the two young ladies; but here again the diversity of their manners showed itself very plainly. The useful was produced by the labour of Emily; the ornamental was the fruit of the leisure hours of Matilda. The skill of the former was visible in the sofa-covers and the curtains; but the latter had decorated the card-racks, and painted the roses on the hand-screens. The neat little bookcases too, which contained their respective libraries, suggested a similar remark. In that of the eldest we observed our native English worthies,—Milton, Shakspeare, Dryden, and Pope; on the shelves of her sister reclined the more effeminate Italians,—Tasso, Ariosto, Metastasio, and Petrarch. It was a delightful thing to see two amiable beings with tastes so widely different, yet with hearts so closely united.

It is not to be wondered at that we paid a longer visit than we had originally intended. The conversation turned, at one time, upon the late revolutions. Matilda was a terrible Radical, and spoke most enthusiastically of tyranny and patriotism, the righteous cause, and the Holy Alliance: Emily, however, declined to join in commiseration or invective, and pleaded ignorance in excuse for her indifference. We fancy she was apprehensive of blundering against a stranger's political prejudices. However that may be, Matilda sighed and talked, and Emily smiled and held her tongue. We believe the silence was the most judicious; but we are sure the loquacity was the most interesting.

We took up the Newspaper. There was an account of a young man who had gone out alone to the rescue of a vessel in distress. The design had been utterly hopeless, and he had lost his life in the attempt. His fate struck our fair friends in very different lights. "He ought to have had a better fortune," murmured Matilda; "or more prudence," added Emily. "He must have been a hero," said the first;—"or a madman," rejoined the second.

The storm now died away in the distance, and a tranquil evening approached. We set out on our return. The old gentleman, with his daughters, accompanied us a small part of the way. The scene around us was beautiful; the birds and the cattle seemed to be rejoicing in the return of the sunshine; and every herb and leaf had derived a brighter tint from the rain-drops with which it was spangled. As we lingered for a few moments by the side of a beautiful piece of water, the mellowed sound of a flute was conveyed to us over its clear surface. The instrument was delightfully played: at such an hour, on such a spot, and



with such companions, we could have listened to it for ever. "That is George Mervyn," said Morris to us. "How very clever he is!" exclaimed Matilda; "How very imprudent," replied Emily. "He will catch all the hearts in the place!" said Sensibility, with a sigh: "He will catch nothing but a cold!" said Sense, with a shiver. We were reminded that our companions were running the same risk, and we parted from them reluctantly.

After this introduction we had many opportunities of seeing them; we became every day more pleased with the acquaintance, and looked forward with regret to the day on which we were finally to leave so enchanting a neighbourhood. The preceding night it was discovered that the cottage of Mr. Lowrie was on fire. The destructive element was soon checked, and the alarm quieted; but it produced a circumstance which illustrated, in a very affecting manner, the observations we have been making. As the family were greatly beloved by all who knew them, every one used the most affectionate exertions in their behalf. When the father had been brought safely from the house, several hastened to the relief of the daughters. They were dressed, and were descending the stairs. The eldest, who had behaved with great presence of mind, was supporting her sister, who trembled with agitation. "Take care of this box," said Emily;—it contained her father's title-deeds. "For Heaven's sake preserve this locket!" sobbed Matilda;—it was a miniature of her mother!

We have left, but not forgotten you, beautiful creatures! Often, when we are sitting in solitude, with a pen behind our ear, and a proof before our eyes, you come, hand in hand, to our imagination! Some, indeed, enjoin us to prefer esteem to fascination;—to write Sonnets to Sensibility, and to look for a wife in Sense. These are the suggestions of Age; perhaps of Prudence. We are young, and may be allowed to shake our heads as we listen!

P. C.

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## STANZAS.

O'er yon Churchyard the storm may lower ;  
But, heedless of the wintry air,  
One little bud shall linger there,  
A still and trembling flower.

Unscathed by long revolving years,  
Its tender leaves shall flourish yet,  
And sparkle in the moonlight, wet  
With the pale dew of tears.

And where thine humble ashes lie,  
Instead of scutcheon or of stone,  
It rises o'er thee, lonely one,  
Child of obscurity !

Mild was thy voice as Zephyr's breath,  
Thy cheek with flowing locks was shaded !  
But the voice hath died, the cheek hath faded  
In the cold breeze of death !

Brightly thine eye was smiling, Sweet !  
But now Decay hath still'd its glancing ;  
Warmly thy little heart was dancing,  
But it hath ceased to beat !

A few short months,—and thou wert here !  
Hope sat upon thy youthful brow ;  
And what is thy memorial now ?  
A Flower—and a Tear !

W. M. P.



MR. LOZELL'S ESSAY ON WEATHERCOCKS.

"Round he spun."—BYRON.

WE have a great respect for a Weathercock! There is something about it so *springy*, so sprightly, and, at the same time, so complying and so accommodating, that we are not ashamed to confess that we have long taken it for our model. It changes sides perpetually, yet always preserves one unvaried elevation; it is always in motion, yet always remains the same. We could look at a Weathercock for hours!

To us, however, it has another charm, independent of its intrinsic good qualities. Its name, not less than its character, recalls to our recollection a family which is entitled, in the highest degree, to our esteem; of which we should never cease to think, even if our memory were not daily sharpened by the little remembrancer, which is at once their namesake, their crest, and their model.

The family of the Weathercocks is one of considerable antiquity. The first of the name, whom we find distinguishing himself in any extraordinary degree, is Sir Anthony Weathercock of Fetherly, Staffordshire; who changed his party seven times during the unfortunate dissensions between the houses of York and Lancaster. And this he contrived to do with so much tact, that he was a considerable gainer by his six first defections. By his seventh he certainly sustained a trifling loss;—he lost his head!

It is a well-known observation, that the descendants of surpassingly great men are often either blockheads or idiots. The present instance certainly affords us an exemplification of the truth of the remark. The successor of this genuine Weathercock was a poor weak fellow, who had no more idea of turning to the right-about, without compulsion, than he had of breakfasting without beef. Upon his refusing to deliver up the castle of Nounhame to the celebrated Warwick, he was besieged, compelled to surrender, and immediately hung up upon the gates of the fort, to learn to behave like his forefathers.

The religious persecutions which followed the union of the white and red roses, afforded fresh opportunity for the manifestation of the merits of the Weathercocks. Theirs was almost the only family of any note in England, which did not lose one or other of its members from the indiscriminate fury of superstition. The head of the house appears to have embraced as many religions, and more wives, than Henry himself; and a younger



branch is said to have been, within a week, a serving-man in the train of Gardiner, and a clerk in the household of Cranmer. But we are forgetting that we and our friends live in 1821, and that we shall weary the patience of our reader by tracing those dry historical facts *ab ovo*.

The Weathercock family, or rather, that branch of it with which we are at present concerned, resides on a large and productive estate in Leicestershire. We have spent much time with them, and have had several opportunities of studying their peculiar merits. Their mansion affords a perfect college for mutability; every thing is kept in readiness to be destroyed or refitted, removed or replaced, at a minute's warning. It is quite delightful to see how new fashions of furniture come in and go out; how the faces of the servants are continually altered; how the hour of meals, the regulation of the *parterres*,—in short, the whole system of domestic economy, is always subjected to some new ephemeral arrangement, which must soon give way to another equally new and equally ephemeral. To us, we say, this is delightful. But one seldom finds two tastes alike. Many pronounce the Weathercocks to be quite crazed; and many decide that "they are mighty good kind of people, but have very odd whimsies!"

The disposition for change, which is inherent in the family, has produced very strange effects upon their place of residence. The house was originally a good stout old-fashioned house, remarkable for nothing but the antiquity of its pictures, and the size of its dining-hall. But its name and character have shifted considerably since it came into the possession of my worthy friends. It has been alternately a Hall, an Abbey, a Castle, and a Lodge; nay, during the life of the late Sir Adonis Weathercock, it became, for a few months, a Cottage. The proprietor, however, in this instance, gave up his design before it had effected any thing beyond the windows. The Mansion bears more permanent marks of its other metamorphoses. On one side it has the square turrets and battlements of the feudal system; on another, the flowery-pointed arch of a Gothic cathedral. One of the owners of the place thought proper to sink a moat round his habitation; but he afterwards filled it up, and converted it into a circular gravel walk. Another had a fancy for erecting some solid Doric pillars; he, doubtless, much improved their appearance, by placing upon them a beautiful Chinese veranda. Similar observations are suggested by an inspection of the interior of the building. You may almost read a history of two or three centuries in the reliques of their manners, which are scattered in every apartment. War has been carried on with tolerably equal success between Lely's portraits, Gainsborough's landscapes, and Bunbury's caricatures. A cast of a Hercules looks somewhat



angrily upon a mandarin, who is his next neighbour; and a timorous Venus maintains her post with great obstinacy, although her divine presence is invaded by the scaly folds of an enormous Dragon. There are Bonzes and Cupids, oaken tables and mahogany tables, drab papering and crimson papering, high mantle-pieces and low mantle-pieces, Dresden china and French china; every thing is superb, every thing incongruous, every thing unfinished.

The old Park has been reduced to the same state. A scrupulous homage has been paid to every new mode of cultivation; a thousand emendations, and additions, and improvements, have been successively introduced. But it is easier to plant new customs, than to eradicate the old. Lycaon was turned into a beast, but he retained his old habits of atrocity. Arachne was transformed into a spider, but she did not forget her spinning. The Park of the Weathercocks has, in like manner, assumed various novel shapes, without losing the traces of its old ones. At one time it was dressed out in all the stiff regularity of alleys and arcades; at another, it was dubbed a "wilderness," and was immediately laid waste by a terrible inroad of shrubs and weeds without number. In one part your eye rests upon the muddy vestiges of an artificial cascade: in another, your foot stumbles over a heap of rubbish, which has been produced by the demolition of an artificial ruin. Some people object to these things; for my part, I own I am delighted with them. They show a proper distrust of one's own opinion; a decorous compliance with the unstable will of the world; an eager spirit of enterprise; in short, they prove that the Weathercocks have not an ounce of obstinacy in their composition.

Sir Wilfrid Weathercock, the present head of the family, is a cheerful and hale man, between forty and fifty years of age. He is about the middle stature, although, upon some occasions, by the affectation of a fashionable stoop, he appears somewhat dwarfish; while, upon others, by the assumption of a military gait and a pair of high heels, he bids fair to be accounted a giant. With a self-denial worthy of a Cincinnatus, he has avoided all offers of place or pension, all invitations to embark in public life; he has confined his manifold talents and his extraordinary versatility to the limits of his own estate. Perhaps, indeed, his determination, in this respect, may have been a prudent one; for, although any ministry would have been benefited by the unusual facility with which Sir Wilfrid would have flown from patriotic speeches to taxation and gagging bills; from prayers for peace to declarations of war; from professions of economy to measures of profusion; yet it must be confessed that his reluctance to remain a minute stationary would have driven him from one side of the



House to the other, oftener than is seemly in a public man. Let it be understood that we speak with all due deference and respect for the numerous precedents which are to be found in our English History. Leaving great statesmen to settle this point, we can only express our opinion that our friend has certainly acted best for his own comfort, by choosing a quiet privacy, where he may "change every hour," undisturbed by the malevolence of envy or the violence of faction.

His education was, in his youth, sadly neglected. Indeed his father fluctuated so long, first between Eton and Westminster, and afterwards between Cambridge and Oxford, that it is marvellous to me how little Wilfrid picked up any education at all. He has, however, obtained just so much learning as enables him to cry up the Greeks and the Latins alternately, and to flirt with all the nine Muses in succession. He escaped the fatigue of deliberation in the choice of a profession, by the death of his father; who left him, in very early life, the heir to all his fortune, all his friendships, and all his follies. He spent his first two years upon the estate, occupied in reflections of no very serious import: such as, whether his coat should be red or green; whether his hunter should be bay or brown; whether his equipage should be a barouche or a curricule. So far all was sunshine; but some tempestuous days were approaching. It was suggested to him that the ancient family of the Weathercocks ought to have an heir to its honours and possessions. No evasion would serve; Sir Wilfrid must take a wife. He was now in a novel and a disagreeable dilemma. In any trifling part of his domestic economy, in the livery of his servants, in the arrangement of his dinner-table, in the fashion of his plate, he would have bowed without a murmur to the decision of his friends; but to inflict upon himself a wife was a thing so utterly unlooked for and unprepared for, that Sir Wilfrid paused. He hesitated and decided, and hesitated again, through three years; at the termination of which he broke his leg in a fox-chase, grew quiet in consequence, sold his hounds, and looked out for a wife. Then another perplexity occurred. Who was to be the happy woman?—He could never resolve to make so invidious a distinction.

"It is very true," said poor Sir Wilfrid, "that Miss Dormer has a very fine face, but then I never much admired her nose. I certainly have always preferred her cousin, although that unfortunate cast of the eye—well, well, I am a young man, and, as my aunt says, 'there is no hurry!' Miss Rayner is very beautiful, and has such charming dark hair;—I always liked dark hair; yet I don't know if light is not as pretty—prettier sometimes,—as for instance Miss Chevier's,—only she is so insipid; I think Lady Mary is more fascinating, but then she is so terribly satirical.



Perhaps her sister would make a better wife—if she was not such a fool!”

He consulted in this manner with himself for a long time: half the belles of the county were ready to pull caps for him, but he “prattled with fifty fair maids, and changed them as oft—.” At last, in a fit of courage, he flung himself at the feet of his chosen one,—talked some rhapsodies,—sighed some sighs, and awaited his sentence. The Lady was sorry, very sorry,—and she was flattered, highly flattered,—and she was sure, quite sure,—it would only be attributed to her own want of discernment, that she declined the favour, the honour, the distinction—the— he heard no more; he hesitated! should he leave the room?—yes!—no!—yes!—and he escaped as well as he could.

He has continued to this day a bachelor. In spite of all intrigue, all solicitation, all persecution, he has remained, in this one instance, obstinate. In all others he is a real Weathercock. He builds cottages, apparently with no object but that of pulling them down; and pulls them down, apparently with no object but that of building them up: he is a Tory one hour and a Whig the next, and takes in the *Chronicle* and *Courier* alternately; he seldom reads more than half a number of a periodical work, and never wears the same coat above a month. In his conversation he pursues the same plan,—or rather want of plan,

Modo reges atque tetrarchas,  
Omnia magna, loquens;—modo ‘sit mihi mensa tripes, et  
Concha salis puri, et toga, quæ defendere frigus,  
Quamvis crassa queat —.’

In short—in manner, in language, in business, and in pleasure, he sets an admirable example of mutability, which we shall always make it our study to imitate;—especially when we take up our pens.

Of Sir Wilfrid's nephew and heir we shall here say nothing, as his character has been already noticed by another hand, under the name of Arthur Clavering. We pass on, therefore, to the Baronet's maiden sister, Lady Rachel Weathercock, who is nowise deficient in the peculiarities for which her family is remarkable. Lady Rachel has now attained her fiftieth year; the caprices and follies of her youth have gradually subsided; and, in many points, she has become more stationary than a Weathercock ought to be. Her character, however, is just saved by one little ingredient, by which a person who is unacquainted with her habits may be not a little puzzled. Lady Rachel is an inveterate reader, an inveterate talker, and an inveterate arguer. You might therefore suppose that few subjects could be started upon which the Lady would not ground a dispute;—but it is no such thing. Her Ladyship possesses such a delightful pliability



of opinion, that it is hardly possible to differ from her upon any topic. We have heard her advocate and abuse every school of painting or poetry in almost immediate succession. She combats to-day the very opinions she maintained yesterday ; yet, upon the first semblance of a contradiction, she veers round forthwith, and proves herself a more accommodating antagonist, if possible, than the Neapolitans. Mr. Oakley was three hours in conversation with her ; and though the burden of his song was No, No, No, he was unable to pick a quarrel. Like Sir Robert Bramble and Job,—“ they couldn't disagree,—and so they parted.”

The only remaining member of the family is Sir Wilfrid's niece. How delightful is your mutability, charming Leonora ! You are like a chess-board which is chequered with black and white squares alternately,—or a melodrama, in which the tears of Tragedy are relieved by the follies of Farce,—or a day in April, which blends rain with sunshine, Summer with Winter,—or “The Etonian,” in which the Serious is united with the Absurd, and Pathos is intermingled with Puns. What a wardrobe must be yours ! To-day you assume the costume of the victim Mary,—to-morrow that of the executioner Elizabeth ; you put off the diamonds of the Queen for the garland of the Peasant ; the curls of the Coquet for the veil of the Nun. Your voice has a thousand tones ; your lips have a thousand smiles ; all of them distinct, yet all of them engaging ! You are always the same, yet always varying ; consistent only in your inconsistency ! Be always so ! we will build a fane in the most beautiful region of Fancy ; where no two flowers shall wear the same hue, no two days be of the same length or temperature : light gales shall breathe from all points of the compass by turns, and clear streams shall vary their course every hour ;—Stability shall be sacrilege—and Leonora shall be the Goddess of the Temple.

J. L.

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CHANGING QUARTERS :

A SKETCH.

" Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress!  
And there was mounting in hot haste."—BYRON.

FAIR laughs the morn, and out they come,  
At the solemn beat of the rolling drum,  
    Apparell'd for the march;  
Many an old and honour'd name,  
Young warriors, with their eyes of flame,  
And aged veterans in the wars,  
With little pay, and many scars,  
And titled Lord, and tottering Beau,  
Right closely wrapt from top to toe  
    In vanity and starch.  
The rising Sun is gleaming bright,  
And Britain's flag is waving light,  
And widely, where the gales invite,  
    The charger's mane is flowing:  
Around is many a staring face  
Of envious Boor and wondering Grace,  
And Echo shouts through all the place,  
    "The Soldiers be a-going."  
Beauty and Bills are buzzing now  
    In many a martial ear,  
And, midst the tumult and the row,  
Is seen the Tailor's anxious bow,  
    And Woman's anxious tear.  
Alas! the thousand cares that float  
To-day around a scarlet coat!



There's Sergeant Cross, in fume and fret,  
With little Mopsa, the coquet,  
Close clinging to his side :  
Who, if fierce Mars and thundering Jove  
Had had the least respect for Love,  
To-day had been his bride,  
And, midst the trumpet's wild acclaim,  
She calls upon her lover's name,  
In beautiful alarm ;  
Still looking up expectantly  
To see the tear-drop in his eye,  
Still hanging to his arm :  
And he the while—his fallen chop  
Most eloquently tells,  
That much he wishes little Mop  
Were waiting for—another drop,  
Or hanging—somewhere else.

Poor Captain Mill ! what sounds of fear  
Break sudden on his startled ear !  
On right and left, above, around him,  
Tom, the horse-dealer, roars, " Confound him !  
A pretty conscience his ;  
To ruin thus my finest bay,  
And hurry off, like smoke, to-day—  
If there's no law, some other way,  
By Jove, he'll smart for this !"  
Ah ! fly, unhappy, while you can !  
The Captain is a dangerous man,  
A right old Jockey's son !  
Ah ! fly, unhappy, while you may !  
The Captain first knocks up the Bay,  
And then—knocks down the Dun !

Old Larry is as brave a soul  
As every drained an English bowl ;



His head and heart alike are tried ;  
And when two comrades have applied  
Or hand to sword, or lip to pewter,  
Old Larry never yet was neuter.  
But now the Hero (like a fool,  
Ripe from a milksop boarding-school,  
In love or fortune crost,)  
Silent, and pale, and stupid, stands,  
Scratches his head with both his hands,  
And fears the hostile Host.  
Oh ! can it be ? are hearts of stone  
So small, and soft, and silky, grown,  
That Larry fears a lick ?  
Oh ! wrong not thus his closing years  
'Tis not the Host of France he fears,  
But of the Candlestick.  
The Brute is there !—in long array,  
All clean set down, from day to day,  
The dreaded figures stalk ;  
The Veteran, with his honest blows,  
Can settle well a Score of Foes,  
But not a Score of Chalk.  
Alas ! alas ! that warrior hot  
Balls from ten-pounders feareth not,  
But Bills for pennies three ; \*  
And if he trembles, well I wot  
He would not care for Gallic shot,  
So here he were shot-free.

Fat Will the Butcher, in a pet,  
His furious fang hath sharply set,  
On luckless Captain Martinette,  
And thus the booby cries,

\* Pennies three:—the price of half-a-pint at the Candlestick Inn.



" Don't kick.—As sure as eggs is eggs  
You will not have me off my legs,  
    Captain, although you tries ;  
And you must know, good Sir, as how  
I mean to ha' my money now,  
    Or know the whens and whys."  
The little Captain, whom 'twould kill  
    To be a public scoff ;  
Shuffles and whispers,—“ honest Will,  
For forty shillings is your bill,  
    Take twenty—and be off.”  
The Butcher, much a friend to fun,  
And somewhat apt to laugh or pun,  
    Stands grinning like his calves ;  
Till for his joke his debt he barters,  
“ Sir—Gemmen, when they change their quarters,  
    Shouldn't do things by halves.”

He, too, the pride of war, is there,  
Victorious Major Ligonier.  
A soldier, he, from boot to plume,  
In tented field or crowded room,  
Magnanimous in martial guise,  
He eats, and sleeps, and swears, and lies ;  
Like no poor cit the man behaves,  
And when he picks his teeth, or shaves,  
He picks his teeth with warlike air,  
And mows his beard *en militaire*.  
But look—his son is by his side,  
More like a young and blushing bride  
    Than one, in danger's hour,  
All madly doom'd to run and ride,  
And stem the Battle's whelming tide,  
    And face its iron shower.



In peace too warm, in war too cold,  
Although with girls he's very bold,  
    With men he's somewhat shy;  
Nature could not two gifts afford,  
And so she did not make his sword  
    So killing as his eye.

Is there an eye, which nothing sees  
    In what it views to-day,  
To whisper deeper thoughts than these,  
    And wake a graver lay?  
Oh think not thus! when Lovers part,  
When weeping eye and trembling heart  
    Speak more than words can say;  
It ill becomes my jesting song  
To run so trippingly along,  
And on these trifling themes bestow  
What ought to be a note of woe.

I see young Edward's courser stand,  
The bridle rests upon his hand;  
But beauteous Helen lingers yet,  
With throbbing heart and eyelid wet;  
And as she speaks in that sweet tone,  
Which makes the listener's soul its own;  
And as she heaves that smother'd sigh  
Which Lovers cannot hear and fly,  
In Edward's face looks up the while,  
And longs to weep, yet seems to smile.

“ Fair forms may fleet around, my love !  
    And lighter steps than mine,  
And sweeter tones may sound, my love !  
    And brighter eyes may shine ;



But wheresoever thou dost rove,  
 Thou wilt not find a heart, my love,  
     So truly, wholly, thine,  
 As that which at thy feet is aching,  
 As if its every string were breaking !

“ I would not see thee glad, my love !  
     As erst, in happier years :  
 Yet do not seem so sad, my love !  
     Because of Helen’s fears !  
 Swiftly the flying minutes move,  
 And though we weep to-day, my love,  
     Heavy and bitter tears,  
 ‘There’ll be, for every tear that strays,  
 A thousand smiles in other days ! ”

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TO H. U. TIGHE, ESQ.

GENTLEMAN COMMONER OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE,

*Author of “ The Antiquities of Cumnor.”*

MY DEAR TIGHE,—Relying on our old acquaintance, and being in hopes that you have not forgot the time when we used to walk up town together, in generous rivalry for the admiration of the Promenade, I could not deny myself the pleasure of congratulating you on your late successful *debüt* in the literary world. Allow me to recall a few reminiscences of the past ! My ideas of an antiquarian had been always so closely identified with the characteristics of green spectacles, a long-waisted straight-cut coat of the year 1, and the brilliant appendage of those twin stars, the shoe-buckles, that my *beau idéal* of the personage was utterly annihilated by the intelligence that Mr. H. U. Tighe had come forward as the modern representative of Antony Wood and Jonathan Oldbuck. We well remember the quizzing-glass, spruce brummel, and the ankles cased in their silken vesture ; and little should we have been inclined to credit a prediction of the future



Antiquarian. But we had forgot the literary taste which our author had imbibed from his mother's milk :—

“ O matre clarâ fili clarior.”

Let us now picture to ourselves the enthusiast at the goal of his pilgrimage. Was that peculiar euphony of expression, so fashionably abrupt, or so charmingly *sang-froid*, the tone by which we could have imagined the cross-examinations to have been carried on with the old Sexton, who has vegetated this half century at the village of Cumnor, and acts as the precious repository of the traditions of his forefathers? Did Delcroix's essences accompany our adventurous Knight Errant into the vault which gapes with such important hiatus in the midst of the ruins!—a vault which imagination might picture to be the same abyss into which the lovely Countess is represented to have been plunged by the infernal policy of her husband's agents; but which, in matter of fact, was nothing more than the common sewer of the mansion? Can we fancy the ornament of High-street, the President of the Common-Room at Corpus, in such a situation? *Quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore*. The critic of Layton's ices and *patées* has become the umpire of the claims of the Hall, Chapel, and Picture Galleries to their respective sites in the residence of Antony Foster. But let us not be misunderstood. We hail with pleasure the signal metamorphosis, and our future expectations have an extensive prospect. The world may now hope from this promising son of Alma Mater the elucidation of questions which have puzzled the wits of successive generations. The Bodleian manuscripts and old records, which had no claim to the notice of Messrs. Elmsley and Gaisford, have now a chance of catching a glimpse of daylight. Oh! why was Eton so soon deprived of such a student? By this time we might have been satisfied that the Montem foot-pads have a more honourable charter to justify their depredation than that of custom. Burnham Abbey might have risen again to our imagination, in all its pristine solemnity of scenery, beneath the glowing pencil of such a genius. The old monks would have been placed before us, gloating over their capons, and swilling their sack, where their modern representatives may be now seen grunting over their meal and hogs-wash. But my task draws to an end. I merely wish to offer you my best thanks for the instruction and amusement I have received from your pages. The study you have chosen is honourably distinguished among the branches of literature. It confers equal obligations upon History and Poetry. In the case of the latter, it throws the cold water of truth into the face of intoxicated imagination; while it acts as a jackall to the former. Gifted with the visual properties of the feline tribe, it hunts its prey in the dark, and the historian turns to profit the discoveries which are made. But let



him be on his guard. He may be following a Will-o'-the-wisp, where the offer of guidance is deceitful, the pursuit fruitless and vexatious. This, however, my dear Tighe, is of course *entre nous*, and I hasten to conclude this lengthened epistle with professions of esteem.

Yours very truly,

FREDERICK GOLIGHTLY.

*Eton College, April 5, 1821.*

### A COUNTRY SABBATH.

"There are few places more favourable to the study of character than an English Country Church."

SKETCH-BOOK.

AMONG the most interesting and pleasing scenes of rural life there is none which holds a more conspicuous place than a Country Sabbath. The universal quiet that pervades the whole face of nature, as if the fields were slumbering after the labours of the week; the mellow sound of the bells; and the joyous troops of villagers, all arrayed in their best garments, and hurrying along the pathway;—have a charm of which no other country can so truly boast. I was a frequent visitor at the village church during my stay with the Rector, who, fortunately for the village of —, was a Pastor worthy to negotiate between God and Man. I have said fortunately, because you are frequently disgusted in country churches by seeing a perfumed fashionable in the pulpit; one of those personages who are accustomed to take orders that they may enjoy their ease, pleasures, and sports, more freely. I should as soon think of being led to pray by a bulky corpulent monk, whose jolly fat countenance, rising over the pulpit, would give the lie to every word he might utter, as by one of those lady's maids of religion, who dance up the church with a negligent air, display a white handkerchief or gold ring, and apparently think they are doing an honour to their Saviour by murdering his gospel, "the things that mount the rostrum with a skip, and then skip down again."

On a Sunday morning, during my ramble through the church-yard, I espied an equipage rapidly approaching, which I immediately recognized, as it belonged to a man of large property in the neighbourhood, a thorough fox-hunter, and at the same time a regular attendant at church, unless he happened to indulge too freely on the Saturday night. His whole family consisted of a niece, who had been left an orphan by her parents, and an only



son, whom I had formerly known at Eton, a merry, boisterous, warm-hearted youth, so that I was rather anxious to catch a glimpse of "the Squire," as he was called by way of pre-eminence. In another minute the old gentleman's phaeton dashed round the corner of the church, containing himself; his niece, a pretty-looking girl of about nineteen; and a favourite dog, who generally escorted his master to the church door, and then retired home by a short cut over the fields. As the old man briskly descended from his phaeton, I could not help admiring the uprightness of his figure, and the vigour and strength visible in his whole person. They seemed to give the lie to the gray flowing locks which were telling tales of his years. The spirit of conviviality and good-fellowship was indelibly stamped upon a countenance by no means destitute of interest or expression, but already bronzed by exposure to all extremities of weather in pursuit of his favourite sport. In a word, his were honest English features, ignorant of disguise, and forcibly claiming a place for their owner, in every warm and benevolent bosom, beaming with kind hospitality and good-will to all mankind. His dress was entirely explanatory of the nature and customs of the wearer; consisting of smooth shining leather breeches, top boots, and a straight-cut coat, decorated with numerous buttons, and apparently the only part of his dress destined exclusively to Sunday's wear. I confess I was particularly struck with the *tout ensemble* of the good Squire, and no longer wondered at the rapturous expressions of attachment I had often heard the tenants use, when speaking of their landlord. Indeed there was scarcely a tongue in the village that was not for ever ready to launch out in his praise, and repeat some well-known anecdote of his generosity and kindness.

Shurleigh Hall was always the refuge of the widow, the orphan, the unhappy, and the indigent, though it was never an asylum for the idle beggar, who has the strength to work but not the will. Every Christmas the good Squire adhered to the old custom of keeping open house, and said it was one of the greatest pleasures of his life to see all his tenantry collected in the hall, where all was joy and festivity. Not one intruding thought of care or sorrow disturbed the merriment of the roysters of Shurleigh. He never missed at that time saying grace himself, sticking the first knife into the sirloin, and toasting their healths in the first cup; while the whole house resounded with their shouts as he retired to his own regale. But I am wandering from the churchyard, where at this moment the Squire was hastening to meet my hospitable host the Rector, whom he saw approaching. The latter caught a glimpse of me a few yards distant, and having beckoned to me, introduced me to the Squire, who, the instant he heard my name, shook my hand with such violence that I trembled lest my



shoulder should be dislocated, said he had heard son George talk of me, sorry he was not at home now, but hoped that would not prevent my staying a few days at Shurleigh Hall, and making use of his horses, dogs, &c. as I pleased. Had I not been beforehand ready to close with such an invitation, my denial would have been a faint one when the Squire's words were backed by his niece, whom I found to be far more beautiful than I had even before thought her; and as she hung negligently on the old gentleman's arm, like a slender tendril of ivy from the trunk of some sturdy oak, she pressed me to come with a smile of welcome that totally removed all power of opposition. Our short conversation now was sufficient even to show me my new friend was by no means one of those enthusiastic hunters, whom we occasionally meet with; and who consider a chase the *summum bonum* of all earthly pleasures, and stamp every man as a fool that cannot top a five-barred gate, or switch a rasper; who spend their whole winter in endangering their necks all day, and drowning their senses all night; who abhor the summer, and have no other means of dissipating the *ennui* it produces, than gambling, or preparing their apparatus for next season. The Squire even appeared to be a man of the world; asked several questions about Eton, and regretted very feelingly that his youth had been confined in a villainous private school, where there was neither liberality nor good-fellowship. After some few minutes we adjourned to the church, where he was resolute in making me occupy a seat in his pew; which, by the way, was by no means to be despised, for it had been cushioned, and made quite warm and comfortable by his orders. He then, with a smile, handed me an old family prayer-book and bible, ornamented with huge clasps of silver, and having illuminated title-letters to the chapters; which, the old gentleman observed, were formerly the best means of keeping George, and Emmy (his niece), quiet during church-time, when they were children.

Soon after this I compromised with my conscience for a few minutes, in order to glance my eye over the congregation; and was not a little astonished to see their order and regularity, which had been effected principally by the joint endeavours of the Squire and Rector. I cannot tell whether every one of them was fervent in prayer; but, at any rate, there was an attention paid to decorum such as we seldom see among the higher ranks of people. Almost the only exception was the son of an opulent farmer in the neighbourhood; who, having apparently received a tolerable education, employed it in endeavouring to waste what his father's industry had amassed, and was too much the gentleman to attend to business. He was dressed, as far as lay in the power of a country tailor, in the height of fashion, but unfortunately



stamped in Nature's homeliest mould; so that his fine apparel hung about his stiff-girded awkward body like flowers on a May-pole. On entering he stalked along with great preciseness, admiring his own elegant figure, while a huge bunch of keys thumped and bumped against his side at every step. Apparently the only reason of his coming to church was to be seen and see others: hence, during the service, he amused himself in staring at every female, or counting the brass nails that studded his pew. Soon after, the Farmer himself arrived—the very reverse of his son; being a hale hearty-looking man—displaying by his corpulence that his agriculture enabled him to keep a good table—wiping the sweat off his brow with one hand, and in the other shouldering a huge stick, that would perhaps have better become his son's back. But the rough Farmer was a better judge of his good or bad crops than of his offspring's folly; besides, there was a lady in the case, who considered this fashionable clod her darling boy.

At this moment there was a great banging of the door, and rustling of silks; and, on looking round, I beheld an elderly Lady, arrayed almost in the dress of the days of Queen Bess, advancing with most majestic gestures, up the middle of the aisle. The Squire, observing my eyes directed towards her, informed me in a whisper that she was a Maiden Lady, descended from a noble family, and not a little proud of her pedigree. But, notwithstanding certain little pruderies and peculiarities in her domestic arrangements, she was considered by her neighbours as a mighty good sort of woman, for she intended to leave a sum of money for building an hospital in the next town; and was at present the patroness of a school, from whence she selected occasionally a lad to attend her, always dismissing him when he arrived at manhood. I confess I was not a little amused as the old Lady fluttered along in a profusion of trains, displaying and erecting her flounces like some dignified turkey hen—but I will spare my reader another rural simile. Nevertheless, as those must be the truest which are most natural, I should, for the future, advise all Poets and Pic Nic writers to have a landscape, or some picture of domestic rural comforts always before them, from whence they may select 'a simile at leisure. In much the same manner do modern authors keep half a dozen obsolete compositions lying open on their scrutoire; and, pilfering a line from one, a sentiment from another, and a fine passage from a third, they jumble them up together in a mass, array them in modern guise, and then just bring in a thread of their own, to unite them in harmonious concord. After which they rub their hands in ecstasy, and read over and over again the inspired productions of their ingenious Muse. But I must now return to my subject,



and to the congregation, amongst whom I found no other very conspicuous objects; for it consisted principally of farmers, and the other usual inhabitants of our villages. But the Clerk must not be forgotten: a stout man, with a stomach that appeared to have run away with his legs, from their unequal proportion, and ornamented with a patch over one eye. He was remarkable for preserving, in all its elegant idioms, the peculiar dialect of the country; add to which, he not only served out consolation for the souls, but also for the bodies of the villagers, as he was a publican, reputed to sell capital beer, inferior only to that of Boniface, mentioned before in a sketch of the village. The younger part of the congregation were seated on some raised forms, to compensate for the want of an organ by their own natural voices. This had been introduced by the Squire; who thought a hymn relieved the mind from the length of the Morning Service; and generally chimed in himself, with no inharmonious voice, though perhaps it was more accustomed to the death of Reynard. Miss Emily assisted, however, with the sweet delicious tones of a voice more enchanting to me than those of more practised melodists. It is not lost on the old gentleman; for it generally falls to her lot to sing him to sleep of an evening after the labours of the day. But, however, as soon as the Church Service was over, the tenants all remained stationary in their pews till the Squire had passed; who, in his way, exchanged a nod of recognition, or salute, with every one, in however low a rank of life; while they all seemed anxious to obtain this token of his kindness. As soon as we gained the door, he begged me to get into his phaeton, and let him drive me home; but this I obstinately refused, though I could scarcely resist the invitation, as I handed Miss Emily in. I stood some time watching the carriage, as it moved rapidly on; and, after it vanished from my sight, remained some minutes thinking with pleasure on the warm-hearted Squire and his pretty Niece; after which I rambled onwards through the churchyard, which is always a scene of so much interest and importance on a Sunday. Here I found some parties of the villagers talking over public affairs, with very knowing and shrewd countenances; little knots of friends indulging in social chat: some village damsels hastening home, with Bible and Prayer Book neatly folded up in white kerchiefs; and one or two sage moralizers on tombstones, who were trying to decipher death-heads, hour-glasses, and inscriptions, caked in the dust of antiquity. As I approached the village, all was bustle and happiness; the very birds above my head appeared to twitter notes of gratitude for the safety which this day afforded them from guns and other deadly weapons. Every spot, from the farmer's house to the ploughman's cottage, bore convincing proofs of Sunday, that happiest of



days to a countryman, who looks forward to it with as much *gusto* as Musgrave to his holiday sports. My sight, however, was not more regaled than my nose, by several savoury dishes that passed rapidly by me from the baker's: it is a universal maxim that your country people will enjoy a good dinner on a Sunday, though they starve the other six days of the week for it. Woe be to the luckless child, who, in his way home with the family repast, should hap to trip over unheeded stone, or any other obstacle: down falls his steaming cargo in the mire; smash goes the best dish—"Oh! what a fall is there!" In vain the unhappy urchin wrings his hands, or laments over the smoking ruin; the delicacies are lost for ever, and destined to become the prey of some insolent crow, or half-famished beggar, whose eyes would glisten with joy at such a banquet. It is fashionable in these days to make apostrophes,—so my reader must pardon me for this, and with more kindness, I hope, than the aforesaid destroyer of the expected repast will receive from his disappointed family at home, who will be perhaps compelled to feast on mouldy cheese, in lieu of the delicious pudding. By the time I had finished these observations, I found myself at the end of the village, and that, should I not hasten home, all my chance of luncheon would inevitably be lost. In my way over the fields there still appeared new signs of Sunday; for the hedges were invaded by troops of joyous children, pilfering them of every thing worthy eating, from the roseate hip to the purple sloe and blackberry, while farther on several parties were marshalling for a nutting expedition to a neighbouring wood. But I bid a hasty farewell to them, and, on arriving at the Rector's, found a message from Shurleigh Hall to inform me that Master George had arrived unexpectedly, and that the Squire requested me to ride over the next day. Having returned an answer, I began to anticipate no little pleasure from my visit, and fell asleep at night to dream of Shurleigh and the benevolent Fox-hunting Squire.

C. BELLAMY.

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 SONG.

SAY a kind farewell, my Mary!  
 Here's a kind farewell to thee!  
 'Tis the last time ever, Mary,  
 Thou'lt say farewell to me.



I'll not depart in sorrow,  
Nor mourn upon the shore ;  
But I'll smile upon to-morrow,  
And the sea-wave and its roar.

I dreamt a heart was mine,  
With its passion and its joy ;  
And oh ! the heart was thine,  
And I lov'd it as a boy.  
But all is over now, Mary,  
The dream and the delight ;  
And I'll bury all beside, Mary,  
In forgetfulness to-night.

I'll sing the song that others sing ;  
I'll pass the jest with all ;  
And I will not tame my spirit's wing  
In banquet or in hall ;  
But I'll fill one cup alone, Mary,  
To drown thy maiden spell ;  
And I'll drain that cup to thee, Mary,  
For a health and a farewell !

When the snow-white sails are set,  
And the seaward gale is blowing,  
My eyes shall not be wet ;  
My tears shall not be flowing :  
But when England fades away, Mary,  
And I'm lone upon the sea ;  
Oh ! I'll look tow'rds England then, Mary,  
And sigh farewell to thee.

G. M.

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## ON CALUMNY.

"Protinus, ut moneam, si quid monitoris eges Tu,  
Quid de quoque viro, et cui dicas, sæpe videto.  
Percontatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est,  
Nec retinent patulæ commissa fideliter aures,  
Et semel emissum volat irrevocabile verbum."

AMONGST several kind and friendly precepts of Horace, from which I have selected the lines which appear at the head of this subject, a source of admonition presents itself to our view, which might be serviceably applied to all ranks of life, and deserves the notice of all generations. Were all inclined to bestow that sufficient portion of attention upon it which it merits, to resist that malicious propensity against which it so forcibly warns us, how seldom would the violations of friendship occur which frequently afflict mankind! How many enmities and jealousies, which have been fomented by wilful slander, or a careless freedom of speech, would, in a great measure, sink into oblivion!

The vice of calumny can never be too harshly stigmatized, or too vehemently condemned. It is unworthy of the man of honour, and contemptible to every follower of virtue, generosity, and honesty. We should preserve our tongues from it, as from the touch of pollution; and banish it from our hearts, as the enemy of candour and happiness,—as the bane of friendship and peace.

Calumny, when merely exercised and encouraged for purposes of wickedness, denotes the heart from which it proceeds to be of the blackest nature, and competent to the performance of any actions degrading to a man and to a Christian. The foe who attacks our characters and our reputations in secret—who excites the opinions of mankind against us by false tales and dark insinuations,—can, in no respect, be deemed less pernicious than the assassin, who, under cover of night, aims his dagger at our breast,—than the serpent, which corrupts our blood with its venom, while it lurks beneath our feet. That foe, when we unguardedly trust ourselves to its power, and confide ourselves to the seeming candour and sincerity so readily assumed by him, is occupied, at the very interval when we are most defenceless, in framing or executing some project for our ruin and misery. We can avoid the fangs of the rattlesnake; for, by the noise which accompanies his motions, we are informed of his approach;—we can shelter ourselves from the fury of the tempest, for the distant thunder and the gathering clouds forewarn us of its attack. But calumny assails us in secret; and, while her features wear the semblance



of piety and friendship, the venom of malice and iniquity gushes from her heart.

Yet, although the calumniator must be held in the light of one utterly lost to all sentiments of virtue and conscience, we should not refuse our advice and our pity to some, who, notwithstanding they are equally culpable with those infected with the above-mentioned vice, are perpetually liable, without any wicked intent, to involve their friends, and all who are acquainted with them, in misery. It is of those I speak, who heedlessly and incautiously relate whatever remarks they may have heard, and aggravate them by fabrications of their own; merely intending those remarks as an embellishment of conversation, and as a source of amusement for themselves and their hearers. The folly of such conduct must be observed by all who are inclined to bestow one serious thought upon it. When we behold the conflagrations which arise from a single spark—when we hear of the wrecks which proceed from one trivial instance of neglect—and the deaths which have been caused by a wound, trifling and insignificant in its origin,—how plainly must the danger and the sorrows, which spring from such heedlessness and folly as this, present themselves to our minds! Can we be ignorant, while we are amusing our companions at the expense of one who is absent, by relating his words and actions in a manner which we should think dishonourable in his presence, that many of his enemies may hear us, and succeed, by our own animadversions, in the accomplishment of their own purposes? Are we positive that many to whom we are addressing ourselves may not, in their turn, inform him of our cowardly and ungenerous attack, at a time when he is unable to defend himself, or answer our remarks? May we not excite quarrels between him and his friends, or lessen the good opinions of many of his acquaintance? May we not offend those who are most dear to him, and are confident that our assertions are unfounded and unkind? Such consequences as these must all, in the hour of consideration, occur to us.

But, as I have said before, a person may be the cause of much enmity and unhappiness, while he little imagines or intends it. He is encouraged by the laughter and applause which his attempts to please others receive, and is so deluded by them, that he finally suffers the most unguarded expressions to escape from his lips. But, unless he is kindly warned by some friend of his error, he will inevitably bring down misery upon himself and those connected with him; and, should he escape an unhappy end, which most probably awaits him, will be despised and shunned, as the propagator of mischief, and the pest of society.

Edward Overton was the son of a gentleman in the South of England, who possessed a handsome property, and was connected



with several respectable and opulent families in that quarter. He was the youngest of several brothers and sisters ; and, being gifted by nature with talents far superior to the generality of mankind, became naturally an object of delight and admiration to his indulgent parents. But little did they, when applauding and encouraging those sallies of wit and brilliant remarks, which shone forth even in his earliest days, foresee the misery which their son might some day be subjected to, from this propensity of ridiculing the faults of others, and disclosing their errors. Many, indeed, would have suspected the consequences which might ensue from that freedom of speech : but his parents were so wrapt up in the admiration of his sprightliness, that he was suffered to indulge in this pernicious gratification, without the most distant restrictions, and to exercise his satirical qualifications, without fear of punishment or displeasure from his parents.

The origin of his future misfortunes and errors may be traced even to the nursery. At the most tender age, it was his amusement to irritate his sisters against each other, and disturb the sports of his brothers, by scattering amongst them the seeds of enmity. Ann was enraged against Elizabeth, because, according to Edward, Elizabeth had reported her intention of demolishing Ann's babyhouse ; and Elizabeth forgot the love which she owed to Ann as a sister, having heard, from the same authority, that Ann made complaints of her to the nurse. In like manner, Henry was angry with Richard, and Richard looked upon Henry in no very favourable light, each having heard the other's strictures upon himself, together with sundry embellishments and additions, from the lips of Edward. But the author of these quarrels and heart-burnings escaped the punishment he deserved ; and, when he had disturbed the little group with various intestine divisions, was highly gratified with the effects of his art, and congratulated himself upon his malevolent ingenuity.

It is needless to follow him through his schoolboy exploits, as they much resembled those of his childhood, though perhaps more conducive to mischief in their end. Suffice it to say, that, after passing some years in that situation, embroiling his companions in several disputes, and sometimes receiving a sound drubbing for his pains, he entered upon the stage of life, attended by the best wishes and expectations of his parents, though not without the apprehensions of some of his friends.

Being undetermined as to what course of life he should pursue, he concurred with the wishes of his father, by directing his attention to the Bar, and pursuing those attainments, which might qualify him to embrace a profession whence his friends were induced to hope that he would be happy and successful. Sanguine indeed was that hope, from those acute talents which he naturally



enjoyed—from that unbounded versatility of genius which shone forth in all his sentiments, and enlivened all his observations.

He accordingly stationed himself at the Temple, and applied himself diligently to the law. All his prospects seemed favourable; and his former errors lay dormant beneath the application and perseverance with which he followed that study. He allowed no trifling amusements to interfere with his labours; and carefully avoided all idle and dissipated society, so repugnant to that course of life which appeared to him most eligible. But at length he became acquainted with a young man, who was his neighbour at the Temple; but who, whatever might be his good qualities, was entirely deficient in the application and abilities which characterized Edward Overton. Their acquaintance, which at first consisted in mere respectful civility, was gradually, and unfortunately for Edward, extended to an intimacy. I say unfortunately; for had no temptations been thrown in his way, no inducements to change his present tranquil and secluded life for one of pleasure and relaxation, those errors, which so strongly prevailed in his earliest days, would have vanished, and given way in every respect to the reason which governs the mind when it has arrived at full maturity.

We shall not be much inclined to wonder, on hearing, that through the persuasions of young Caernside, his new acquaintance, he in some measure began to waver in his original good resolutions; and that finally he consented to enroll himself in a club of young men, of which Caernside was the principal director and supporter. They were mostly of his own age and profession, and had instituted this Society, as some relief to the monotony of their studies. We do not wish to accuse them of any wilful misconduct or want of principle; but, in strict morality, they might deserve some censure, from the freedom with which they attacked the characters of their absent friends, and from the satire in which they occasionally indulged with equal severity, though not with equal veracity, against the deserving and the undeserving.

Edward Overton was, as might be expected, a valuable acquisition to their body. His originality, his satire, his pungent wit, and the real quaintness of his remarks, highly delighted his auditors, and contributed greatly to the joviality of their meetings. He knew, and, alas! knew too well, the influence his talents had obtained over them; and was led on by the fatal desire of applause, and the solicitations of his companions,—nor should we omit, his own self-admiration,—to those habits which afterwards so deeply involved him in misery.

His studies were now entirely neglected, that his days might be passed in sauntering about and picking up any casual reports



which might meet his ear, whatever might be his authority, that he might relate them to the Club at night; and, by sundry of his own improvements, render them a subject for the diversion of his companions. Then was, indeed, his hour of gratification—then his reign of glory and triumph. But how dearly did he purchase that fame! How often, even at the risk of his honour and character, did he intrude himself into the company of those with whom he could claim no acquaintance; and gain possession of secrets and observations, in a manner from which Honour would recoil in disdain. Nay, so totally did he forget all virtuous and upright sentiments, that he was more than once detected in listening to the private conference of persons, and committing it to paper;—an indelible stigma upon him through life, had not the injured parties most kindly forgiven him, on account of his father's respectability, and his own youth; and concealed their discovery from the world.

Now was the time that his parents began to lament their foolish indulgence. Many were their admonitions, and frequent his renewals of penitence. But this fatal habit had so completely overpowered him, that all his exertions were in vain; nor could they rescue him from that strange infatuation, to which must be attributed all his future shame and ruin.

His first exploit of mischief was to embroil two of his own companions in a duel, who, whatever were their actual differences, might lay the consummation of their quarrel principally to his charge. Their mutual dislike proceeded from a love affair, in which the affections of both rested upon the same object. But Edward heightened that dislike, by relating to each, in the other's absence, some insult which was offered, or intended to be offered to him, by his rival. The consequences need not be related. A duel was agreed upon in the heat of their passion. Fortunately, however, the blood of neither was shed; and, upon the interposition of the seconds, after their first onset, the affair was amicably adjusted. But the author of it, on a close examination of all the circumstances, was detected, and expelled from their society; of which he could no longer be deemed a worthy and honourable member.

Why did he not at this warning desist? Why should not the dishonour, which he incurred from this evil propensity, entirely check its farther progress? Alas! he only departed from the scene of his disgrace, and his enraged associates, to stir up dissensions in his own family!—his affectionate family—which, notwithstanding his pernicious qualities, received him in its bosom. During six short months, which he passed beneath his father's roof, he caused differences between all his relations; disturbed even the love and harmony of his worthy parents; and weaned



the affections of his eldest sister from her lover;—all by his false representations, and the subtlety of his plots. Let us for a moment view the scene of domestic misery, which his idle and deceitful tongue created. A feud, which embittered the ties of consanguinity;—a coldness of manner, so diametrically opposite to the warmth of affection formerly manifested in a most delightful manner towards each other by his parents;—the separation of two worthy and innocent hearts, which caused the death of his intended brother, and clouded the happiest days of his sister's life with the blackest despair:—all, all these miseries owed their birth to the disgraceful folly and cruel indiscretion of Edward Overton!

His unhappy father, although nearly sinking beneath the accumulation of distress heaped upon him by an unworthy son, had still the resolution, after having settled upon that son a handsome income, to dismiss him from the home whose joys and endearments he had eternally blasted. Yet, while he despaired of working any reformation upon his heart, he nevertheless, with some of the most tender and affecting admonitions which parental love could utter, bade him farewell for ever.

Edward Overton, whatever might be his failings, and great indeed they were, was by no means destitute of feeling. He saw clearly, and felt acutely, the miseries which he had wrought upon the very persons who deserved his most earnest attention, and most affectionate sincerity. Often did he repent; and fervently did he desire to cast himself upon the pity and forgiveness of those whom he had so deeply afflicted. But could he return to that roof, could he enter those doors, could he look upon those countenances, once so happy, with any other feeling than that of horror, melancholy, and self-reproach? His wishes were in vain; nor could he endure the thought of turning his footsteps to that home, whence he had banished happiness, tranquillity, and love.

For the space of a year he gave himself up to solitude and remorse; entirely relinquishing society. But the impressions of woe gradually faded away, and he again appeared in the world. None of his old friends indeed would form any connexion with him; but they kindly spared those strictures upon his character, which he had so frequently and so illiberally distributed against others. Hence his dangerous qualities were little known; and, from his superior talents, elegant education, and gentlemanly appearance, he was much admired and esteemed in all the circles of his new acquaintance.

He chanced to meet, at an evening party, a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments; and, being somewhat captivated with her appearance at his first introduction to her, requested the favour of her hand in a dance, which constituted the principal



evening's amusement. The favour was not denied him. He imperceptibly admitted sentiments, which, once entertained, quickly lead to an attachment; and his feelings soon convinced him of it; when, at the close of the dance, after handing her to the carriage which was to convey her home, he left the assembly with emotions which his breast had never before known.

Having obtained her permission on the preceding night to visit her father, and inquire respecting her safe arrival, he proceeded in the morning to her abode. Mr. Williams was so much delighted with his conversation and engaging manners, that he requested him to renew his visits frequently. We need not doubt that the offer was accepted—that he soon became an inmate of the family—and that finally, having discovered his affection to the daughter and the father, he was successful in all his hopes, and received a promise of the hand of Emma Williams in marriage.

It may not be improper here to give a short account of the family to which he was about to connect himself. Mr. Williams was a man of large property, which depended chiefly upon an extensive mercantile firm in Liverpool. His wife had been dead for many years; and Emma was the sole hope, delight, and consolation, of his declining life.

Every arrangement was proceeding in a most favourable way for the completion of their nuptials, when Edward Overton chanced one morning to enter a coffee-house, where he passed much of his leisure time in reading the news, and sundry other trivial employments, by which the idle beguile a tedious hour. He was loitering in solitude, and scarcely knowing in what manner he might dissipate ennui, when he fancied that he heard the voices of persons holding a serious conference in the next room. His culpable curiosity was immediately excited; and thinking that he now had found something to divert his attention, he applied his ear to the thin wainscoting which separated him from the unknown speakers. The subject which one was explaining to the other seemed to contain a secret of the greatest importance and mystery. The words which he could collect appeared to be relative to a large mercantile concern, which was pronounced in great danger, and which, should any of the creditors discover its peril, would be inevitably ruined by their demands upon it. The person, however, who was giving this information, expressed a hope which Mr. Fitzgerald (as he styled the principal director), had induced him to cherish, that if their embarrassments could be concealed for a few months, they might regain their former prosperity. He concluded by desiring his auditor to preserve the secret with the greatest caution; and declared his satisfaction in having been able to entrust it to him with such security.



Edward Overton departed, and in the course of the day published at a large party, with his usual folly and carelessness, the tidings which he had so dishonourably gained possession of in the morning. Several persons, on hearing the name of Fitzgerald, and the danger of his firm, immediately took the alarm, and spread the news on all sides. The consequences, as might be expected, were dreadful. The unhappy merchants, unable to release themselves from their embarrassments, or to answer the demands of their creditors, were immediately pronounced bankrupts: and a house, which had long surpassed all others in wealth, in reputation, and the number and respectability of its directors, was reduced to disgrace—to a mere nothing, by the babblings of one pernicious and heedless man.

It were enough to think of this with the most heartfelt sorrow. But as yet the reader is uninformed of the whole effects of Edward's indiscretion. What shall we say,—what must be our feelings, on discovering that the father of Emma Williams, although the circumstance was unknown to Edward Overton, was deeply concerned in the affairs of that ruined firm, which once bore Fitzgerald's name? He, consequently, was also plunged in the general misery and calamity. On hearing, therefore, the fatal discovery of that secret, which but one day before had been entrusted to him with such circumspection; on perceiving the adversity and wretchedness to which he and his daughter must necessarily be reduced; and, above all, on discovering that he was betrayed by Edward Overton,—the friend of his bosom,—the affianced husband of his child,—a shock was inflicted, which nearly proved fatal. But for Emma's sake he struggled against this painful trial; and through the aid of a mind whose natural strength was increased by true Christian fortitude, and the consolations of religion, gradually overcame the pressure of his woes.

Having collected the wrecks of a once splendid fortune, he retired from a world of tumults and vicissitudes, to the tranquillity of a country life. Happiness at length began again to smile upon him and the innocent Emma, who was united to a lover far more worthy of her affections than the imprudent Edward. The father and his children lived beneath the same roof, and enjoyed in their retirement the sweets of affection and peace, undisturbed by the misrepresentations of falsehood—untainted by the breath of calumny.

But the days of Edward's happiness were at an end. Neglected by his friends, deserted by his acquaintances, and detested even by those to whom he had given his despicable and officious information, he also buried himself in seclusion. Alas! how different was his from that delightful retirement, which those which he had cruelly injured now enjoyed! His was an attempt



to fly from the scoffs of the world, and the odium which he had incurred as a talebearer. He could not, however, avert the pangs of conscience, or dispel the gloom of melancholy, which hung over him from day to day. So truly miserable was his life,—with such horror and shame did he look back upon the past, that death itself would have been a relief. But the Divine retribution had ordained it otherwise, condemning him to expiate his sins, and to feel the miseries which he had inflicted upon others, by a tedious life of anguish and remorse. No years diminished the care which preyed upon his heart; and this dreadful punishment of calumny was extended to his latest hour!

Further comment upon this tale is unnecessary. May those under whose observation it chances to fall, should they at any time perceive the impulse of slander rising in their breasts, for once recall to memory the sad example of Edward Overton; and be warned by it from those pursuits which allure us into the tracts of unhappiness, and betray us to the shackles of perpetual woe.

M. STERLING.

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**HORÆ PALUDANÆ;**

OR, DROPS OF DERWENTWATER.

NO. II.

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TO THE LADY CAROLINE MOWBRAY.

LADY! no marvel that the kinsman young\*  
Of the grand master of the mystery  
Of metaphysics, fell in love with thee;  
Nor yet that, while the stage, jumbling along,  
Sooth'd him to slumber with its one dull song,  
As toward the land of lakes and poesy  
The wayward youth rode nightly journeying,—he  
O'er thy imagined form in visions hung.  
For thou hast charms to warm a colder breast  
Than that of youthful poet; locks like night;  
Cheeks of rich bloom, where Love hath built his nest;  
Looks like young Juno's; eyes from whose full glance  
The gazer shrinks abash'd, as in the fight  
The polish'd shield returns the warrior's lance.

*Highgate, Jan. 15, 1821.*

W.

\* The Hon. G. Montgomery.



## STANZAS,

(WRITTEN IN MISS HARRISON'S ALBUM,)

*Showing why Miss Fanny Harrison's Face is so little altered from what  
was a long time ago.*

ONE day, as perch'd by Fanny's chair  
 I listen'd to her chat so blithe,  
 I turn'd my head, and who was there  
 But gruff old Time, with glass and scythe!

He, when he saw me, nodded low  
 His single lock;—full well knows he  
 That poets are his lords below,  
 And therefore pays them courtesy.

“And prithee,” said I with a bow,  
 “Old Haymaker, what dost thou here?  
 Art come to furrow o'er a brow  
 Thou hast not touch'd for many a year?”

Beware! if to my cousin's eyes  
 Or cheeks thou dart's do aught of wrong,  
 I'll disappoint thee of thy prize,  
 And shrine them in immortal song.”

The graybeard answer'd,—“'Tis, indeed,  
 A task I've oft in vain essay'd;  
 For they, who are my friends at need,  
 In this distress refuse their aid.

Sickness, who wins me many breasts,  
 Assails this active nymph in vain;  
 And Care, my pioneer, protests  
 He can't find entrance to her brain.



And yet I've often ventur'd near,  
Attempting, in my stealthy way,  
With my slow-working razor here,  
To pilfer charm by charm away.

But when I view the simple grace  
That crowns the dear provoking charmer,  
Her cheerful smiles, and merry face,  
I can't find in my heart to harm her!"

F. GOLIGHTLY.

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PEREGRINE'S SCRAP-BOOK.

NO. V.

*April 7.*—The Club met for the last time previous to the Vacation. I was assailed by sundry entreaties, admonitions, and commands, to bring No. VII. out to its day. I leave my friends with great hopes upon this point, but certainly I am glad I have not promised.

Mr. Oakley talks of Editing, immediately after the Vacation, a Weekly Newspaper, to be called "Contradiction, or the Negative Intelligencer." It is to be conducted upon a plan totally different from any at present in use; and I trust it will meet with all the encouragement it deserves. Instead of giving the news of what *has* been done in the world, it will give the news of what *has not*. Mr. Oakley will have great pleasure in saying "No" to all false and scandalous reports; and in refuting all rumours of generous actions, which are not founded on fact. I need not dilate upon the benefits likely to result from such a scheme; and I will therefore conclude my observations by selecting, from the mass of materials which Mr. O. has already compiled, a few short specimens:—

"We have authority to state that Mr. Blew has *not* left his debts unpaid.

"We are happy to learn that the domestic peace of Sir John and Lady Gander has *not* been interrupted by the arts of a certain Colonel;—that a separation has *not* taken place; that the gentlemen of the long robe are *not* employed in the business; and that Sir John has *not* been shot through the thorax, as was at one time reported.



"Miss Blossom is *not* thirty years of age, as is scandalously reported by the Parish Register. A Correspondent informs us that she is *not* about to be married.

"Sir Toby Ginger does *not* intend to part with his stud. He has *not* given £100 to the building of the new church.

"There is reason to suspect, that Napoleon Bonaparte has *not* promised to write for 'The Etonian.'"

Mr. Bellamy gave me, upon taking his leave for the present the following stanzas :—

## I.

Away, away with every thought  
That leads my heart to joy again ;  
Too well, too well this mind's been taught  
To feel, nor shrink from bitterest pain.  
Away, away with song of mirth,  
That tells me of a former day ;  
When oh ! 'twere bliss to live on Earth,  
And listen to my loved one's lay.

## II.

The dream is o'er that Fancy drow,  
And life has lost its charms for me ;  
For ev'ry joy my bosom knew  
Was drawn, lost lovely one, from thee.  
And say, shall yonder beaming Sun,  
That oft thy sleepless woe has seen,  
Ne'er finished till his course were run,  
E'er see me as I erst have been ?

## III.

A ray of hope may gild the cloud  
That hovers o'er Affliction's shed ;  
The heart that sickened o'er the shroud  
May cease to think upon the dead.  
And many a breast may cease to feel  
Where Time and Hope their aid combine ;  
But oh ! that pang can never heal  
That broods o'er such a wreck as thine.

## IV.

Say, shall my breast with mirth beat high,  
When thine, alas ! is sorrowing near ?  
Say, shall the laugh play o'er mine eye,  
When thine is trembling with a tear ?  
Has pleasure any charm for me,  
If thou its sweets canst never taste ;  
If life must still appear to thee  
A dark and desolated waste ?



V.

With thee the hours flew swift away,  
When Fortune on our gambols smil'd ;  
With thee I pass'd my boyhood's May,  
A heedless, happy, sportive child.  
Such was I once—and life then bore  
Something so dear to my young heart ;  
That still it pains my bosom sore  
To think such joys and I must part.

VI.

But oh ! I saw that lovely form  
Like rosebud trembling to the blast ;  
I mark'd Affliction's cruel storm,  
That o'er thee, helpless victim, pass'd.  
I vow'd to join my tears to thine ;  
I vow'd with thee one lot to brave ;  
The hour that breaks that vow of mine,  
Shall rise, sweet Mourner, on my grave.

Returned to Town. Composed by the way two Sonnets and half an Epigram.

*April 11.*—Sat down at Eleven o'clock, furiously resolved to write till Three.

Half after Eleven.—Mended my pen.

Twelve o'clock.—Spilt my ink.—Wiped it up.

Half after Twelve.—Slept.

One o'clock.—Waked.

Half after One.—Looked at the weather, and thought of going out.—Studied "The Spectator" for a hint.—Failed.—Began to suspect I was not in a bright mood.—Drew three heads on my paper.

Two o'clock.—Wrote twelve lines.

Half after Two.—Read them over.

Three o'clock.—Burnt them.

*April 12.*—Transcribed the following Song. It is by an author who has been frequently before our readers, and who needs no words of mine to recommend him :—

SONG IN PRISON.

O'er the turf where roses lie,  
Through the grove where Zephyrs sigh,  
O'er the heath, whose flowery head  
Trembles scarce beneath its tread,  
Wildly bounds the lev'et by,  
In the eve of liberty !



On his wildly-glancing pinion,  
 Monarch of the air's dominion,  
 High the eagle, slow, and proud,  
 Soars above the fleecy cloud ;  
 Darts from thence his lightning eye,  
 In the pride of liberty !

O'er the wave, where streaks of gold  
 Tinge each billow onwards roll'd,  
 Light the dolphin plays along,  
 List'ning to the boatman's song ;  
 Braves the shark that's swimming nigh,  
 In the glee of liberty !

In the dungeon's noxious gloom  
 Could the spreading woodbine bloom ?  
 Could the thrush, no longer free,  
 Carol with its wonted glee ?  
 No ! within the prison's shade  
 Hope must die, and pleasure fade !

Like the lamp's expiring ray,  
 Here my strength must pine away :  
 And when some few months are o'er,  
 Here I shall be seen no more :  
 Wretched live, and wretched die,  
 Far from blessed liberty !

Hark ! I hear the billows dashing :  
 Nearer—'tis the broadsword clashing !  
 Freedom soothes the pris'ner's pain !  
 Freedom breaks the pris'ner's chain,  
 Bursts the door—my friends I see !  
 Death, I scorn thee—I am free !

*April 15.*—A letter from a friend, repeating the often-urged objections of frivolity, attention to trifles, &c.—Transcribed by way of reply a little bit of Golightly's "Thoughts on Faces."—The paper was burnt by an old gentleman with a prominent nose, who imagined himself reflected upon in it. None of it was preserved but the exordium :—

"There are many, who, while they are amply capable of sound and deep reflection, when any extraordinary event calls this capacity into action, see nothing to excite reasoning or consideration in the common occurrences of life. But there are others to whom the every-day incidents, which are, to an indifferent spectator, objects of no weight or importance, afford matter of serious cogitation. An observer of this description does not find it necessary to go to books or colleges for precepts of morality and philosophy : he reads a lesson in every face that he looks upon ; he finds an instructor in every character that he meets with ; the most trivial accidents are to him subjects of profitable speculation.



" Notwithstanding the bias in favour of scholastic learning, which, as Etonians, we might be expected to entertain, most of the members of our Club belong to the latter description of persons. In order to call our attention to the vanity of human affairs, it is not necessary that some great event should take place ;—that a city should be destroyed by an earthquake, or an empire sink into decay : we consider, with almost similar sensations, the fall of a Dandy from his steed, and the fall of an Emperor from his throne ; an eruption from the crater of Vesuvius, and an eruption upon the cheek of a Belle.

" The grave———"

*April 17.*—Received letters from various Members of the Club. Miss Montgomery is going to be married ! I have never seen you, Miss Montgomery, but I have seen your brother, and can form a most romantic idea of your character. You should be one, methinks, not to be looked over carelessly, but to be read through attentively ; not to be adored after a moment's glance, but to be loved after a year's intimacy. I know not whether your hair is black or auburn, whether your cheek is fair or dark ; but I will stake my existence, and, what is more, my work, that you have an eye of light—a voice of sweetness—a soul of poetry. The ornament of your mind is its native wit ;—the beauty of your face is its native expression. I am painting in the dark, perhaps somewhat absurdly. Whatever you are, may you be moderate in your wishes, independent in your fortunes, and—kind in your criticism !

Received too little pieces from Cambridge :—

TO MISS SOPHIA EVERETT,

*With a Pair of Gloves, lost to her at Bagatelle.*

My stubborn muse denies a lay,  
Though for an hour I've call'd upon her ;  
Yet bards, alas ! are bound to pay  
Both debts of rhyme and debts of honour.

But though, they say, the Poet's trade is  
To lie, make love, and fawn, and flatter ;  
For my part, when I rhyme to ladies,  
I'm always running into satire.

Sophia, deem not that my lays  
Shall mock thy charms with adulation ;  
Thou art as far above my praise—  
As I'm below thy condemnation.

Accept these gloves—they'll do as well,  
As tokens of my true love greet 'em ;  
(When poets play at bagatelle,  
No wonder pretty ladies beat 'em.)



Keep these memorials, when I'm gone,  
 Of me (they're of the best kid leather),  
 And think, whene'er you draw them on,  
 That hand and heart should go together.

F. G.

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 THE REJECTED LOVER.

To —————

Strange! that such symmetry of form,  
 Such grace as might outrival Cupid,  
 Should fail *one* female breast to warm—  
 Sure the girl's either blind or stupid.

Scaurus, I scorn thy charms to wrong—  
 Let the fair sex decide between us;  
 Your claims to conquest are as strong—  
 As Vulcan's to the bed of Venus.

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*April 19.*—I begin to perceive that the articles I have on hand accumulate very rapidly. I must endeavour to clear out my portfolio by making extracts from them. I shall begin with "Go-lightly's Essay on Blues:"—

"Lady Dabble is a True Blue. She is a meddler in literature of every sort and description. Poetry and prose, pamphlets and plays, sermons and satires, overtures and odes—all are her hobbies—all are the objects of her patronage—all are subjects of her harangues. At her house is the Synod held; where criticism and tea are poured out together; where sweet sugar and sweeter sonnets melt in delicious unison. It is delightful to spend a few hours at Lady Dabble's *conversazione*. All inferior wits and wittings flit around her like twinkling stars; while her Ladyship, with her full-moon face,—but it strikes us that this is a very old simile.

"Of all Blues we think the Light Blue is our favourite. Mark the surprising difference which exists between Emilia, the Light Blue, and her sister Sophia, the Dark Blue. Sophia is a fine vessel, properly supplied with every thing requisite for a long voyage; but a villanous slow sailor. Emilia is the same vessel, but certainly it has thrown out a vast quantity of ballast. To speak in plainer language, Sophia talks learnedly, and puzzles you; Emilia talks learnedly, and amuses you: the latter sets you a laughing; and the former sends you to sleep. A good painter will select for his picture only the most agreeable parts of the landscape which lies before him; a good talker will notice the more pleasing points of his subject, while he will throw aside the tedious. But, alas! Emilia will describe a statue while Sophia is treating of a finger; and the Light Blue will analyze the Iliad, while the Dark Blue is discussing the Digamma.



"Fannia is a fair one, who endeavours to unite the extreme of fashionable dress with the extreme of unfashionable Blue-ism. Mr. Hodgson made a vile pun (as usual) when he denominated her a Blue Bell.

"The only remaining Blue of whom we shall here make mention is Eva, the Sky-Blue. The habit of talking sentiment, in which the Sky-Blue commonly indulges, is in general sufficiently annoying; but in the person of Eva, far be it from us to apply to it such an epithet. Eva is always in heroics: she never speaks a sentence which is not fit to go into a German romance. All this sits very well upon youth and beauty, but in age and ugliness it is insufferable. Eva has a pretty pair of blue eyes, a finely polished neck, an enchanting white arm, and a voice withal, which is never heard but in a whisper, an aria, or a sigh. She has, in short, such a talent at turning our brains, that our Secretary has not inappositely styled her 'Blue Ruin.'"

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*April 21.*—Received "A Country Curate." He will probably appear in our next.

*April 22.*—Ditto ditto,—*"The Game at Chess."*

*April 23.*—Read over ten times a most beautiful Love-Song from Gerard. Scaliger, I think, used to say, that he would rather have written Horace's "*Donec gratus eram tibi*" than have been the King of Persia. Truly, my dear Gerard, I would rather have written one line of your Love-Song than be King of—*Naples.*

*April 25.*—Met our Secretary at a dance—inquired of him at supper, whether he had received any contributions for No. VII. "At present," said Mr. H., swallowing at the same time the largest mouthful of ice that I ever saw, "it is only my business to take care of No. One!"—Impertinent scoundrel!

*April 30.*—I had intended to insert the "Stanzas on Caernarvon Castle" in this Number. But upon coming to the end of it, I find that I have made a little mistake in my calculations, which obliges me to omit them. They shall be inserted in No. VIII.

In concluding our Seventh Number, I must beg our readers to attribute any little inaccuracies they may find in it to the unavoidable absence of their obliged servant,

PEREGRINE COURTENAY.







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## No. VIII.

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### THE KING OF CLUBS.

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*Saturni, 14o die Maii, 1821.*

THE Club met earlier than usual this month, in order to secure the company of one of their Members, who was about to take up his abode upon the banks of Isis.

After the Articles intended for No. VIII. had been read, and the thanks of the Club voted, as usual, to the Authors of them, Mr. LE BLANC was desired, in default of any more agreeable amusement, to read to the Club his *Vale*. Allen accordingly complied.

#### MR. LE BLANC'S VALE.

"From time immemorial it has been the custom of Etonians, upon their departure from this seat of classic literature, to compose something which they term a "*Vale*." I know not precisely how to define this species of writing: I can hardly call it prose, for it is clothed in the gewgaw fetters of rhyme; I can hardly call it poetry, for it is frequently burdened with all the ponderous inflexibility of prose. It is always very sad, and generally produces a contrary feeling in its readers.

However, it has long been a maxim with me, that old customs, in all their primitive utility, or in all their primitive absurdity, ought to be kept up; and I therefore sit down, and, having composed my thoughts into a most gentlemanly melancholy, I proceed to indite my *Vale*. In doing so, however, I intend to deviate in one respect from the practice which has been most commonly received among our predecessors; I will not confine my thoughts in the inharmonious cadence of monkish jingle: the language in which the ideas of Allen Le Blanc are expressed shall be as free as those ideas themselves; I will write in plain, humble, unsophisticated, English prose.

Neither will I adopt the hackneyed embellishments which it is commonly the custom to employ. There is one kind of *Vale* written, which patronizes the Pastoral: it warbles forth its delicate aspirations in a most mellifluous modulation; it can speak of nothing but whispering groves and melting loves, and verdant plains and happy swains, of tranquil hours and meeting bowers. It contrives to see Damon, and Thyrsis, and Menalcas, all sitting under the trees of the Playing-fields, and to hear a hundred nightingales warbling from the bricks of the Upper School. This is all very pretty, but I don't like it.



I don't know how these things are usually summed up, for I never reached the end of one.

There is another *genus* which dilates into the Didactic. I am told that the study of this style is very profitable, but it generally sends me to sleep. It never rises, and it never sinks; it goes on drawling in its one unvaried tune, stringing together a set of drowsy apophthegms, which nature never expected to find tacked on to each other. It continues in this strain through about a hundred lines, and when you find yourself at the last of them, you turn round with a distension of face, partaking equally of a stare and a yawn, and inquire, "Pray! what was it all about?"

There is another and a loftier kind; I mean that which affects the Ode. This indeed presents us with something worth dwelling upon. In the first place it throws off all restrictions of metre and measure, and is almost as free as the *sermo*, which I am at present scribbling. In the next place it throws off all restrictions of time and place, presenting you, in the space of two or three succeeding lines, with Athens, Mexico, and St. Paul's; Cicero, Bonaparte, and Pitt. It is impossible to give any thing like a correct definition of this branch of the Vale. It assumes a thousand different shapes, and that shape is commonly esteemed the most beautiful which is the most fantastic. It delights in a great many peculiarities. It delights in extended similes, which usually begin with "As when a—" and run along through three parts of a page, in all the meanders of long lines and short lines, interspersed with innumerable dashes, brackets, and apostrophes, before you come to the corresponding "Thus," which informs you that you may take breath, and look for a meaning. It delights in Personification, which is the figure by which we are enabled to assign blue eyes to Hope, squinting eyes to Envy, and green eyes to Jealousy. By the help of this auxiliary, it brings before our eyes a troop of modern Gods and Goddesses, as if the old ones were not sufficient for any good or evil purpose. It represents all the Divinities which the fugitive is about to leave behind him—first, "Mater Etona," with a laurel in one hand, and a birch in the other: next Hope, and Peace, and Poetry, and Inspiration, and Mutton, and I know not how many more! Then it raises before our eyes, "in dread array," the terrible forms which the said fugitive expects to run athwart in his peregrinations. "Hoary Granta," with Euclid, her *aide-du-camp*, is at the head of the enemy; she is attended by Labour, and Care, and Trouble, and Triangle, and a legion of Personages of the same cast. I would rather get Homer's Catalogue by heart than enumerate the tenth part of them. This species of Vale delights also in playing the Resurrection Man, and bringing up before our eyes the numberless Heroes, Statesmen, and Bards, which have been educated upon the soil we now inhabit. After this it is generally seized with a burst of Prophecy, in which the Poet promiseth to rival with success the fame of the *aforesaid* Heroes, Statesmen, and Bards. This frenzy does not subside till the conclusion of the poem, which, of course, must end with a thundering Alexandrine, the very *beau ideal* of Pope's "wounded snake."



But the best, and perhaps the most received plan, is to mix all the above enumerated species together, and to twine the flowers of each into a wild and luxurious garland. I laugh to see the jarring and discordant atoms of different forms, and different colours, rushing simultaneously together, and forming by degrees one cohering whole, united by so delicate a cement, that if from the front, or the back, or the wings, you pilfer a single brick, an immediate disorganization must ensue, and the building, with all its heterogeneous compilation, rolls, *instantly*, to the ground. I laugh to see the "Learning" of Personification confounded with the "Pallas" of Mythology, Lycurgus in company with a Master of Arts, and Daphnis arm-in-arm with a *second stop!*

There is another component part of these efforts which runs through every species in an equal degree. I mean the language of adulation. This is mingled alike with the enervating simplicity of the Pastoral, the monotonous weariness of the Didactic, and the violent heroics of the Ode. As the ancients bestowed upon the monarchs whom they feared and hated most the title of *εὐεργεταί*, our *alumni* think themselves obliged to heap upon the Governors, whom they have so lately dreaded, the grossest compliments that flattery can devise. I do not quarrel with the feelings thus expressed!—I wish every one had the feeling without the display. But at present every one has the display, and I will not stop to calculate how many have the feeling.

I say that I will employ none of these tinsel ornaments which better and abler scholars have so liberally smeared over their paper. Neither will I throw myself, as many have done, into the person of some illustrious Hero of Antiquity, and from his lips pour forth the strain of hallowed verse, till the reader forgets who it is to whom he listens.—I am Allen Le Blanc, and I am writing matter-of-fact.

Farewell to ye, ye amusements in which I have so long rejoiced, ye studies in which I have so long been an actor! Farewell to all the little luxuries which custom has overlooked, to all the little annoyances which discontent has magnified! I am going from the Playing-fields, in which I have joyed in the jovial alacrity of the cricket, or the more solid rotundity of the football! from the school, whose wooden walls, sculptured on every side with the honoured names of our predecessors, awaken on every side our emulation and ambition! from the little uncarpeted cell, which has been so long dear to me as my Home!

Farewell to the congenial Spirits with whom I have so long associated! in whose pleasures and whose labours I have rejoiced to participate! Farewell too, to you, the real and only tutelary deities of the place; from whose approbation those pleasures and those labours have received their highest zest! In the new scenes to which I am now hastening,—in the new studies in which I am soon to be immersed,—I shall feel, believe me, no ordinary gratification, if I may flatter myself that you will waste a single thought upon my interests, or breathe a single wish for my future welfare!"

Here Mr. Le Blanc concluded; but I understand that his Vale, as shown-



up in school, was of a much greater length. His name was then ordered to be enrolled among our honorary members, on the motion of Mr. Courtenay.

The Club proceeded to ballot for two candidates. I will draw the characters of both, although the first only was successful.

#### CHARACTERS OF TWO MORE CANDIDATES.

It had long been a matter of surprise to the whole School, that a society like "The King of Clubs" should have existed for so many months without enrolling among its members that choice character, JASPER HARVEY. The main-spring by which this individual regulates every action, is a social disposition, which embraces a most comprehensive view of the duties of good-fellowship. To this his time, his thoughts, and his money, have been sacrificed; but, in return, he has attained that most difficult of all acquirements, the art of keeping on terms with all parties, by never declaring for any particular one of the many which agitate our miniature world. He is equally popular with the Cricketers and Boatmen, whose interests so often and so violently jar; for he contrives to satisfy the demands of both. With the one he is accounted a hard *wipe*, an active *field*, and a highly creditable *stout bowler*; and he is *stroke* of the ten-oar to the others. What would the duck and green pea suppers at Surley-Hall do without the good-humoured smiles and smart repartees of Jasper Harvey? The preparations for the glorious Fourth of June would be a mere chaos of doubt and perplexity, were it not for the steady coolness with which Harvey issues his directions. In fact, the legislative and executive are both lodged with him on these occasions. His fiat decides the claims of the rival boats in their choice of jackets, hats, and favours; and the judicious selection of fireworks is an additional proof of his taste. It has long been a maxim of philosophy to refer all things to first principles; I ought, therefore, to apologise for thus hurrying, *in medias res*, without first noticing the circumstances of birth and early habits, which led to the formation of the character of this Eton demagogue.

Jasper was born of most respectable parents at W———. His father enjoys an extensive practice in his profession of the law, and of course is a personage of no small consequence in a borough, where the corporation, for the most part, consists of tradesmen who have rapidly risen to affluence, from administering, at good profits, to the comforts and luxuries of a court residence. Such worthies generally contain less in their heads than in their purses, and are easily managed by a clever spirit, who will condescend to such a task. Mr. Harvey has always ready at hand, against the public dinners and meetings, two or three new songs, and as many dozen of old jokes; which, as if establishing the truth of the Pythagorean Creed, have *animated* successive generations from the time of Joe Miller. And thus, by falling in with the prevailing humours of the old codgers, and by flattering the personal vanity of the younger townsmen, whenever he has "the pleasure of meeting" them in the street, Mr. H. is become the oracle of the Vestry-room and



Town-hall. The vicinity of Eton College was a tempting opportunity for procuring a polished education for his only son; and besides, Mrs. H.'s maternal feelings would be spared the pang of so decided a separation from her darling, as the sending him to a boarding-school must cause. This last consideration decided the matter, and Jasper came to Eton on the plan of a day-scholar; it being arranged that he should return home to his meals and sleeping-hours. At first the little fellow was very obedient to Mamma's wishes, and whenever his form was dismissed from the School-room, and his engagements with his Tutor were discharged, he was seen trudging up town with his Gradus, Grammar, and Dictionary, under his arm, and the ink-bottle in his hand. By degrees, however, as his acquaintance increased, and their invitations for his companionship in their different sports multiplied *ad infinitum*, Harvey had fewer journeys a day into Berkshire and back. He was at first observed to loiter about Barnspool, swimming paper boats, or stoning the ducks. In process of time he was enrolled in the lower Clubs of cricket or football, according to the time of year, became the best at a leap across Chalvey ditch, and was known to have brought down a robin after a *toodle* of two or three miles. In the meantime his W—— connexions were only kept up by his occasional appearance in public alongside of his *Admiral* at the Town-hall dinners; to which he was introduced at an early age. It is some years now since he signalized himself by the arch style of his "Miss Nightcap and her Sweetheart;" a song of his, which has even made the gray-beards at table shake with laughter.

The remaining outlines of my sketch may as well be filled up by the imagination of my reader as by my pen. "Train up a child," says the old proverb, "in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Taught from his very infancy to consider universal popularity as the *summum bonum*, we have seen, in the former part of this essay, that Harvey has attained the acmè of his wishes. His equals love him for his social qualities, and court his acquaintance as the *sine quâ non* of society; and the younger members of the community look up to him as a father. Such is his condescension, that his good offices are never refused to the lowest underling in the School. Is power abused by the upper boys? Harvey is appealed to as the mediator between the *fag* and his *master*. His grants of *liberties* to the commonalty are indiscriminate and profuse, while his influence is always exerted to obtain the same privileges for his numerous protégées from the more close aristocrats. The consequence of this is, that our "Friend of the People" is attended in all his movements by a shoal of dependents, of every form in the School: some to get their lessons construed, and others to further their claims to their respective stations in the next match or water expedition.

I have omitted to mention an excellent system, by which he secures the influence over his equals which he has gained by his good-natured temperament and useful accomplishments. This is effected by the dinner parties which he is enabled to give occasionally at home, to select divisions of six or eight. It



affords me true pleasure to meet with this opportunity of a public acknowledgment for the kindness and affability which so many of my schoolfellows and myself have invariably met with at the table of the Harveys. The style in which the banquets have been served up,—the highly-seasoned French dishes,—and the superb trifle dish in the centre, have frequently called forth the panegyrics of a Rowley. But there has been another enjoyment far beyond what sensual indulgences can afford, which has given these parties their true *gusto*,—the social intercourse with this family of chaste breeding and elegant manners. The hearty English hospitality of the father, the conversational powers of Mrs. H., and, “last, not least,” the charming smiles and musical talents of Miss Emily, have made impressions upon our minds, and will long be preserved there by sentiments of grateful attachment.

But I am run away with by my subject. “To turn and to return.” I may well be asked what acquirements my friend Harvey possesses to entitle him to a seat in a literary club. I am reminded that the cricket jacket, turned up with blue, the ten-oar broad brim, and the prowess which fought its way through hosts of *Bargees*, when intercepted upon Windsor-hill, are no particular recommendations in his present canvass. Let it not, however, be thought that his other avocations have so entirely monopolized him as to preclude a due attention to study. Had it been so, his success with the *as well as* would never have been so complete. It was of course necessary for a pretender to a character of this sort to have the ability of conferring obligations in the school line—not subject himself to the necessity of soliciting them. This consideration taught Harvey to husband carefully every hour which he spent at home: a decent scholarship, and much general knowledge, was the reward of this plan. I do not intend to lay any claim for him in the department of the imagination. The steady and sober intellects of this individual form a contrast to the brilliant mind of a Montgomery. Harvey is made for real life, and all the bustling engagements of society; he is alone in solitude, and at home in a crowd. Free from the weaknesses to which great minds are liable, he has neither thought or wrote himself into a belief in ghosts, second sight, animal magnetism, craniology, or the like, as Johnson, Scott, Le Blanc, &c., are supposed to have done: sure in common matters, his judgment is not deep enough for any thing abstruse. Plain good sense however is a substitute, which more than counterbalances the deficiency. By an instant glance he can tell the difference between a pillar and a post, while such minds as Le Blanc’s have had recourse to all the orders of architecture, and inquired into substance and essence before they have ventured to decide on the question.

The treasure-house of his memory is well stored, and his reputation as an orator leads us to expect that he will prove a distinguished member of our society. His proficiency in English literature must be judged of by its fruits; and I now quit a character which I have dwelt upon with pleasure, not forgetting to offer an old friend’s congratulation on the event of this last test of his popularity, his admission into—“The King of Clubs.”



It is with no small degree of compunction that I find myself called upon, as Secretary of the proceedings of our Club, to record, for the first time, the rejection of a Candidate. I am aware that it must appear an invidious task to attempt to delineate a character, when the question of our opinion of him has been already prejudged by the event of the ballot. It is, however, an act of necessity, peremptorily required of me by my duty to the Club, since it tends to exculpate the Members from all charge of selfish ill-will or private pique, in the marked degradation of a schoolfellow; inasmuch as I shall prove that, after a mature consideration of the worth of the individual, our verdict could not be otherwise than it was.

PHILIP WASNEY JENKYNs is the eldest son of an ancient family in the West of England. But this same fortunate coincidence of good birth has been a grievous stumbling-block to the hero of our tale. How justly may we have recourse to the words of the Roman Satirist :—

“ *Malo pater tibi sit Thersites, dummodo tu sis  
Æacidae similis—*”

Jenkyns can accurately enumerate the heroes, statesmen, philosophers, and other worthies, of the long pedigree of his ancestors, but forgets at the same time the responsibility which has descended upon his own shoulders, to transmit, in unimpaired lustre, to posterity, the renown of his race by his own individual exertions. We have often heard of the supererogatory merits of the Saints in the Romish Church, which the Pope keeps in his storehouse till there is a demand for them in the retail line, to supply those purchasers who have a long score to make up in Purgatory. Jenkyns, I presume, has taken up the system, and intends to make the superabundant merits of his forefathers supply all deficiencies of his own. What is it to us, though Humphrey Wasney, his maternal grandfather, who flourished in the reign of Queen Anne (peace be with him!) was publicly complimented by Pope for his literary talents, if this descendant of his would never have been noticed by that great man, unless it had been, perhaps, in the Dunciad? I have no reason to doubt but that Matthew Honisberg Jenkyns was a Member of considerable weight in the Long Parliament; we are only angry that Philip Wasney Jenkyns would hardly do credit to the one nick-named the “Barebone.” Away, then, with all the undue advantages of a splendid genealogy, and let us examine the naked self of this simple one, and I fear we shall find him but a compound of vanity and ignorance. The seeds of the former failing were sown in early boyhood by the hand of a fond father. It is not worth while to draw up in long array the various indulgences or unkind kindnesses, which are the usual symptoms of the system called spoiling a child: they are the same in all climes and stations of life. One instance, however, deserves marked notice. Young Philip, who had been suffered to amuse himself with the most desultory and heterogeneous reading—novels, Spanish romances, and the bloody tragedies of the age immediately before the appearance of Shakspeare, the precious stock of the old family library—one day took it into his head, not indeed to turn Poet, but to write verses, *i. e.* certain



articles of rhyme and syntax. The event was soon blazed over the neighbourhood. The sanguine spirit of the old gentleman foresaw nothing but laurels and University *rostra* for the promising boy; and, whenever there was company to dinner, he took care that there should also be a recitation by Master Philip during dessert. Then, too, mamma's morning calls upon the neighbouring families afforded a happy opportunity for the display of her son's talents, and these precious *morceaux* of literature were the constant ornament of her reticule; ready, on all occasions, to make their appearance to advantage, after the recommendatory harangue of their partial *chaperon*. What wonder, then, that Jenkyns has proved the most conceited youth at Eton? Conceit, however, is generally a harmless quality, and merely excites the contempt, or, sometimes, the pity, of others towards its unfortunate victim. But Jenkyns has contrived to humour his favourite passion by making the most unjustifiable encroachment upon the liberty of the subject ever despot did. There is a good story told of some Italian Monk, who summoned the fishes of the sea to attend his preaching, and we are gravely informed (*vide* Addison's Tour) "that they did come when he did call them." The account farther informs us, that in token of the eloquence of the Ecclesiastic having had a due influence on his audience, the mute creatures bowed their heads, in profound reverence, three times, ere they dispersed homewards to their crystal habitations. In this manner Mr. J. collects together a crew of unhappy dependents, or interested elves—fifth form, who have an eye to the loaves and fishes their complaisance will procure them, and lower boys, who dare not for their ears offend the consequential dignity of a sextile; and woe to them if they do not melt in rhapsodies at the divine effusions of the recitator. It may not be generally known to my readers that it is customary for our candidates to give in certain proofs of qualification, whereby an opinion may be formed of their respective merits. I shall, therefore, subjoin a sample of prose and poetry from the pen of Mr. P. W. J., and thus rid my hands of any further disquisition. The public may then judge for themselves—

## ON POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

"Of all those little *agrémens*, without which our manners want all the polish which gives the stamp of high life, none is so indispensibly necessary as a proper style of blowing the nose. Heroes may conquer, Orators may rant, Philosophers may dispute; but they must study something else into the bargain. Fame should never blow the trumpet for one who cannot blow his nose.

"Precept is never so profitable as example. This is a truth which has been often inculcated. Horace says, "my father took care—ut fugerum *exemplis* vitiorum quæque notando," and a little afterwards, "teneros animos aliena opprobria sæpe absterrent vitiis."—I will therefore proceed to exemplify.

"You should not blow your nose like ———."



Here the author grows satirical, and I will therefore proceed to his Poetry:—

THE DEATH OF CHATHAM.

“ Chatham alive, Britain still hoped to see  
The jarring lands enjoy sweet unity ;  
Heaven would no longer spare him here below,  
But its favourite took from scenes of woe.  
Since strange corruption Britain's state perplexed,  
His righteous soul each rising day was vexed ;  
Monstrous crimes in every shape appear ;  
While peaceful peasants with the ploughshare tear  
The fallow grounds, they to the wars are prest ;  
The late useful looms amidst lumber rest ;  
While their industrious own'rs, interred, now lay  
In America's hospitable clay.

Like the glorious Sun sinking to the main,  
With redoubled splendor to rise again,  
Britain expected Chatham would arise  
To scatter with his light her enemies :  
But these her hopes are frustrate,  
And she is left to struggle with her fate !  
When he cou'd no more, the Patriot cried,  
Oh Camden ! save my Country !—and died !!! ”

There being no more business before the Club, it immediately adjourned.

(Signed)

R. HODGSON,  
Secretary.

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[Since the character of our unfortunate Candidate was sent to the Printing-Office, I have been much vexed at hearing that the above lines, which have been handed about as the *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. JENKYNs, are actually copied from a “ Descriptive Poem of the River Tees, its Towns, and Antiquities, by ANNE WILSON, printed for the Author, 1778.”—This is abominable. He would have been a dangerous subject to the King of Clubs. He was rejected, however, by a most appalling number of the *literæ damnatoriæ*, commonly termed—black balls.]

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## ON THE TOMB OF PSAMMIS.

" Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona  
Multi ; sed omnes illacrimabiles  
Urgentur ignotique longa  
Nocte—" HORACE.

NOTHING is more calculated to turn our mind towards meditation, and to awaken our feelings, than visiting sepulchral monuments. Indeed among those persons who have seen the tomb of some distinguished character, (and from the multiplicity of these monuments a great portion of mankind have done so) almost every one must have been led to meditate upon the striking scene before them ; many have committed their thoughts to writing, and a few have by so doing gained the admiration of mankind, adorned the literature of their country, and instructed and amused posterity. On such a beaten path I should not have ventured, had I not been led into it by visiting the representation of an Egyptian Tomb, discovered by that enterprising and persevering traveller Belzoni ; where many feelings and reflections crowded upon my mind, very different from those which commonly occur on meditating over the remains of the mighty dead. When we behold the tomb of some well-known character or favourite hero, we fancy that we are witnessing the defeat of time ; there are the mouldering ruins of a mausoleum—the defaced inscription—the mutilated bust. So far he is triumphant, and, as we vainly imagine, all has been done, which rests in his power to accomplish. We are conscious that had he, who raised this tomb for himself, relied for immortality merely upon that fabric, whose ruins are now mingling with the dust of its inhabitant, he would have been disappointed, and we exclaim with the Poet,

" Let not a monument give you or me hopes,  
Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops."

Yet we say again, that is not the case *here*: the history of the man whose bones lie beneath is familiar to us ; his deeds, his writings, or his discoveries, excite the wonder, praise, and admiration of posterity ; they have defied the attacks of time, to which nought belonging to him, save the brick and mortar of his sepulchre, have yielded. His actions have been his monument ; his epitaph is written in the page of history.—Such are our feelings, when we behold the tomb of Alexander the Great.\* His dust has long ago been scattered by the winds. His sarcophagus, torn

\* Brought from Alexandria, where it had been used by the Turks as a bath, and now in the British Museum.



from the sepulchre, subjected to domestic uses, at last transported into a land almost unknown, and totally barbarous, when the mighty conqueror flourished in the zenith of power and victory.

"Unus Pellæo juveni non sufficit orbis,  
Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi,  
Ut Gyaræ clausus scopulis, parvæque Seripho,  
Cum tamen a figulis munitam intraverit urbem  
Sarcophago contentus erit. Mors sola fatetur  
Quantula sunt hominum corpuscula."

JUVENAL.

"One world suffic'd not Alexander's mind,  
Coop'd up he seem'd in earth, in seas confin'd,  
And struggling stretch'd his restless limbs about  
The narrow world, to find a passage out.—  
Yet, enter'd in the brick-built town, he tried  
The tomb, and found the strait dimensions wide."

DRYDEN.

The recollection of these lines, and the sight of the sarcophagus, remind us of the power of Death and Time, over all that is perishable. Yet we still flatter ourselves that Fame is everlasting; that although death has reduced the hero to dust, and time has dispersed his remains over the desert, yet his fame has lived unimpaired through two thousand years, and his deeds are still fresh in the recollection of mankind. How different a lesson do we receive in the tomb of the once great and renowned, but now unknown and forgotten, Psammis! Here paintings, the most perishable of the works of man, have been preserved for ages after ages. But the slow and never-failing scythe of Time has swept the brazen letters of fame from the tablets of memory. This is more than we are used to; we are not accustomed to see posthumous fame—that "*monumentum ære perennius*," upon which the great rely, and which the ambitious are so eager to acquire,—yielding in durability to the fading colours of the painter.

The Monarch, for whose mummy this mausoleum was excavated, seems to have been a pretender to the palm of renown, and to have sought it by those means which usually accomplish their end. By the magnificence of his sepulchre he appears to have been a mighty sovereign; and by his triumphs which are there recorded, one of those scourges of the earth, conquerors;—and apparently a great one: for that his conquests extended over all the neighbouring nations appears evident. Three different races of men are painted as his captives on the walls of his tomb; the white, the Ethiopian, and the tawny African. Farther than this we know nothing: he may, for aught we know, have counterbalanced this evil part of his character by other virtues; he may have been the father of his people, when the fit of war, which prompted him to sacrifice their blood to his ambition, was over;



he may have been generous and merciful to his vanquished enemies; he reigned in a country whence arose the first dawn of the arts and sciences,—he may have encouraged them, and contributed to the civilization, and consequently to the happiness, of mankind. On the other hand, he may have been a tyrant over his subjects, inhuman and unmerciful to his enemies; the pestilence of his tyranny may have blighted the infant arts, and the storm of war and devastation may, during his reign, have darkened the glimmering beams of civilization under its cloud of blood. That he was powerful and renowned is all that his tomb proves to us. His name may have been coupled with curses or benedictions. His cotemporaries relied upon posterity either to reward his virtues with praise, or punish his vices with an eternal stigma: Posterity has forgotten him. Time has poured the tide of oblivion over his actions; his virtues or crimes are as completely hidden from our knowledge, by the veil of centuries, as the once fertile soil, over which he reigned, is concealed from our sight by its eternal sands.

While it wounds human vanity to reflect upon this total oblivion into which the great of the species have sunk, it is a consolation, and a great one, to find that the subject immediately before our eyes was a conquering Monarch. It may console those who have suffered from these licensed depredators, that the oppressors may be disappointed in their hopes of immortal fame, the prize for which they have sacrificed the lives and happiness of mankind entrusted to their care; and it holds out a warning to others not to follow that path which has hitherto been considered a royal road to immortality. When ambition, heated and nursed by flattery, reminds royal youth of the fame of a Cyrus, an Alexander, or a Napoleon, let cold truth interpose, and tell the tale of Psammis; that he was great, victorious, triumphant, and—forgotten.

It is not from *man* that we are to hope for immortality. To all that mortals project, undertake, or accomplish, there is a sure, though not fixed, termination. The actions and greatness of *man* will be veiled by a never-failing oblivion, whose advance seems protracted, when compared with human life; yet but an instant, when compared with eternity. If we have acquired fame at the expense of virtue, we may gaze upon the drop of time which is our own with the false pleasure of vanity; but we dare not turn our eyes towards the ocean into which that drop has fallen. The only real immortality for which we can hope, or to which we have courage to look forward, is that which is prepared by the Deity, as an inestimable reward for a well-spent life; “τα δ' ἄλλα σπύχαισανθ' ὁ παγκρατης χρόνος.”

A. L. B.



## OLD BOOTS.

——— "whose conceit  
 Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich  
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound  
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage."  
 SHAKSPERE.

I HAVE got a pair of old Boots.

I bought them at Exeter last Summer, and they withstood all the malice of Devonshire paviers in a most inconceivable style. The leather was of a most Editorial consistency, and the sole resembled a Quarto. It was in them that I revisited the desolate habitation of my infancy; it was their heavy changing sound which echoed through those deserted apartments. It was in them, too, that I tottered upon the perilous summit of the Ness; and it was in them that I got wet to the knees in the disagreeable tempest which waited upon the Dawlish Regatta. How many pleasant moments, how many dear friends, do they recal to my recollection! It was with their ponderous solidity that I astonished the weak nerves of one, and trod upon the weak toes of another. Every inch of them, old and *emeriti* as they are, is pregnant with some delightful, some amiable sensation. It was in them that I excogitated the First Number of the *Etonian*.—They shall live to look upon the last! I cannot say they were ever very elegant in shape or texture. Like the genius of my friend Swinburne, they possessed more intrinsic strength than outward polish. They served me well, however, and travelled with me to Town.

I happened to put them on one wet morning in April. Whatever form or fashion they formerly boasted, was altogether extinct; they were as shapeless as an unlicked cub, and as dusky as a cloud on a November morning. I beheld their fallen appearance with some dismay. "I shall be stared at;" I said, "I had better take them off!"—but I thought of their former services, and resolved to keep them on.

They had brought their plated heels from the country, and they made a confounded noise upon the pavement as I walked along. Ding, dong, they went at every step, as if I carried a belfry swung at my toes. "This is a disagreeable sort of accompaniment," I said;—"I had better dismiss the Musicians!" Just at that moment a young Baronet passed me, attended by a fine dog. The dog was in high spirits, and made rather too much noise for the contemplative mood of his master. "Silence, Cæsar!—be quiet, Cæsar!"—No, it was all in vain, and Cæsar was kicked into the gutter. "That was cruel!" I said, "to dismiss an old



servant, because he was a note too loud! I think I will keep my Boots!"

I walked in the Park with Golightly. By the side of my stable footcase his neat and dapper instep cut a peculiarly smart figure; it was a Molossus tête-à-tête with a Pyrrhic; an Etonian's skiff moored along-side of a coal-barge. Golightly's meditations seemed to be of the same cast; he once or twice turned his eyes to the ground, as I thought with no very complacent aspect. "My friends grow ashamed of me," I said to myself—"I must part with my Boots!" As I made up my mind to the sacrifice, Lady Eglantine met us, with her husband. She was constantly looking another way, nodding familiarly to the young men she met, and endeavouring to convince the world how thoroughly she despised the lump of earth which she was obliged to drag after her. "There is a woman," said Frederick, "who married Sir John for his money, and has not the sense to appear contented with the bargain she has made. What can be more silly than to look down thus upon a man of sterling worth, because he happened to be born a hundred miles from the Metropolis?"—"What can be more silly?" I repeated inwardly;—"I will never look down on my Boots again!"

We continued our walk, and Golightly began his usual course of strictures upon the place and the company. Hurried away by the constant flow of jest and wildness with which he embellishes his sketches, I soon forgot both the Boots, which had been the theme of my reflections, and the moral lessons which the subject had produced. There was an awkward stone in the way! Oh! my unfortunate heels! I broke down terribly, and was very near bringing my companion after me. I rose, and went on in great dudgeon. "This will never do," I muttered; "this will never do! I must positively cashier my Boots!" I looked up;—an interesting girl was passing us, leaning on the arm of a young man, whose face I thought I recognised. She looked pale and feeble; and, when my friend bowed to her with unusual attention, she seemed embarrassed by the civility. "That is Anna Leith," said Golightly; "she made an imprudent match with that young man about a year ago, and her father has refused to see her ever since. Poor girl! she is in a rapid decline, and the remedies of her physicians have no effect upon a broken spirit,—I would never cast off a beloved object for a single false step!"

"I will keep my Boots," I exclaimed,—"though they make a thousand!"



## SONG TO THE SPRING BREEZE.

Oh ! Spirit of the Breeze,  
Who singest in the trees,  
Making low music, while the young leaves dance ;  
Unveil, unveil to me  
Thy beauty silently,  
Let me thy bright eyes view, and dovelike countenance.

Oft doth my Fancy's eye  
The Naiads fair espy,  
Silently floating down some heaving stream ;  
And glisten as it sees  
The green-rob'd Dryades,  
Or Oreads dancing nightly by their Queen's pale beam.

And I, on nights of June,  
Have watch'd, beneath the Moon,  
The gambols quaint of many a gamesome Fay,  
Around the tiny throne  
Of mirthful Oberon,  
And his capricious Queen, proud-eyed Titania.

But, Spirit of the Breeze,  
Whose noonday melodies,  
And fragrant breath, soothe me so tenderly ;  
In vain I strive to view  
Thy form's celestial hue,  
Too shadowy a dream art thou to flit o'er Fancy's eye.

Or art thou but a sound,  
In fragrance floating round,  
The whisper of some rural Deity ;



*Song.*

Who, stretch'd in grotto calm,  
With breath of purest balm,  
Is warbling to the Nymph's delicious minstrelsy?

Oh ! happy wandering thing,  
Thus bearing on thy wing  
Refreshing coolness, fragrance, and sweet sound ;  
How calmly dost thou stray  
Through groves and meadows gay,  
Still catching, as thou glidest on, new freshness from the  
ground.

Thou breathest on my brow,  
I feel thy kisses now,  
Thy cooling kisses :—but what charm was this ?  
For oh ! those kisses bore  
A joy unfelt before,  
A momentary, strange, imaginative bliss.

From my distemper'd brain  
Thou didst call up a train  
Of recollections sweet, which long had slept ;  
Almost before my eyes  
I saw dear forms arise,  
And cherish'd thoughts and feelings from their deep cell  
crept.

Whence was this wondrous spell ?  
Thou sweet-voiced Spirit tell—  
Oh ! com'st thou from mine own Salopian hills ?  
Their freshness dost thou bring,  
Thou blessed gale of Spring,  
With soothing charms to win me from my dream of ills ?



Oh ! there did lurk beneath  
The fragrance of thy breath  
A dim emotion of remember'd joy ;  
And in thy voice I heard  
Tones that my spirit stirr'd,  
The kindly tones that spoke to me, and cheer'd me when a boy.

Hast thou not wandering been  
Amid those valleys green,  
Which bear the light print of my lov'd one's feet ;  
And as thou glidedst by,  
Caught her most holy sigh ?  
I felt, I felt its fragrance in thy kiss so sweet.

And hast thou not stray'd o'er  
Sabrina's grassy shore,  
Sweetening thy cool breath with her springing flowers ;  
And pass'd the cot where dwell  
They whom I love so well,  
Beneath their arching trees, and honeysuckle bowers ?

Bear'st thou not thence along  
My dark-brow'd sister's song,  
Her song so potent gentle hearts to move ;  
Whose sweet and maiden tone  
Perchance hath sweeter grown,  
Now blended with the quiet sighs and tender notes of love ?

Or *she*, the mild-ey'd maid,  
Perchance by moonlight stray'd,  
Quietly gazing at the silent sky ;  
When thou didst catch her thought,  
With such calm rapture fraught,  
To breathe it o'er my weary soul, deliciously.



Oh ! thou hast nought to do  
Upon the ocean blue,  
Filling with busy breath the mariner's sails;  
No worldly dull employment,  
Thou bodyless enjoyment,  
Is thine, nor aught hast thou to do with wild and warring  
gales.

But peacefully thou roamest,  
And wheresoe'er thou comest,  
Breathest around the freshness of the skies ;  
And on our hearts dost fling,  
From thy enchanted wing,  
Remembrances of absent love, calm thoughts, and happy  
sighs.

I know that thou art come  
From my far-distant home,  
And thy calm breathings tell what peace is there ;  
But, gentle, say, returning,  
Say not my soul is burning  
With disappointment's bitter sting and comfortless despair.

Say that my spirit knows  
Sweet moments of repose ;  
That dear and happy musings still are mine ;  
That Hope's bright dreams are flown,  
But many a lingering tone  
Of Memory's music lulls me yet to ecstasies divine.

JUAN.

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CAERNARVON CASTLE.

EMBLEM of Cambria's bondage! loftiest pile!  
That rear'st thy head above the Menai's roar;  
And look'st with frowning aspect on yon isle—  
The Druids' sacred haunt in days of yore—  
Can thy proud battlements, thy castled height,  
Checking each manly thought, each feeling bright,  
Grant to the despot, in his power elate,  
Requital for an injured people's hate?

Oppression's strong resistless hand first traced  
Thy firm foundation on the sea-girt plain;  
And each rude stone upon its bosom placed,  
Added a link to Cambria's lengthening chain.  
Where is thy former greatness? where the pow'r  
Which menaced vengeance from thine ancient tow'r?  
Where is the might which freeborn souls enthral'd?  
And e'en Llewellyn's bravest bands appall'd?

Faded are now thy glories! nought is left  
Of gilded pomp, of pageant, or of pride!  
Thou stand'st, of all dismantled and bereft,  
A lonely monument on Sciont's side!  
Still art thou dignified! majestic still!  
And long thy fabric will an awe instil  
On minds subdued by Fancy's airy wand,  
Amidst thy ruins beautifully grand!

No banners on thine Eagle Turret wave,  
Plucked by a victor's hand from fields of blood!  
Thy sturdy bulwarks now can only brave  
The dashing foam of Menai's angry flood.



No beacon blazes with its guardian light  
From thy lone watch-tow'r. The approaching flight  
No longer with its martial din alarms,  
Nor calls thy hardy veterans to arms.

While on thy shatter'd battlements I gaze,  
And mine eye wanders through thy vacant halls,  
My musing mind reverts to other days,  
And all thy grandeur, all thy pomp recalls.  
There warriors bold have stalk'd in armour mail'd—  
There festive mirth and laughter have prevail'd—  
There kings have ruled in majesty and pride—  
And courtly knights at Beauty's feet have sigh'd.

Where o'er the moat the drawbridge once was seen,  
And ponderous gate on massive hinges stood,  
Through yonder portal, enter'd England's Queen,  
Pregnant with hapless Cambria's servitude.  
Alas ! poor Eleanor ! thy deepest throes  
Were more embitter'd by a nation's woes ;  
The pangs, which in thy bosom thou didst nurse,  
Were made more poignant by a nation's curse.

Hark ! what wild shrieks from yonder lowly cell,  
Through stately halls and fretted galleries flow ;  
Resounding far with agonizing yell,  
From triple Snowden's height to Penmaen's brow  
Deep in each soul hath sunk that groan of death,—  
The struggling effort of expiring breath !  
Woe to their country ! at that fatal stroke  
The tuneful chord of Cambria's harp was broke.

Insatiate monster ! could the hoary head  
Receive no reverence from a heart like thine ?  
Was not the Royal Chief in fetters led,  
An ample victim at thine honour's shrine ?



Could'st thou not quench the spark of Freedom's flame,  
Which shed its lustre o'er the Cambrian name ;  
Till ceased the note responsive to its cries,  
Rousing to vengeance for thy cruelties ?

In those proud times, when Fortune's partial sun  
Illum'd thy stately structure with its ray,  
Full many a wretch, ere half his days were done,  
Has in thy donjon pined his hours away.  
Oft, amidst scenes of havoc, hast thou view'd  
The dire effects of rage and deadly feud ;  
Oft hast thou screen'd the murderer's guilty hand,  
And shelter'd in thy walls the robber's band.

Now that thy power is gone, thy greatness fled,  
Around thy turrets fearlessly I rove ;  
And the calm stillness from thy ruins shed,  
Enters my soul, and melts my heart to love.  
Happy amidst such scenes I could reside,  
Nor heed the waves of Fortune's adverse tide ;  
Were Ellen's sparkling eyes and image here,  
To glad my spirits, and my heart to cheer.

F. J.

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ON THE DIVINITIES OF THE ANCIENTS.

To a person inquiring into the manners and customs of ancient nations, the religion which they professed, and the gods which they worshipped, will always appear objects of the greatest curiosity. And this will not be wondered at when we remember how intimately the religion of a state must necessarily be connected with its civil policy. In former times, when ignorance and superstition flourished, side by side, the aid of a Divinity was required for the carrying into effect of the most frivolous designs. No poem could succeed until the Muses were called upon in a well-rounded hexameter ; no war could prosper until Mars was propitiated by a sufficiency of roast beef. The ancients appear



to have had some faint idea of the ubiquity of the Deity ; but not comprehending how such a faculty had been vested in a single Divinity, they formed to themselves a set of superior powers, calculated to attend upon every emergency, from Jupiter the god of thunder, to Tussis the god of coughing. It is therefore evident that the consideration of the religious ideas of the ancients must be inseparably united with the study of the other parts of their history.

In the remarks which I am about to make upon this subject, I must request that one or two preliminaries may be kept in mind. First, that the characters of the constant supporters of "The Etonian" may not be implicated in the blunders of an occasional correspondent ; and, secondly, that I may not be understood as endeavouring to compose a regular essay or treatise upon the topic which is before me. I have no more the inclination than I have the ability to attempt such a task. The observations which I shall have occasion to make, will be merely the unripe fruit of an hour of leisure ; merely a few unconnected hints, thrown out at random for your amusement, Mr. Editor, and that of my fellow-citizens. If they are pleased with them, they will thank me, and I am sufficiently repaid : if not—*n'importe* ;—they will at least give me credit for good intentions.

The first point which I shall notice is the opinion which the ancients entertained of the power and authority of their heavenly rulers. And as the study of fallen religions is principally useful as it shows to us the superiority of that religion which can never fall, let us first see upon what footing Christianity stands in this respect. In my eyes, and in the eyes of every one upon whom the light of revelation has dawned, the mention of a God presupposes an idea of infinite, irresistible, indisputable power. One cannot form the most remote conception of a Deity, whose powers or existence should be in any way limited. One of the distinguishing attributes of Christianity is, that with its God nothing is impossible. He is omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent. Can we say the same of the gods of the heathen—"the gods of wood and stone, the work of men's hands?"

Alas ! alas !—they raised ghosts, and they raised tempests ; they scolded, and they thundered ; they drank nectar, and drove doves : but when any thing serious was to be done,—when a battle was to be decided, or an empire overthrown, they were frequently as powerless to slay or to save as the sceptre which they wielded, or the cloud which they bestrode. Let us call before us some of the most formidable, and examine into their pretensions to Olympus.

Come down, then, Jupiter, from the little pedestal on which I have placed your plaister effigy ! Come down, Father of men and



Gods, counsel-giving, wide-thundering, cloud-compelling! Come down, thou who overthrowest the Titans and abusest thy wife; thou who art so fond of the voice of prayer and the smoke of hecatombs; thou who hast so many epithets, and so many sons; thou who governest Olympus, and meritest Bridewell! Where are thy frowns and thy nods? thy muscles and thy sinews? thy darts and thy decrees? Where are the looks which appal—the blows which destroy? Where is the unbroken chain—the insatiable vulture? Where are the Cyclopes who forge the lightning, and the poets who forge the Cyclopes? Alas! Jupiter, amidst all your terrors, in Heaven or on Ida, in feasting or in wrath, in poetry or in prose, thou wert a quack, Jupiter, a most contemptible quack; so utterly destitute of every thing that could ensure respect; so miserably deficient in every thing that could inspire fear; such a pitiful compound of ignorance and knowledge, of strength and imbecility, of vanity and vice,—that if the days of thy sovereignty could return again,—if thou couldst again be fed upon sacrifice and flattery, I swear by thine own beard I would as soon be an Irus as a Jupiter.

The truth is, that the religion of the ancients, as far as it can be collected from their writings, partook in no small degree of predestination. Yet it is enveloped in so much obscurity, that it is very difficult for us,—nay, it might have been very difficult for them,—to define, where the supremacy of Fate should stop, and the authority of the Gods commence. We find some unfortunate Divinity perpetually endeavouring to overthrow some State which is destined to stand, or to destroy some Hero who is destined to live: although the said Divinity has an innate perception that his struggles in either instance must eventually be fruitless. I know that these ideas may be said to be founded solely on the marvellous fictions of the poets; but, let me ask, would Diomedes have ever inflicted a wound upon Mars, if Homer had seen in Mars a formidable being? or would Juno have ever strutted and stormed through the *Æneid*, if Virgil had cared a sixpence for her displeasure? When I see these liberties taken with the Gods in writing, I feel convinced that equal liberties will be taken with them in life; when I find an immortal and an invincible being knocked on the head or run through the belly at the mercy of a terrestrial wit, I naturally conclude that in the country where such a phenomenon takes place, few persons will boggle at a perjury from the apprehension of a thunderbolt. But this is not all!—There seems to have existed an idea, that a time was approaching when the great offspring of Saturn would be hurled down from the seat he occupied, and subjected to an ignominious destiny, if not to utter annihilation. This is one of the most singular and unaccountable points in their system of faith. Without going



into discussions, to which I am unequal, upon the origin and import of this notion, I must express my surprise at the blindness of those who dressed up a figure, loaded with all these debilities, as their Supreme Power, and installed him in the seat of universal dominion.

As I have been making allusions to the introduction of the Gods in the battles of the Epics, I shall proceed to say a few words upon the subject. The worthy gentry of Olympus, resembling men in their vices, their passions, their liability to pain, and their delight in carnage, made a very tolerable figure in a fair stand-up fight. Their characters could suffer very little from their making use of brazen arms, riding in wooden chariots, and wrestling with antagonists of mere flesh and blood. Mars, to be sure, would have done better if he had refrained from howling; and Juno would not have lost in dignity, if she had been a little more cautious in boxing the ears of Diana. But, upon the whole, these people are very good matter for the poet; and I would as lief meet them in an hexameter as in a temple.

But it is a very different thing when the person of the only true God is to be introduced in a poem. A pigmy in poetry may trifle with the thunders of Jupiter; but a Hercules should beware how he handles the terrors of Jehovah. A rhymers may talk what nonsense he pleases of a mythology which consists of fiction and tinsel; but he should be afraid to touch upon a theme in which there is truth, and eternity, and power. It is for this reason that I can never read without disgust those passages of Tasso, in which the Divine agency is degraded to the level of the machinery of the poem.

When, however, the description falls into the hands of one who is able to do justice to it, see how the glories of the Heathen Mythology sink before the effulgence of the living God. Search the most celebrated descriptions of heathen writers; and where, where, in the brightest moments of inspiration, will you find a passage that can for a moment be compared with that of the Psalmist:—

“The earth trembled and quaked; the very foundations of the hills shook, and were removed, because he was wrath. There went a smoke out in his presence, and a consuming fire out of his mouth, so that coals were kindled at it. He bowed the heavens also and came down, and it was dark under his feet. He rode upon the cherubims and did fly: he came flying upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him, with dark water and thick clouds to cover him. At the brightness of his presence his clouds removed; hailstones and coals of fire. The Lord also thundered out of Heaven, and the Highest gave his thunder; hailstones and coals of fire. He sent out his arrows and scattered them; he cast forth lightnings and destroyed them. The springs of waters were seen, and the foundations of the round world were discovered, at thy chiding, O Lord, at the blasting of the breath of thy displeasure.”



When I look at the famous nod of Jupiter—

Ἦ, καὶ κυανέησιν ἐπ' ὄφρυσι νευσε Κρονίων,  
 Ἀμζροσῖαι δ' ἄρα χαιται ἐπερ' ῥωσαντο ἀνακτος  
 Κρατος ἀπ' ἀθανάτω· μέγαν δ' ἔλελιξεν Ὀλυμπον—

I have before me a distinct image of a handsome terrible-looking man, sitting on a throne, and shaking his head; but when I read the passage which I have quoted above, I find no clear image represented; I feel only a dark and undefinable sensation of awe—a consciousness of the presence of the Deity, visible, yet clothed with darkness as with a veil.

Look now at the terrible magnificence with which Ezekiel has overshadowed the Almighty. After a gorgeous description of the attendant ministers, he says :—

“ And there was a voice from the firmament that was over their heads, when they stood and had let down their wings. And above the firmament that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone, and upon the likeness of the throne was the likeness as the appearance of a man upon it. And I saw as the colour of amber, as the appearance of fire round about within it, from the appearance of his loins even upward, and from the appearance of his loins even downward, I saw as it were the appearance of fire, and it had brightness round about. As the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about. This was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord. And when I saw it, I fell upon my face, and I heard a voice of one that spake.”

My quotations are running to a great length; nevertheless I cannot refrain from transcribing the splendid description of the Messiah, in which our own Milton has united the above two passages :—

“ Forth rush'd with whirlwind sound  
 The chariot of Paternal Deity,  
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel withdrawn,  
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoyed  
 By four cherubick shapes, four faces each  
 Had wondrous, as with stars their bodies all  
 And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels  
 Of beryl and careering fires between;  
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,  
 Whereon a sapphire throne inlaid with pure  
 Amber, and colours of the showery arch.  
 He in celestial panoply all armed  
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,  
 Ascended; at his right hand Victory  
 Sate eagle-winged, beside him hung his bow  
 And quiver, with three-bolted thunder stored.  
 And from about him fierce effusion roll'd  
 Of smoke and bickering flame, and sparkles dire;  
 Attended with ten thousand thousand saints  
 He onward came, far off his coming shone,  
 And twenty thousand (I their number heard),  
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen.  
 He on the wings of cherub rode sublime,  
 On the crystalline sky in sapphire throu'd.”



After having transcribed three such passages as these, I am in no mind to return at present to the dirt and filth of the Pagan superstition ; and I shall hasten to a conclusion.

I have been digressing from my original propositum, until at last I have left the Divinities of the Ancients, and set to work at proving that Homer and Virgil are far inferior to David, Ezekiel, and Milton, which after all is a very easy task, and not very new. I intended to have made this a very learned paper, to have talked much of Egypt, a little of M. Belzoni, and several other matters, which I have not time to enumerate. Here, however, is the fruit of my labours ; I am too lazy, or too busy, to alter, or add, or erase ; in thus rambling through five pages, instead of labouring through fifty, my time has been expended, I am sure, more pleasantly to myself, and I hope as agreeably to my readers.

J. HARVEY.

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STANZAS.

THOU hast left us, dearest Spirit, and left us all alone,  
But thou thyself to glory and liberty art flown ;  
And the song that tells thy virtues, and mourns thy early doom,  
Should be gentle as thy happy death, and peaceful as thy tomb.

Thy place no longer knows thee beside the household hearth,  
We miss thee in our hour of woe, we miss thee in our mirth ;  
But the thought that thou wert one of us—that thou hast borne  
our name,  
Is more than we would part with for fortune or for fame.

Thy dying gift of love, 'twas a light and slender token,  
And thy parting words of comfort were few and faintly spoken ;  
But memory must forsake us, and life itself decay,  
Ere those gifts shall lie forgotten, or those accents pass away.

Farewell, our best and fairest ! a long, a proud farewell !  
May those who love thee follow to the place where thou dost dwell—  
Like the lovely star that led from far the wanderers to their God,  
May'st thou guide us in the pathway which thy feet in beauty trod.

W.



HORÆ PALUDANÆ;

OR, DROPS OF DERWENTWATER.

No. III.

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MY SISTER.

SHE sang—perchance to wile the hours,  
Or exercise her fairy powers ;  
She sang—I sate in silence by,  
And listen'd to her minstrelsy.  
I ask'd her not to wake the note  
Which I lov'd best, because I thought  
Choice and fore-purpose would destroy,  
Or mar at least, the freeborn joy ;  
Therefore I sate in silence by,  
And listen'd to her minstrelsy.  
I took it, as a sweet thing sent  
By nature, a stray gift, not meant  
For me, yet in fruition  
To all intents and ends my own ;  
And listen'd to it, e'en as I  
Would to the chance-heard melody  
Of the stock-dove from his bower,  
Or lark from her ærial tour.

C. L.

*Muswell-hill, April 1, 1821.*

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MUSIC.

THANKS for those soft and soothing numbers !  
They've waked my dull heart from its slumbers ;  
And on the wings of thy sweet strain  
I soar to life and love again.



By the spirit-thrilling sound  
My chained feelings are unbound ;  
Like streams from winter-frost set free,  
They leap and murmur joyously.

Hail to thee, Music! hail to thee !  
Thou art the voice of Liberty !  
—Swept in a flood of welcome tears,  
Th' encroaching present disappears ;

And to the soul's entranced eyes  
In dim and ghostly beauty rise,  
As on the feign'd Elysian green,  
The forms of all things that have been.

And thoughts and fancies, a sweet throng,  
That in the Mind's dark corners long  
Slumber'd unseen, come forth to play,  
Like insects on a sunny day.

—Strange spell ! yet wherefore seek to explore  
The wondrous source of Music's power,  
As children search the white rose through  
To find the secret of its hue ?

No—Sages, vainly ye endeavour  
Mystery from life to sever ;  
Since man's best joys and loves are wrought  
From things he comprehendeth not !

G. M.

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REMINISCENCES OF MY YOUTH.

NO. II.

*Admonitu locorum.—CICERO.*

It is the seventh day of my revisiting! The burst of almost painful affection which came over me as I first trod upon the scene of brighter hours, and the glow of heart and brow, which seemed like a resuscitation of feelings and passions that have long lain dormant in forgetfulness—these have gradually died away: but there has succeeded, dearest spot, a mellowed fondness for you, which, were I to live an eternity with you, would remain through that eternity, unperishable. I now am delighted to muse upon the sweetness of those recollections, whose overpowering throb I at first could hardly endure; and love to call up before me those imaginings, which at first rushed upon me with the overwhelming force of a cataract. I look around me! a spirit seems to be sitting on every house-top, lingering in every grove—incidents in themselves the most humble, objects in themselves the most mean,—like insects preserved in amber, derive nobility and beauty from the colours which memory has thrown around them!

There are associations in the names and the aspects of places, which it is impossible for us to restrain or subdue. Who shall gaze upon the Capitol, and not think upon the Cæsars? Who shall roam round Stonehenge, and not shudder at the knife of the Druids? Who shall be a sojourner in Eastcheap, and not enjoy sweet visions of Shakspeare? My Native Village! less celebrated are the worthies whose images you recall to my imagination, but they are recalled in colours as constant and as vivid. How can I look upon your sports, without thinking of those who were my companions when I joined in them? How can I listen to the voice of your merriment without thinking of those from whom in other days it sprung?

Before me is the Tavern! the lapse of years has hardly bored an additional excavation in its dusky window-curtain, or borrowed a single shade from the boards of its faded sign. But its inmates have vanished; their laughter is no longer heard in their place; and the red brick wall of the Ship stands before me like the cemetery of their mirth, their wit, and their good-humour. In my youth I was wild,—blame me you that have never been so,—and I loved to mingle in this scene of rustic joviality, to listen to



the remarks of untutored simplicity, to envy those who had grown gray, untainted by the corruptions of "this great Babel," and to feel how truly it was said,

———"where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise."

Many years ago I looked upon these boyish pursuits with an eye very different from that which is now cast back towards them. Many years ago, I thought nothing disgraceful which was not incompatible with innocence in myself and charity towards my fellow-creatures;—what would you have?—I have grown more prudent,—and I am not so happy.

The great room of this humble building was the Curia of the village. In it the patriarchs of the place held their nightly sittings, and discussed ale and politics with unremitting assiduity. There was no inebriety, no tumult, no ill-mannered brutality in their sessions; every thing was conducted with the greatest order and tranquillity; the old men assembled with all the gravity, with all the earnestness, perhaps with much of the wisdom, of great statesmen. Alas! ye profane ones, ye smile; ye look with contempt upon my rustic Curia, and my weather-beaten statesmen. And what are the great ones of this earth? Shall not the beings of a more exalted sphere contemplate with equal scorn the wranglings of more honoured senates? You turn with disgust from the eloquence of a Huggins or a Muggins! Look ye then to the oratory of a Cicero, to the patriotism of a Brutus, or, if you will, to the commanding energies of a Pitt and a Fox! Years roll on, and—what are they?

However, call it a Curia, or a Club, or what ye will, custom had established in this mansion a meeting of all the wise heads and all the choice spirits of the hamlet. At first the members of it were very independent of all party considerations, and each was too conscious of his own individual merits, to become a hanger-on of any more important potentate; whatever subject was tabled, whether it were the Holy Alliance or the Holy Church—the taste of the new tap, or the conduct of the new member,—every one said what he thought, and had no idea of bowing to the opinion of his neighbour. In process of time, however, this laudable spirit of liberty and equality began, as in other places, to decline. Some of the members became idle and complaisant; others waxed mighty and overbearing; until at last the Parliament of —— became subservient to the will and wishes of a single ruler; and Jeremiah Snaggs took his place in my memorandum book as the first Dictator.

He had lived many years in the place, so that he was well



known to most of its inhabitants,—to some too well. He had long enjoyed the office of collector of the taxes in ——— and its neighbourhood, and had contrived to grow rich, as some whispered not by the most creditable methods. However that might be, he *was* rich, and as the patriarchal simplicity of the spot declined, many began to look with ill-concealed covetings upon the possessions of Jeremiah Snaggs. He had built to himself a mansion by the road-side, with a small garden in front; and there was a very extraordinary appendage to it, which excited much speculation among his unsophisticated contemporaries, and which he denominated a Veranda. For some time he remained shut up in his citadel, and seemed to condemn the courtesies, and repeal the approaches, of the inferior beings who moved around him. Afterwards, however, he found the solitude of his home (for he was a bachelor) insupportable; and he emerged gradually from his retirement, and condescended to join in the social assemblies of his neighbours. He joined them not as a fellow-citizen, but as a sovereign; he came among them, not to brighten their festivity, but to chill their good-humour; his presence was not an assistance, but a restraint. Nevertheless, he was the great man of the place, and in a short time his word was law among its inhabitants. Whether the ascendancy were owing rather to the talents which he occasionally displayed, or to the dinners which he occasionally gave, I cannot say. Thomas the boat-builder, who till now had the credit of being a staunch Whig, and the boldness to avow it, drew in his horns; his patriotism, his oratory, his zeal, shrank into nothing before the fiat of the Tory Bashaw. He made indeed a violent opposition when Jeremiah proposed the introduction of port wine, in lieu of the malt which had hitherto been the inspiration of their counsels; and he was somewhat refractory, when the Dictator insisted upon turning out the seats of the last generation, and introducing modern chairs. But upon both points the boat-builder was outvoted; and in obedience to Mr. Snaggs, the senators dozed upon nauseous port, and fidgeted upon cane bottoms, for the space of six years. Look now!—you smile at the disputes of a Thomas and a Snaggs!—yet why? what is there of greater moment in those of a Londonderry and a Brougham?

A period, however, was soon put to this terrible system of misrule: an old favourite of the Hundred returned from fighting his county's battles, in which occupation he had been perseveringly engaged for the last fourteen years. Sergeant Kerrick was disgusted with the innovations of the day, and set vigorously to work to drive them before him, as he expressed himself, at the point of the bayonet. The Sergeant was always a fine man, but he was now a cripple into the bargain; he had always majestic



black eyes, but he had now the additional advantage of having a cut over both; he had always the two legs of Hercules, but now—glorious destiny!—he had only one to stand upon. He was irresistible! The Veranda, the roast mutton, the will—all, all was forgotten. In a short time Snaggs was beat by unheard-of majorities;—a week,—and the tide of Whitbread's best was turned into its proper channel; another, and the cane-bottoms were kicked ignominiously from the Parliament. Thomas the boat-builder, who had seceded in disappointment, was brought back in triumph; the Dictator in vain attempted to check the progress of the revolution; baffled, defeated, insulted on all sides, he retired from the field in dismay, and died within a week afterwards from the falling of his Veranda. His death produced no sensation; for it was evident that the man of war had been already installed in his place.

The Sergeant bore his faculties right meekly, and promoted the restoration of *l'ancien regime* to the utmost of his abilities. During his administration people began to talk with some little degree of freedom, although at first they were much awed by the laurels and the scars of their President. They had a wondrous idea of the wisdom he had attained upon his travels. How could they talk of politics in his presence? Why, gracious! he had held the Emperor o' Russia's stirrup at Petersburg, and taken off his hat to the Pope o' Rome,—aye! and caught a glimpse o' Boney to boot. Then, as to religious matters! why the Vicar was nothing to him: he had seen some nations that pray crosslegged, and some that pray in the open air, and some that don't pray at all; and he had been to St. Peter's, and a place they call the Pantheon, and all among the convents and nunneries, where they shut up young folk to make clergymen of them. It is not surprising that all this condensation of knowledge produced much veneration in the neighbourhood; it wore off, however, rapidly, and his companions began to enjoy the tales of his hardships, his privations, his battles, and his triumphs, without any feeling of distance or dissatisfaction. Enchanted by the stories he told, enchanted still more by the enthusiasm with which he told them, the *Patres Conscripti* began to despise their hitherto pacific habits; they carried their sticks on their shoulders, instead of trailing them on the ground; they longed

“To follow to the field some warlike lord;”

all of them began to look big, and one or two made some proficiency in swearing. By the edict of the Dictator, the biblical prints which were ranged round the chamber made room for coloured representations of Cressy and Agincourt; and the table was moved into such a situation as to give sufficient room for the



manual exercise. The women of the village began to be frightened; Matthew Lock, a fine young man of eighteen, ran away to be listed; Mark Fender, a fine old man of eighty, lost an eye in learning *parry tierce*; two able-bodied artisans caught an ague by countermarching in a shower; apprehensions of a military government began to be pretty general,—when suddenly the Dictator was taken off by an apoplexy.—*Ibi omnis effusus labor!* He died when the organization of the corps was just completed: he was carried to his final quarters in great state, and three pistols and a blunderbuss were fired over his grave. Why should we condemn his lowly sepulchre? He died—and so did Alexander.

The warlike Tullus was succeeded by the pacific Numa. Kerrick, the Sergeant, was succeeded by Nicholas, the Clerk. The six months during which the progeny of Mars had held the reins of government, had unsettled every thing; the six weeks which saw Nicholas in his stead set every thing in its place again. In the course of a few days it was discovered that drab was a better colour than red, and that an oyster-knife was a prettier weapon than a bayonet. In this short reign the Magnates of the place imbibed a strong taste for literature and the arts. The blunderbuss was exchanged for the "Pilgrim's Progress," and one of the pistols for the "Whole Duty of Man." Nicholas himself was a man of considerable acquirements; he was the best reader in the place next to the Vicar, and by dint of much scraping and perseverance he had managed to fill two shelves with a heterogeneous confusion of ancient and modern lore. There was an odd volume of the "History of England," sundry ditto of Sermons, an account of "Anson's Voyage Round the World," and "The righte Pathe toe Welle-Doinge," by Geoffry Mixon. There was also a sage Treatise on Ghosts, Spectres, Apparitions, &c. which instigated me to various acts of atrocity, to which I shall presently allude.

Nicholas had presided over the conclave for four months in uninterrupted tranquillity, when an incident occurred which put the firmness of his character to the test. The Parliament had just finished their second jug one evening, and were beginning to think of an adjournment, when a low rumbling noise, like the echo of distant thunder, was heard, and in a moment afterwards the door, as it were spontaneously, flew open, and a spectre flew in. It is needless for me to describe the spectre: it was, *selon regle*, above the common height, with pale cheeks, hollow voice, and staring eyes. It advanced to the Dictator's chair, and moaned, in an audible murmur—"I am thine evil genius, Nicholas!—thou shalt see me at church on Sunday." And then it immediately vanished, nobody knew how or where. Well indeed it might, for few of the company were qualified to play the spy



on its motions. The Clerk, however, is said to have kept his seat with great firmness; and all avowed that they had followed his example. Howbeit, unless my memory fails me, there was a whisper that the saddler contrived to be looking under the table for a sixpence, and the exciseman's sooty appearance told dirty tales of the chimney. The Clerk was much importuned not to hazard himself in the church upon the fated Sabbath; but upon this point he was obstinate; it was finally agreed to conceal the matter, and in the event of the apparition's re-appearance to set the Minister at him.

On the Sunday, (for I suppose the reader is aware that I was intimately acquainted with the causes of the alarm) it was very amusing to watch the different faces of terror or expectation which appeared at public worship, to mark the quivering hue on the sallow cheek of the exciseman, and listen to the querulous intonation of the clerk's Amen. When at last the sermon was concluded, Nicholas gave his final twang in such a manner that to my ears it resembled an *Io Paan*. He rose from his knees with a countenance of such unmingled, unrepressed triumph, that I could no longer restrain myself!—I laughed. Alas! dearly did I rue, unhappy wight, that freak of sacrilegious jocularity.

"And is this all?"—See now; you laugh at this deception, because a foolish boy was its instrument, and an honest clerk its victim. Have you not often pored, with romantic interest, upon tales of impostures equally gross? Have you not read with horror the celebrated warning of Dion? Have you not shuddered at "I am thine evil spirit, Brutus; thou shalt see me again at Philippi?" and yet

"What's in a name?"

"Nicholas' will raise a spirit as well as 'Brutus.'"

The Dictator's seat was soon after vacated. Ellen, the Vicar's daughter, had died some years before; and her father, finding himself unable to reconcile himself to the residence which she had so long endeared to him, prepared to quit the village. It was supposed that poor Nicholas was overpowered by the misfortune of his patron: certain it is that he died very quietly one fine summer's evening, quite prepared for his end, and in the fullest possession of his faculties. He was followed to his grave by as sincere a crowd of mourners as ever wept at a poor man's obsequies. There is no urn, no column, no monumental splendor where he sleeps! But what of this? Nicholas is dust—and so is Cheops.

One more name lives in my recollection. The old Clerk bequeathed his library and his authority to his favourite, Arthur.



Arthur!—he had no other name. That of his father was unknown to him, and he was taken from life before his merits had earned one. He was a foundling. He had been left at the old Clerk's door some years before I was born; and Nicholas had relieved the parish of the expense, and had educated him with all the attention of a father. I will not relate the whisper which went about at the time, nor the whispers which succeeded afterwards. Arthur grew in health and beauty, and was quite the pet of the neighbourhood; he had talents too, which seemed designed for brighter days; and patience, which made even his bitter lot endurable. He used to write verses which were the admiration of the synod; and sang his hearers to sleep occasionally with all the good-nature imaginable. At last a critic of distinguished note, who was spending a few months near the hamlet, happened to get a sight of the boy's poetry, and took a fancy to him. He taught him to read and recite with feeling; pointed out to him the beauties and the errors of the models which he put into his hands; and, on his departure, gave him the works of several of our modern worthies, and promised that he would not forget him. However, he *did* forget him, or gave no symptoms of his remembrance.

The old Clerk died, and Arthur felt alone in the world. Still he had many friends; and when the first burst of his regret was over, comfortable prospects again began to dawn upon him. He again mingled in the society of the village; and the Dictator's chair in the chimney-corner, which had been vacated during this short interregnum, was given up to him cheerfully. He was beloved, esteemed, looked up to, by every one. Another circumstance, too, seemed likely to add to his happiness: he fixed his affections on a young woman, the daughter of an inhabitant of the place; his passion was returned with interest, and the former opposed no obstacle to its gratification.

On a sudden his whole appearance and behaviour was altered. He seemed as if awaking from a delightful dream; nothing which he had loved or pursued appeared to have charms for him any longer. When he was questioned as to the cause of his depression, he hinted obscurely that "it was no matter; the infamy which his parents had heaped upon him he would bear alone; he would entangle no one else in the misery which was and must be his own portion." This was all the explanation he gave; but it was enough to show that he had given himself up to the dominion of a morbid sensibility, which must finally be his destruction.

He ceased to lead, as he formerly was wont to do, the opinions and pursuits of his neighbours. They had always bowed to his criticisms, his logic, his lectures; but criticism, logic, and lec-



tures, were now silent. He would sit in the chair of dignity, hour after hour, and utter no word: sometimes, however, he would appear to shake off, with a painful struggle, the feelings which oppressed him, and would break out suddenly into flashes of a broad but irresistible humour, which Burns, in his brightest moments, could not have surpassed; and then he would relapse again into gloom and taciturnity. But his mind, thus kept in a state of continual agitation and excitement, was sinking fast beneath it. The girl too, whom he loved, was wretched through his refinement of passion. She believed herself slighted, and her coldness aggravated his torments. This could not last!—It did not.

One day he did not make his appearance in the village. One of his friends, going to his cottage, found the door fastened; and, upon calling, received no answer. The neighbourhood became alarmed; and several of his acquaintance searched in vain for him. He was not by the stream where he often sat in solitude till the noxious dew fell round him; nor in the grove, where he used to listen to the nightingales till Fancy filled up the pauses in their songs; nor by the window, where he would stand and gaze unconsciously till the sight of that dear face drove him from the scene of enchantment. At last they forced open his door; I entered with them. The poor youth was sitting at his writing-table, in his old Patron's arm-chair; the pen seemed to have just fallen from his hand; the ink on its nib was hardly dry; but he was quite still, quite silent, quite cold.

His last thoughts seemed to have been spent upon the stanzas which were on the table before him. I will transcribe them, rather as an illustration of his story than as a specimen of his talents. Some of the lines gave rise to a conjecture that he had been the author of his own death, but nothing appeared to warrant the suspicion.

“ I have a devil in my brain!—

He haunts me when I sleep,  
And points his finger at my pain,  
And will not let me weep:  
And ever, as he hears me groan,  
He says the cause is all my own.

I shall be calm anon!—I had

A pleasant dream of bliss;  
And now they tell me I am mad,—

Why should I mourn for this?

My good, kind Parents!—answer ye,  
For what I am, and am to be.



Alas! I have forgotten, dear,  
 The pledging and the vow;  
 There is a falsehood in my tear,  
 I do not love thee now:  
 Or how could I endure to go,  
 And look, and laugh, and leave thee so?  
 Thou shalt not come to my caress,  
 Thou shalt not bear my name;  
 Nor sorrow in my wretchedness,  
 Nor wither in my shame;  
 Mine is the misery and the moan,  
 And I will die—but die alone!”

Him too I saw carried to his narrow dwelling-place. In his latter days he had been regarded by his companions with a kind of superstitious awe; and, as his coffin fell with its solemn, reverberating sound, into its allotted space, the bearers looked upon each other with an expression of conscious mystery, and many shook their heads in silence. I lingered round the spot when they departed, and planted a rose upon his humble mound.

I was to leave the village the next day in order to fix my abode among the haunts of busy men. In the evening, feeling a melancholy which I could not shake off, I took up my hat and wandered towards the churchyard. From a distance I perceived a bright and delicate figure hastily retiring from my approach. I leaned over the remains of the kind, the enthusiastic, the affectionate! The rose which I had planted there glistened beneath the moon:—it was not the dew;—it was something more clear, more precious:—it was one beautiful tear! I had rather have such a tear on my grave than a pyramid of marble.

W. M. P.

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STANZAS.

NAY, let us hope! it is not vain—  
 Though many and many a joy be flown:  
 Sublimar blessings yet remain—  
 A few rich hearts are still our own;  
  
 A few, a very few, whose love  
 Nor fate nor years from us can sever;  
 And guiding light from Heaven above;  
 And Time, that smiles on firm endeavour.



There is a manliness in hope,  
 It sets the exorcis'd spirit free  
 To burst the present's cloudy cope,  
 And breathe in clear futurity.

There, pure from grief, and sin, and toil,  
 That shade the sky of passing time,  
 Lies a new world—an untrod soil—  
 A shadowy Eden, still in prime.

There, all we honour'd, all we lov'd,  
 More fair, more glorious still appears ;  
 And hopes are crown'd ; and faith approv'd ;  
 And peace smiles calm on moonlight years.

And if, 'mid that delicious trance,  
 We waste one thought on present sorrow,  
 Its memory serves but to enhance  
 The blissful vision of to-morrow.

As when the shadowy Good repose,  
 Lapt on the green Elysian plain,  
 And dream awhile of earthly woes,  
 To wake in Heaven more blest again !

G. M.

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#### ON TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

*" Infido scurræ distabit amicus."*

HORACE.

How very seldom do we find any one who has a relish for real Friendship—who can set a due value upon its approbation, and pay a due regard to its censures ! Adulation lives, and pleases ; Truth dies, and is forgotten. The flattery of the fool is always pungent and delicious ; the rebuke of the wise is ever irksome and hateful. Wherefore, then, do we accuse the Fates when they



withhold from us the blessings of friendship, if we ourselves have not the capacity for enjoying them?

Schah Sultan Hossein, says an old Persian fable, had two favourites. Mahamood was very designing and smooth-tongued; Selim was very open and plain-spoken. After a space, the intrigues of Mahamood had the upper hand, and Selim was banished from the court. Then Zobeide, the mother of the Sultan's mother, a wise woman, and one learned in all the learning of the Persians, stood before the throne, and spoke thus:—

"When I was young I was said to be beautiful. Upon one occasion, a great fête was to be given. The handmaids dressed my hair in an inner apartment. 'Look,' said one, 'how bright are her eyes!' 'What a complexion,' said another, 'is upon her cheeks!' 'What sweetness,' cried a third, 'in her voice!' I grew sick of all this adulation. I sent my women from me, and complained to myself bitterly. 'Why have I not,' I cried, 'some friend on whom I can rely; who will tell me with sincerity when the roses on my cheeks begin to fade, and the darkness of my eyebrows to want colouring? But alas! this is impossible.'

"As I spoke, a beneficent Genius rose from the ground before me. 'I have brought thee,' he said, 'what thou didst require: thou shalt no longer have occasion to reproach the Prophet for denying thee that which, if granted, thou wouldst thyself destroy.' So saying, he held forth to me a small locket, and disappeared.

"I opened it impatiently. It contained a small plate, in shape like a horseman's shield, but so bright that the brightness of twenty shields would be dim before it; I looked, and beheld every charm upon which I valued myself reflected upon its surface. 'Delightful Monitor!' I exclaimed, 'thou shalt ever be my companion; in thee I may safely confide; thou art not mercenary, nor changeable; thou wilt always speak to me the truth—as thou dost now!' and I kissed its polish exultingly, and hastened to the fête.

"Something happened to ruffle my temper, and I returned to the palace out of humour with myself and the world. I took up my treasure. Heavens! what a change was there! my eyes were red with weeping—my lips distorted with vexation. My beauty was changed into deformity—my dimples were converted into frowns. 'Liar!' I cried, in a frenzy of passion, 'what meanest thou by this insolence? art thou not in my power, and dost thou provoke me to wrath?' I dashed my Monitor to the earth, and went in search of the consolation of my flatterers!"

Zobeide here ceased. I know not whether the reader will comprehend the application of her narrative. The Sultan did, —and Selim was recalled.

M. STERLING.



## LETTERS FROM OXFORD.

NO. I.

TO PEREGRINE COURTENAY, ESQ.

*M—— College, Monday Evening.*

MY DEAR EDITOR,

HERE I am, on my first introduction to *Alma Mater*, no longer the Eton Boy, but the Oxford Man. I shall not attempt to describe to you the various speculations which floated around me, as the *Defiance* bowled along the Henley road; or embody in words the agitating sensations which I felt on descending the heights in the neighbourhood of Oxford. They commanded a panoramic view of those turrets which were to be the future scene of all my hopes and fears; and, as I caught the first glance of *Academus*, peeping from between the elm groves in which she appears from this quarter to be embowered, it was but likely that certain suggestions of doubt and anxiety should intrude themselves into the company of those high aspirations in which I was indulging. Of course, amid the bustle of this new world, I have little time for argumentative dissertations, and therefore you must expect nothing but plain unvarnished facts from this communication. Immediately on my arrival, I put myself under the protection of our esteemed friend, ROBERT STERLING, who has got a scholarship with an odd name at this College. Luckily I found him in his rooms; and I need hardly mention that he received me with the greatest kindness. His hospitality, we all know, is rather of the rough sort; and he made me swallow a pint of wine at noonday, by way of dusting my throat, as he called it, before he would suffer me to enter upon business. In the meanwhile he plied me with inquiries after the welfare of the Club, and the prospects for next Number; and congratulated me on the respectable name which the Publication had secured itself at both Universities. He enumerated the societies who took it in, and ran over the various remarks and *morceaux* of criticism he had occasionally picked up at Jubber's (the Oxford Layton) and our Publisher's; till at last I took advantage of a pause to ask his directions as to my proceedings on the subject of entering myself as a member of the University. I never shall forget the chop-fallen look which he gave me in answer. When he began to mutter about Oriel, Brazen-Nose, &c. &c.; that he had been endeavouring to get a relation's name upon the books of these Colleges, and had been told that they were full, overflowing



full, for years to come; I quickly eased him upon this subject, by informing him that I had been for some time enrolled upon the list of his own foundation, and had received orders to come up to enter myself. Sterling upon this brightened up, and I was forthwith directed to call upon the Tutor, and make known my arrival. Judge of the palpitating heart with which I tapped at the door. I had never felt so awkwardly, even while waiting in *Library*, when I knew I had incurred the penalty of a flogging. If I had in fact formed any idea of the person of my future instructor, it must have borne much of the following character:—a grave, sober-looking personage, with deep mathematical furrows across his forehead, sunken eyes, snuffy nose, and seated in state within a huge arm-chair. What was my surprise to find Mr. Jackson a decided contrast to my *beau idéal*. A little smart figure, agile, a very rival of the *perpetuum mobile*, was cordially glad to see me, shook hands heartily, pointed to a chair, poked the fire a dozen times, and then assumed the tutor—"I have sufficient confidence," says he, "in the high reputation which Eton has secured to herself, to be satisfied that you are perfectly qualified for admittance into our society: however, you know, Mr. Le Blanc, forms must be attended to. What books have you been lately reading?"—I modestly named a few of our school classics; but Mr. J. interrupted me by haranguing so volubly about Æschylus, Pindar, and some other authors, that I began to tremble in my shoes at the prospect of a severe examination. All this ended in a Homer being handed me, and I was requested to construe one of the easiest passages in the *Iliad*, and then followed as difficult a task in the *Æneid*. I was next to read a paragraph of monkish Latin from a little white book, which I found to contain extracts from the University Statutes; and, on the close of my recitative, Mr. J. skipped out of the room, and I was left to my own meditations. I employed the interval in amusing myself with the duodecimo I held in my hand; and I happened to fall upon some passages which put me in mind of certain individuals of our Club, for whose edification I make bold to extract them.

FOR MR. GOLIGHTLY.

"Statutum est, quod Scholares per civitatem ejusq. suburbia otiosi non obambulent; neque in plateis, aut publico foro, seu in quadriviis, (apud *Pennyles Bench*, ut vulgo vocant,) aut apud oppidanorum officinas stantes, aut commoantes conspiciantur."

FOR SIR T. NESBIT.

"Statutum est, quod Scholares a diversoriis, cauponis, œnopolis, ac domibus quibuscunque intra civitatem, vel præinctum Universitatis, in quibus vinum, aut quivis alius potus, aut herba Nicotiana (sive *Tobacco*), ordinarie venditur, abstineant."



FOR MR. COURTENAY.

"Si quis aliquid scripto composuerit, unde alicui æstimatio et fama lædi possit, vel aliquid a se lectum, vel ab alio recitante auditum, ad Vice Canc. protinus haud detulerit, vel quoquo modo in vulgus sparserit aut disseminaverit, tanquam pacis perturbator banniatur."

In a few minutes Mr. J. returned, and I was hurried to the Warden's, who, I was given to understand, acted as Pro-Vice-Chancellor during the absence of that dignitary. There are some few characters, whose mild address and amiable manners make such a favourable impression upon our feelings, even at a first introduction, particularly when we are in the company of entire strangers, that the affections, which, like Noah's dove, have for some time been looking out with earnestness to find a resting-place, eagerly hasten to repose in full confidence in an asylum thus seemingly opened to their approaches. And when sentiments of respect are blended with those of a kinder nature, the conquest is complete, the spell irresistible. Such was the character now before me—a happy union of condescending affability and graceful dignity, in which the contrasted qualities were so nicely counterbalanced by each other's influence, that the evil effects arising from either of them when in a state of celibacy were completely avoided. The presence of Dr. James did not impose that deference which bears so strong a tincture of servility when paid by an inferior, and yet it was impossible to degenerate into a licentious freedom of behaviour from a presumption of indulgence. His latitudinarian principles of liberality had nothing of weakness in them; and no man ever understood so well, or practised with such success, yet without ostentation, the "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

I am indebted to my friend Sterling for the last observations I have ventured to give you, for of course they required a more mature judgment than I was capable of exercising. And yet, as I gazed upon the person whom I was thus introduced to, though pale and emaciated from the ravages of a long illness, I could easily discern the existence of those characteristics I have described, and which had neither been soured by the irritation, or enfeebled by the wearisomeness, of his sufferings.

Having displayed my proficiency in classical knowledge by the repetition of the same passages in Homer and Virgil which I read in the Tutor's room, I was directed to subscribe my name in a large folio *Album*. This proved to contain the Thirty-nine Articles, which, by-the-by, I had never read. My predicament was an awkward one; but it was too late for hesitation, and I salved my conscience by the same device which I have no doubt ninety-nine out of the hundred have done before me,—I promised myself to believe every iota when I had read them. The remainder



of this formal initiation was soon despatched. I separately abjured the damnable doctrines of the Pope, swore allegiance to the King, and vowed to preserve the statutes and privileges of the society I was then admitted into.

When I had discharged the appointed fees, I thought the business was all over; but I was now honoured with a closet audience by the Tutor. We arranged the plan of future study, and then followed a few hints of general utility. I could not help smiling, when, among the dignitaries whom I was bound to make obeisance to by capping whenever I met them, Mr. Jackson's catalogue included his all-important self in the number. At last, however, I was dismissed; and, on returning to my friend Sterling, he bade me prepare for dinner in Hall, and hoped I would not be annoyed by an opportunity of meeting some of my future associates at a wine party in the evening. As this letter has already exceeded all reasonable limits, I shall reserve the account of this convivial meeting for a future communication. At present believe me to remain

Your attached friend,

And his Majesty's loyal subject,

ALLEN LE BLANC.

P. S. I shall be back in time for the next Club day. I shall make a great point of regular attendance till the vacation, when I take my final leave of you and the School, as I am promised rooms in College by that time.

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NO. II.

*March 20.—Tuesday Morning.*

Do not, my dear Courtenay, be surprised at the rapidity with which my second epistle has followed upon the footsteps of its predecessor. Those who will call up to their remembrance the time when they were first enrolled among the *alumni* of Eton, and found themselves surrounded by the strange novelties of a different creation from what they had been heretofore accustomed to,—these, I say, will best sympathize with the feelings which yearn to share, with some dear confidant, that superabundance of fresh knowledge, that comes in faster than the digestive faculties can well manage to secrete it.

I promised to send you an account of the delightful evening which I spent in the society of Sterling, and some friends whom I found he had invited on purpose to meet me. But before I enter upon a description of the incidents of the meeting, and attempt to give you a faint idea of the conversational powers which were there displayed, I shall beg leave to introduce you to a few



of the characters of which the party consisted, as near as possible in the words of my good host, whom I persuaded to favour me with this detail, on the company breaking up. The *tête-à-tête*, as you may well imagine, was prolonged to a late hour.

I had been particularly struck by the vivacity and brilliant conversation of one individual, whom I should describe as a sort of irregular figure, with dark raven locks staring above his forehead, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," or, to speak more technically, dressed after the French fashion, as if stiffened up in front with pomatum. His eyebrows were prominent and coal-black, and his orbs of vision full, and expressive of intelligence. He appeared to be yet rough from the hand of nature, for his converse bore no marks of having been polished or pruned by the logic of the school. In fact, his *forte* by no means consisted in the art of unravelling the intricacies of any argument which happened to be on the carpet, but rather in furnishing materials of new subjects, whenever the conversation began to flag; and this was effected by starting the most eccentric notions, which could not fail of attracting the attention, and fascinating the imagination, of his audience. This luckily was no common one, or otherwise such abilities would have been thrown away, and, like the roses of Pæstum, he might have wasted himself upon the desert air, if, indeed, he had been fortunate enough to escape being mistaken for a fool, so closely genius borders upon absurdity!

"Mr. Carmarthen," said my friend Sterling, "has only lately come up to reside with us. He is an exotic from the West Indies, and, as you perceive, does not bely the character of his countrymen,—

‘Souls made of fire, and children of the sun.’

His education, I believe, was chiefly derived from a grammar-school in Kent, and I cannot say that he was well-grounded there in the essentials for the attainment of classical learning. Minerva only knows who was in fault, he or his *Orbilus*. I am often half-inclined to suspect the former of the blame, when I see the inveterate fastidiousness with which books of rudiments are treated, and the precipitate eagerness which is evinced in this desperado's attacks upon the deepest mysteries of knowledge. Mr. C. is a man after your own heart. His metaphysical turn has long been the amusement of the College. It does not matter what may be the subject of discourse; metaphysics are sure to come in. It is 'neck or nothing' with them. I recollect getting well lectured at a large breakfast party, for the improper application of the word 'idea,' when I ought to have substituted that of 'notion.' I deny not but that he was right; 'idea' signifies the



mental conception of a substantial essence, as, the idea of a horse; while 'notion' can only properly be applied to an immaterial, as the notion of a virtue. This promising Aristotelian is a next-door neighbour of mine; and one day he came running into the room, as I was brooding over my Æschylus, and requested my assistance in a definition which he had been puzzling over for the last five hours, while composing an Essay on the difference between Envy and Jealousy. It was at last determined that Envy would never allow of a superior, while Jealousy could not endure the presence of an equal. Oh, if the Old Bridge had remained to our days! But perhaps you are not acquainted, Le Blanc, with the tradition I allude to. The noted Friar Bacon pursued his studies in a room which was attached to the arch of one of those bridges which bestride the many branches of the Isis in different parts of the city of Oxford; and there was an antique prophecy, that whenever a man, as clever as the philosopher who dwelt there, should pass beneath the said arch, the structure would fall.

'Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove.'

The next individual, of whom I made bold to inquire, was one who had given the most decided proofs of solid scholarship during the evening. His ideas had not that original stamp which had characterized Mr. Carmarthen; they were, however, prompt at call, apposite for the occasion, and apparently derived from an abundant reservoir. I should be inclined to classify them all under the head of what the Greeks denominated the *ἐκτελέματα* (or acquired); and whether the doctrine be true or not, that we bring nothing into this world of intellectual possessions any more than of the other sort, with the exception of the capacity for acquirement, I do not venture to determine. But certainly all the knowledge which this gentleman displayed might be readily traced to the books which he had studied. In person, he was of the common size, with something of the *Grecian bend*; contracted, doubtless from sedentary habits: his eyes were dimmed of half their lustre from constant use; and there was an appearance of mental absence about him, likely to be unfavourably construed by a stranger, (as it might easily be taken for *hauteur*, though in fact it was chiefly owing to a defect of hearing; from which I understand he experienced occasional annoyance.)

Stirling confirmed the opinions which I had formed. "Mr. Thompson," said he, "is a select specimen of the fruits of Dr. Valpy's system of Classical Education. No man in the University can discuss the merits of the digamma with greater fluency or point. His Latin prose composition is the pure Ciceronian, and a false quantity in the pronunciation of a word would be



death to him. The treasures of the various Grammars which have been edited from time to time ; the Port Royal, Eton, Westminster, &c., are as his A B C ; and few can so well appreciate the importance of the Greek accents. In spite of all this, there is no one who has so little pedantry about him. It is true that he is rather authoritative in his literary decisions, but he has the fairest right to be so. He has cultivated, with no small assiduity, other branches, which are more calculated to give *éclat* to general conversation. His admiration of our own elder Bards has led him to investigate the deepest principles of their genius. The change of public taste, which was introduced by the present school of Poetry, has recalled to favour many authors who were left to slumber upon the shelf for ages. Sir Walter Scott and Leigh Hunt have respectively turned the attention of their countrymen home again to old Dan Chaucer and Spenser. These same Worthies are might favourites with Mr. Thompson : and I believe he is only praying for the time of his Examination to be over, that he may surrender himself to the quiet enjoyment of his English Classics. His scholastic learning is evidently superinduced, for he has long been a suitor of Nature's. A romantic tinge of this description first taught him to practise that delightful art which preserves for him the image of scenes, the spell of whose beauties has not yet passed away from his imagination. I need not add that he has showed himself no mean proficient ; for, in my opinion, the zeal with which we pursue any study is generally compensated by an equal proportion of success. One trait more, and my character will be complete. Mr. Thompson is not content with that mere inert sort of antiquarianism which I see Mr. Bellamy is famous for—I mean the stocking a cabinet with curiosities in this line. His (Mr. Thompson's) research is an active one. There is not an old Church, ruined Abbey, or Field of Battle, in the neighbourhood, within twenty miles, which he has not visited, and of whose traditions he has not made himself perfectly master. He has the very spirit of Columbus in exploring the various streams with which this well-watered county abounds. He has pursued the course of the Cherwell till it has become no wider than a brook ; and not satisfied with a day's expedition up the Isis, during which he was several times obliged to draw his skiff over certain disagreeable impediments denominated *wiers*, he has lately been talking of penetrating as far as Cheltenham, and entertained sanguine hopes of crossing the range of hills in which the river takes its rise, and then dropping down, by some stream, into the Bristol Channel."

The limits of a letter will prevent me from giving you several other portraits with which Mr. Sterling favoured me last night. I shall take a further opportunity of introducing them. At pre-



sent I can only find room for a bare allusion to our conversational bill of fare. The wine and dessert were of course secondary considerations; merely the excuse for meeting. I don't believe we drank two bottles, and there were six of us; if we did, you may fairly score down one third to my share. The break-ice subject, or substitute for discussions on the weather, as introductory to more intimate converse, is the progress of the Examination at the Schools. They are not open at present I find; but there were various speculations afloat on the proposed candidates for the honours. This naturally brought on some mention of Divinity; and Mr. Carmarthen entangled us in a most abstruse inquiry, by wondering what would have been the consequences if Adam had fallen into a river deep enough to drown him previous to the fall. This question was at length quashed, by the interposition of a Mr. Jeffrey (of whom I shall have much to say hereafter), who reminded the company of the danger of pretending to be wise above that which is written. He coolly settled the present argument by asking whether the providence of the Deity was not sufficient for all the purposes of Adam's preservation. By the way, it was odd we had none of us thought of this. Mr. Thompson then addressed me, by asking if I had yet paid a pilgrimage to the celebrated picture of the Queen of Scots in the Bodleian. My friend Sterling answered that we had not yet had time for lionizing, as I had only arrived in the afternoon. Now came on an animated discussion of the styles of the different schools of painting; an admirable review of the excellencies of modern artists; and some clever conjectures on the probable merits of the ancients. In the meanwhile, the history of the lovely but unfortunate Mary Stuart, was the topic on the other side of the table, and the question soon became general. But my paper is full, and I must abruptly conclude.

Your's sincerely,

A. L. B.

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## GOG,—A POEM.

BY FREDERICK GOLIGHTLY, ESQ.

## CANTO I.

“A most delicate monster!”—SHAKESPEARE.

KING ARTHUR, as the Legends sing,  
Was a right brave and merry King,  
And had a wondrous reputation  
Through this right brave and merry nation.  
His ancient face, and ancient clothes,  
His Tables round, and rounder Oaths,  
His crown and cup, his feasts and fights,  
His pretty Queen and valiant Knights,  
Would make me up the *raciest* scene,  
That is, or will be, or has been.  
These points, and others not a few,  
Of great importance to the view,  
As, how King Arthur valued Woman,  
And, how King Arthur threshed the Roman,  
And, how King Arthur built a Hall,  
And, how King Arthur play'd at ball;  
I'll have the prudence to omit,  
Since Brevity's the soul of Wit.  
Oh! Arthur's days were blessed days,  
When all was wit, and worth, and praise;  
And planting thrusts, and planting oaks,  
And cracking nuts, and cracking jokes,  
And turning out the toes, and tiltings,  
And jousts, and journeyings, and jiltings,  
Lord! what a stern and stunning rout,  
As tall Adventure strode about,



Rang through the land ! for there were duels  
 For love of Dames, and love of jewels ;  
 And steeds, that carried Knight and Prince,  
 As never steeds have carried since ;  
 And heavy Lords and heavy lances ;  
 And strange unfashionable dances ;  
 And endless bustle and turmoil,  
 In vain disputes for fame or spoil.  
 Manners, and roads, were very rough ;  
 Armour, and beeves, were very tough ;  
 And then,—the brightest figures far  
 In din or dinner, peace or war ;  
 Dwarfs sang to Ladies in their teens,  
 And Giants grew as thick as beans !

One of these worthies, in my verse,  
 I mean, Oh ! Clio, to rehearse :  
 He was much talk'd of in his time,  
 And sung of too in monkish rhyme ;  
 So, lest my pen should chance to err,  
 I'll quote his ancient chronicler.  
 Thus Friar Joseph paints my hero :

*Addictus caedibus et ferro,  
 Impudens, luxuriosus.  
 Preces, jejuniisque perosus,  
 Metum ubique vultu jactans,  
 Bobes ubique manu mactans,  
 Cauros pro coena vorans, post hos  
 Libenter edens pueros tostos,  
 Anglorum, et (ni fallit error)  
 Ipsius Regis saepe terror,  
 Equorum equitumque captor,  
 Incola rupis, ingens raptor,  
 Episcopatum donorum,—  
 Damnatus hostis monachorum!*



Such was his eulogy ! the fact is,  
He had a most outrageous practice  
Of running riot, bullying, beating,  
Behaving rudely, killing, eating ;  
He wore a black beard, like a Jew's,  
And stood twelve feet without his shoes ;  
He used to sleep through half the day,  
And then went out to kill and slay ;  
At night he drank a deal of grog,  
And slept again ;—his name was Gog.

He was the son of Gorboduc,  
And was a boy of monstrous pluck ;  
For once, when in a morning early,  
He happened to be bruising barley,  
A knight came by with sword and spear,  
And halted in his mid career :  
The youngster look'd so short and pliant,  
He never dreamed he was a giant,  
And so he pull'd up with a jerk,  
And call'd young bruiser from his work :—  
“ Friend, can you lead me by the rein  
To Master Gorboduc's domain ?  
I mean to stop the country's fears,  
And knock his house about his ears ! ”  
The urchin chuckled at the joke,  
And grinn'd acutely as he spoke :  
“ Sir knight, I'll do it if I can,  
Just get behind me in my pan,  
I'm off,—I stop but once to bait,  
I'll set you down before the gate.”  
Sir Lolly swallow'd all the twang,  
He leap'd into the mortar—bang  
And when he saw him in the vessel,—  
Gog beat his brains out with the pestle.



This was esteemed a clever hit,  
And showed the stripling had a wit ;  
Therefore his father spared no arts  
To cultivate such brilliant parts.  
No giant ever went before  
Beyond his " two and two made four,"  
But Gog possess'd a mind gigantic,  
And grasp'd a learning quite romantic.  
'Tis certain that he used to sport  
The language that they spoke at court ;  
Had something of a jaunty air,  
That men so tall can seldom wear ;  
Unless he chanc'd to need some victuals,  
He was a pleasant match at skittles ;  
And if he could have found a horse  
To bear him through a single course,  
I think he might have brought the weight  
'Gainst all that Britain counted great.  
In physic he was sage indeed,  
He used to blister and to bleed,  
Made up strange plaisters—had been known  
To amputate, or set, a bone,  
And had a notable device  
For curing colick in a trice,  
By making patients jump a wall,  
And get a most salubrious fall.  
Then in philosophy, 'twas said,  
He got new fancies in his head ;  
Had reckonings of the sea's profundity,  
And dreams about the earth's rotundity ;  
In argument was quite a Grecian,  
And taught the doctrine of cohesion.  
This knowledge, as one often sees,  
Softened his manners by degrees ;



He came to have a nicer maw,  
And seldom eat his mutton raw ;  
And if he had upon his board  
At once a Peasant and a Lord,  
He call'd the Lord his dainty meat,  
And had him devil'd for a treat.

Old Gorboduc, the Legends say,  
Happen'd to go to pot one day ;  
The how and why remains a question ;  
Some say he died of indigestion,  
From swallowing a little boat,  
In drinking dry Sir Toby's moat.  
Others assert that Dame Ulrica  
(Whom he confined beneath a beaker,  
Having removed her from her cottage  
To stew her in a mess of pottage)  
Upset her prison in the night,  
And played Ulysses out of spite,  
So that he woke, in great surprise,  
With two sharp needles in his eyes.  
Perhaps Ulrica may have lied ;  
At all events—the giant died,  
Bequeathing to his son and heir,  
Illustrious Gog, the pious care,  
To lord it o'er his goods and chattels,  
And wield his club and fight his battles.

'Twould take an Iliad, Sirs, to tell  
The numerous feats on flood and fell,  
At which my hero tried his hand ;  
He was the terror of the land,  
And did a thousand humorous things,  
Fit to delight the ear of kings ;



I cull what I consider best,  
And pass in silence o'er the rest.

There was a Lady sent from Wales,  
With quiet sea, and favouring gales,  
To land upon the English shore,  
And marry with Sir Paladore.  
It seems she sail'd from Milford Haven,  
On board the Bittern, Captain Craven,  
And smiles, and nods, and gratulation,  
Attended on her embarkation.  
But when the ship got out from land,  
The Captain took her by the hand,  
And, with a brace of shocking oaths,  
He led her to her chest of clothes.  
They paused !—he scratching at his chin,  
As if much puzzled to begin ;  
She o'er the box in stupor leaning,  
As if she couldn't guess his meaning,  
Then thus the rogue the silence broke—  
His whiskers wriggled as he spoke :—  
“ Look out an extra gown and shift ;  
You're going to be turned adrift ;  
As many gewgaws as you please,  
Only don't bounce upon your knees ;  
It's very fine, but don't amuse,  
And isn't of the smallest use.  
Ho ! there—above !—put down the boat,—  
In half an hour you'll be afloat ;—  
I wouldn't have you lose a minute—  
There—put a little victuals in it ;  
You think I'm playing off a sham,  
But—split my vitals if I am ! ”  
Struggling and tears in vain were tried,  
He haul'd her to the vessel's side,



And still the horrid brute ran on,  
 Exclaiming in ferocious tone—  
 “ You needn’t hollow to the crew,  
 Be quiet, it will never do ;—  
 Pray spare your breath ;—come wind and weather,  
 We all are sworn to this together !  
 Don’t talk us round !—’cause why ?—you can’t !—  
 Oh ! sink my timbers if we an’t !  
 So—gently !—mind your footing—there !  
 You’ll find the weather very fair ;  
 You’d better keep a sharp look-out,  
 There are some ugly reefs about ;  
 Stay !—what provision have they made ye ?  
 I wouldn’t have ye famish’d, Lady !  
 Dick ! lend a hand, you staring oaf,  
 And heave us down another loaf ;  
 Here are two bustards—take ’em both ;  
 You’ve got a famous pot of broth ;  
 You’d better use the sculls—you’ll find  
 You’ve got a deuced little wind ;  
 Now !—don’t stand blubbering at me,  
 But trim the boat, and put to sea.”——  
 He spoke ! regardless of her moan,  
 They left her in the boat, alone !  
 According to our modern creed,  
 It was a cruel thing, indeed ;  
 Unless some villain bribed them to it,  
 I can’t conceive what made them do it.  
 It was a very cruel thing !—  
 She was the daughter of a king ;  
 Though it appears that kings were then  
 But little more than common men.  
 She was a handsome girl withal,  
 Well-formed, majestic, rather tall ;  
 She had dark eyes—(I like them dark),  
 And in them was an angry spark,



That came, and went, and came again,  
Like lightning in the pause of rain ;  
Her robe adorn'd, but not conceal'd,  
The shape it shrouded, yet reveal'd ;  
It chanc'd her ivory neck was bare,  
But clusters rich of jetty hair  
Lay like a garment scatter'd there ;  
She had upon her pale white brow  
A look of pride, that, even now,  
Gaz'd round upon her solitude,  
Hopeless, perhaps, but unsubdued,  
As if she thought the dashing wave,  
That swell'd beneath, was born her slave.

She felt not yet a touch of fear,  
But didn't know which way to steer ;  
She thought it prudent to get back :  
The wind due East !—she said she'd tack ;  
And, though she had a tinge of doubt,  
She laugh'd, and put the helm about.

The wind went down—a plaguy calm,  
The Princess felt a rising qualm ;  
The boat lay sleeping on the sea,  
The sky looked blue—and so did she !  
The night came on, and still the gale  
Breath'd vainly on her leather sail ;  
It scarcely would have stirr'd a feather—  
Heaven and her hopes grew dark together ;  
She slept !—I don't know how she din'd,—  
And light return'd, and brought no wind ;  
She seized her oars at break of day,  
And thought she made a little way ;  
The skin was rubbed from off her thumb,  
And she had no *Diaculum* ;



(Diaculum, my story says,  
Was not invented in her days ;)  
At last, not being used to pull,  
She lost her temper,—and her scull.

A long, long time becalm'd she lay ;  
And still untir'd from day to day  
She formed a thousand anxious wishes,  
And bit her nails, and watch'd the fishes ;  
To give it up she still was loth ;—  
She ate the bustards and the broth ;  
And when they fail'd, she sigh'd and said,  
“ I'll make my dinner on the bread ! ”  
She ate the bread, and thought with sorrow,  
“ There's nothing left me for to-morrow ! ”

She pull'd her Lover's letter out,  
And turned its vellum leaves about ;  
It was a billet-doux of fire,  
Scarce thicker than a modern quire ;  
And thus it ran—“ I never suppe,  
Because mine heatte dothe eatte me uppe ;  
And eke, dear Loue, I never dine,  
Nor drinke atte Courte a cuppe of wine ;  
For daye and nighte—I telle you true,  
I feede uponne my Loue for you.”  
Alas ! that Lady fair, who long  
Had felt her hunger rather strong,  
Said (and her eye with tears was dim),  
“ I've no such solid love for him ! ”  
And so she thought it might be better  
To sup upon her Lover's letter.

She ate the treasure quite or nearly,  
From “ Beauteous Queen ! ” to “ Yours sincerely ! ”



She thought upon her Father's crown,  
And then Despair came o'er her!—down  
Upon the bottom-boards she lay,  
And veil'd her from the look of day;  
The sea-birds flapp'd their wings, and she  
Look'd out upon the tumbling sea;  
And there was nothing on its face  
But wide, interminable space,  
And so she gave a piteous cry—  
The murmuring waters made reply!

Alas! another morning came,  
And brought no food! the hapless Dame  
Thought, as she watch'd the lifeless sail,  
That she should die “withouten fail!”  
Another morn—and not a whiff!  
The Lady grew so weak and stiff  
That she could hardly move her stumps;  
At last she fed upon her pumps!  
And call'd upon her absent Lord,  
And thought of going overboard:  
As the dusk evening veil'd the sky  
She said “I'm ready now to die!”  
She saw the dim light fade away,  
And fainted as she kneel'd to pray.

I sing not where and how the boat  
With its pale load contriv'd to float,  
Nor how it struck off Hartland Point,  
And 'gan to leak at every joint;  
'Twill be enough, I think, to tell ye  
Linda was shaken to a jelly,  
And when she woke from her long sleep,  
Was lying in the Giant's keep,



While at a distance—like a log,  
Her Captor snored, prodigious Gog !

He spared as yet his captive's life ;  
She wasn't ready for the knife,  
For toil, and famine, and the sun  
Had worn her to a skeleton :  
He kept her carefully in view,  
And fed her for a week or two ;  
Then, in a sudden hungry freak,  
He felt her arm, and neck, and cheek,  
And being rather short of meat,  
Cried out that she was fit to eat.  
The Monster saw the bright dark eye  
That met his purpose fearlessly ;  
He saw the form that did not quail,  
He saw the look that not did fail,  
And the white arm, that tranquil lay,  
And never stirr'd to stop or stay ;  
He chang'd his mind—threw down the knife,  
And swore that she should be his wife.

Linda, like many a modern Miss,  
Began to veer about at this ;  
She feared not roasting !—but a ring !  
Oh Lord ! 'twas quite another thing ;  
She'd rather far be fried than tied,  
And make a sausage than a bride ;  
She had no hand at argument,  
And so she tried to circumvent.\*

\* The latter part of Linda's history,  
In Ariosto's work is an ingredient ;  
I can't imagine how my Monks and he  
Happen'd to hit upon the same expedient ;  
You'll find it in " Orlando Furioso ;"  
But Mr. Hoole's Translation is but so so.



"My Lord," said she, "I know a plaister,  
The which, before my sad disaster,  
I kept most carefully in store  
For my own Knight, Sir Paladore.  
It is a mixture mild and thin;  
But, when 'tis spread upon the skin,  
It makes a surface white as snow  
Sword-proof thenceforth from top to toe;  
I've sworn to wed with none, my Lord,  
Who can be harm'd by human sword.  
The ointment shall be yours! I'll make it,  
Mash it and mix it, rub and bake it:  
You look astonish'd!—you shall see,  
And try its power upon me."

She bruis'd some herbs; to make them hot  
She put them in the Giant's pot;  
Some mystic words she uttered there,  
But whether they were charm or prayer  
The Convent Legend hath not said;  
A little of the salve she spread  
Upon her neck, and then she stood  
In reverential attitude,  
With head bent down, and lips compress'd,  
And hands enfolded on her breast;  
"Strike!" and the stroke in thunder fell  
Full on the neck that met it well;  
"Strike!" the red blood started out,  
Like water from a water-spout;  
A moment's space—and down it sunk,  
That headless, pale, and quivering trunk,  
And the small head with its gory wave  
Flew in wild eddies round the cave.  
You think I shouldn't laugh at this;  
You know not that a scene of bliss



To close my song is yet in store ;  
 For Merlin to Sir Paladore  
 The head and trunk in air convey'd,  
 And spoke some magic words, and made,  
 By one brief fillip of his Wand,  
 The happiest pair in all the land.  
 The Giant—but I think I've done  
 Enough of him for CANTO ONE.

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PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

III.

PEREGRINE OF CLUBS TO GEORGE OF ENGLAND.

*May it please your Majesty,*

I AM your loyal subject, and an Editor. I am induced to address you in print by three considerations. First, I am like yourself, a King; although my claim to the title is not quite so legitimate as your Majesty's. Secondly, I am an Author, and it is much the fashion with Authors of the present day to indite letters to the Crown. Thirdly, I am enthusiastically fond of novelty in every shape; and I flatter myself I am going to strike one;—A Letter to the King, without an ounce of Politics in its composition.

I am not going to offer my congratulations upon "glorious accession," "recent successes," or "the flourishing state of our manufactures;" neither am I going to present you with memorials relating to "excessive taxation," "starving weavers," or "Ilchester Gaol." I am myself too tired of flattery and abuse to offer such insipid dishes to the palate of a Brother Monarch. No! Sire! I am about to offer you some observations upon that part of your Majesty's dominions which falls more immediately under the notice of the King of Clubs—The Royal Foundation of Eton.

May it please your Majesty, I have been long a member of it, and I am sure that (*exceptis excipiendis*) you have not in any part of your sovereignty five hundred better-disposed subjects, than are to be met with in its "Antique Towers." I shall not



therefore be repulsed with harshness if I lay before you a few of the grievances, or the fancied grievances, under which we labour.

I think it was in the year 1814 that I first saw your Majesty at Frogmore. The Emperor of Russia was there, and the King of Prussia, and Blucher, and Platoff, and sundry other worthies, whom were I to attempt to enumerate, the line would reach out "to the crack of doom." One single individual of that illustrious body could have drawn all London to the monument, if he had promised to exhibit himself in the gallery; and we, favoured alumni, had the privilege of staring by wholesale. I never shall forget the reception of those illustrious Potentates. All voices were loud in hurras, all hats were waving in the air; and there was such a squeezing, and pushing, and shouting, and shaking of hands, and treading on toes, that I have often wondered how I escaped in safety from the perils into which my enthusiasm threw me.

Never shall I forget the soul-enlivening moment, when your Majesty, stepping into the midst of our obstreperous group, proclaimed aloud,—“A whole Holiday for the Emperor of Russia.”—(*Cheering.*)—“A whole Holiday for the King of Prussia.”—(*Renewed Cheering.*)—“Now, my Boys,” you said, with a good-humoured laugh, that set Whiggism and awe at defiance, “I must add my mite;”—and there was long, loud, reiterated, unanimous, heartfelt cheering. In that look of yours there were years of intimacy. The distinction which rank had placed between us seemed at once overturned; you raised us up to your own level,—or rather, you deigned to come down for a moment to ours. One could almost have imagined that you had been yourself an Etonian, that you had shared in our amusements, that you had tasted of our feelings!

It was a proud evening for Eton, but a troublesome one for those who made it so. The warmth of an English welcome is enough to overpower any one but an Englishman. Platoff swore he was more pestered by the Etonians, than he had ever been by the French; and the kind old Blucher had his hand so cordially wrung, that he was unable to lift his bottle for a week afterwards. To your Majesty the recollection of that evening must have been one of unmingled gratification. You had enjoyed that truly royal pleasure, which springs from the act of bestowing pleasure upon others; you had been applauded by Etonians, as the patron of Etonians ought to be; you purchased more than three hundred whole hearts at the price of only three whole holidays.

It would be needless, as it would be endless, to enumerate all the instances of royal favour, which since that time have been extended towards our Foundation; I have not room to give an



extended narration of the cricketing at Frogmore, nor to describe your Majesty's visit to our Triennial Montem. One subject however there is, the omission of which would be both irksome to myself and ungrateful to your Majesty. I mean the gracious liberality which gave to the School your lamented Father had so constantly esteemed, the permission to attend at his obsequies, and follow their Patron to his grave. That unsolicited attention, and the delicate manner in which the notice of it was conveyed to us, live still in our hearts. They proved to us that you were aware of the loss we had sustained; they proved to us, that by your munificence that loss would be alleviated or repaired.

Having thus performed what I conceived to be my duty by expressing the sense we entertain of your Majesty's bounty, let me call your attention to the situation in which we are now placed.

Eton is a soil which has been used to the sun of Royal Patronage, and, if that invigorating heat is withheld, what can be expected but that the earth should be unproductive, and that its plants should fade? This is a most comfortable doctrine, inasmuch as it enables us to set down to your Majesty's account all the degeneracy which modern Eton is said to exhibit. The remedy is as obvious as the evil. Pay us a visit!—Are our cricketers weak in the arm? Your patronage shall add vigour to their sinews! Are our poets weak in the head? Your encouragement shall give new life to their Hippocrene! Are our alumni diminishing in numbers? Beneath your influence recruits shall tumble in like locusts! Are they diminishing in stature? They shall grow like mustard beneath a Royal smile.

This, however, is all theory and speculation. There are many who will attribute our degeneracy to other causes, and many who will deny that there is any degeneracy in the case at all. I am now going to mention a specific grievance, the existence of which no one can deny, and to which your Majesty alone can apply a remedy. During the life of your Father we enjoyed three annual Holidays, under the denomination of "King's Visits;" and the enjoyment of them had become so much a thing of course, that few were aware upon how short a tenure we held our blessings. They are gone! We have no "King's Visits," because your Majesty has never visited Eton.

It seems to be pretty well determined, that your Majesty, sooner or later, will visit some place or other. Some recommend a visit to Hanover, some recommend a visit to Ireland:—I recommend a visit to Eton. It will be less troublesome, less expensive, and less formal, than either of its rival proposals. It will be soonest begun, and it will be the soonest over. It would be without a hundred inconveniences, which would wait upon your two other



journeys. At Eton, you would not be bothered by Counts and Courtiers; you would not be stifled with Phelims and Patricks; you would not be pestered with German addresses, as at Hanover; and you would not have to dine with the Mayor and Corporation, as at Dublin.

The time of your visit I will not presume to point out. If you happen to come on the fourth of this month, you will find certain illicit proceedings going on, which I cannot in this place describe. I can tell you, however, that we shall have a splendid show, and a band that shall play "God save the King!" *ad infinitum*. If you prefer being present at our Public Speeches, as your Majesty's Father occasionally was, you will hear much embryo oratory, and see much sawing of the air.

To be serious—may it please your Majesty, I think you ought to come to Eton. Let us have due notice of the honour intended us, and you shall be received in a style worthy both of us and of you. Come, and by your coming disperse over the face of Etona her wanted smile: paste another bright leaf into her annals: give a new excitement to her talents, her studies, and her amusements. You need not come in state: you must not depart in a hurry: bring to us as many smiles, and as few Lords, as you please: above all, drive away for an hour the formality of dress and manner which public life enjoins; come to us provided with an English heart, and dressed in the Windsor uniform.

On Windsor Bridge you shall be met by the Fellows, with "God save the King;" and, as you step into College, you shall be saluted by my friend the Captain with a Latin address. This shall not detain you longer than three minutes and a half; and Sir Benjamin Bloomfield shall hold the watch. You will then be conducted to all the Lions of the College, amongst which you will feel particularly interested in the New Library established last month, and you will probably put a small donation into the hands of Mr. Hawkins, the Treasurer. After your peregrinations you will have the option of taking a cold collation with the Provost, or a hot beef-steak with the King of Clubs. If you prefer the former, my duty for the day is over; but if, as I prognosticate, your choice falls upon the latter, the talents of Mr. Rowley shall be forthwith put in requisition. We will give your Majesty a real English dinner, and a hearty welcome. I will not present my book unless your Majesty desires it, and your Majesty shall not be required to Knight any of the Club, unless you would condescend to confirm the title of my worthy friend Sir Thomas. We will be very merry, may it please your Majesty, and we will have your Majesty's favourite Punch, if your Majesty will give us the recipe. Mr. Oakley shall be driven from the Club-Room, and we will make our furious Whig, Sir



Francis, sing loyal staves in honour of the occasion. If this does not bring you to Eton, I don't know what will—that's all.

In the evening your Majesty shall return to—bless my soul, I had forgotten the Holidays. But your own good-nature will prompt you. I have finished my epistle, and—may it please your Majesty.

(Signed)

PEREGRINE.

### ON PREJUDICE.

“Men's evil manners live in brass: their virtues  
We write in water—” SHAKESPEARE.

OF all those errors, to which, from the frailty and weakness of our natures, we are perpetually liable to become subservient, few, I think, have been carried to a more ridiculous excess, or have more completely estranged the mind from notions of right and wrong, than Prejudice. Whenever it has once gained a firm footing in our breasts, by persuading us to admit within them the seeds of enmity or aversion against any particular object, the most clear and convincing arguments will, in most cases, be found insufficient to eradicate them. They rapidly increase, and, from the most trifling and despicable origin, rise to the most absurd and violent extreme of detestation. Nay, to such an extent have they been cherished, that the powers of reason and reflection, which the very wisest can boast of, have been repeatedly blinded and overwhelmed by them.

Talent, Fortitude, Honour, and all the most noble qualities allotted to mankind, will be forgotten and disregarded by him who entertains any dislike against their possessors. Our eyes, when directed by Prejudice, are only open to the vices of men:—their virtues are concealed by the veil of disgust, which she throws indiscriminately over all our mental powers of vision. The advice of our friends, the reprehensions of the world, and sometimes even our own conscience, would admonish us against this weakness:—weakness, however, I should not term it, for notwithstanding that it displays the imbecility of the mind which cannot resist its impulse, it may, nevertheless, if once encouraged, extend itself into the most inveterate hatred which disgraces human nature.

Nor does Prejudice confine herself to any one particular object; but her hateful effects may be observed in all ages, in all countries, amongst all ranks, and all sects of mankind. She



interrupts the peace of governments ; she disturbs the amity and harmony of families : nay, Religion itself is not free from the detestable and injurious turmoils which she has it in her power to excite. And when she has attacked any one upon whom she may publicly wreak her malice, by gaining over to herself the hearts and opinions of the community, no entreaties, no repentance, (if aught which demands repentance has been committed by her victim,) no exertions of talent or industry to regain his former honours, can rescue him from her power ; however he may have incurred, or deserved to incur, her odium.

The first, and, in my opinion, the most detestable and overbearing species of Prejudice, is that which the sects of various religions have repeatedly encouraged against each other. This may be most properly termed Pharisaical Prejudice. It is a melancholy thing to look back upon the page of history, and observe the pollutions and interpolations, which the most holy ordinances of religion have suffered from its influence. If we examine Holy Writ, how forcibly does its virulence appear, in the conduct of the Jews towards a Redeemer ! How beautifully, yet how forcibly, does that very Redeemer exemplify its pernicious malevolence, in the parable of the Pharisee and Publican ! Let us turn to a later period :—let us behold the cruelties exercised at various periods upon the Continent, in our own, and in a sister country, against the Protestants. Can we trace in these any of the dictates of Charity, of Kindness, and of Forbearance, which our Divine Master has, in all his words and actions, set before us ? Must every different religion be supported by the annihilation of those who are unwilling to conform to its decrees ? We have no authority, divine or human, to take such power upon ourselves. Whence, then, is the cause, that so much innocent blood has been shed ? Wherefore do we hear different sects reviling each other, and affirming, that none, excepting those who are of their own persuasion, shall obtain salvation ? What is the root of all these evils—this enmity—this abolition of fraternal love amongst mankind ? It is Prejudice.

Another species, more ridiculous in its appearance, but equal in virulence to the above-mentioned, in attempting to gain the accomplishment of its wishes, may be aptly denominated Political Prejudice. It is astonishing to see the hatred and dissensions which are carried on from family to family, from century to century—what detestation against each other has displayed itself in hearts, which, in all other respects, might be classed amongst the most excellent and virtuous. The best of Monarchs, the most skilful of Rulers, have not escaped its pernicious influence. Whatever may be the good qualities of a king, they will vanish from the eyes of his subjects, if Prejudice has



forbidden them to look upon any of his actions, except those which are worthy of blame. How forcible a representation of its malevolence do the feudal times present to us; when the quarrels of powerful families were handed down, and continued with undiminished enmity and bloodshed, through the lapse of ages! And in later days, when we see a monarch dethroned and decapitated by his subjects, without cause;—when we hear all the invectives which the spirit of Revolution can utter against those who the least deserve them;—when we see persons attacked in the performance of those duties which they have long discharged with honour to themselves, and with success to their country: shall we not naturally, if we behold all these evils with the clear and steady light of reason, inquire into their origin? It is Prejudice.

Under the same head may be included Popular Prejudice. That of the political species is more slow and deliberate in its advances, but more virulent and deadly in the completion of its purposes. Popular Prejudice, on the other hand, is violent and immediate in manifesting itself; but its rage is exhausted in a much shorter space of time. It has been known, however, upon gaining an ascendancy over the passions of an intemperate and senseless mob, to produce the most diabolical paroxysms of fury, and to have operated on the minds of men, as it were by infernal agency. The conduct of our own countrymen, during the execution of Governor Wall, if we turn back to the chronicles of that period, will show us Popular Prejudice in its most glaring and execrable light. I do not by any means wish to vindicate the character, or palliate the conduct, of that unfortunate man. He was justly and deservedly punished for his cruelty by the loss of life. But, however great his offences might be, I must own that I was shocked and disgusted upon reading an account of the conduct of the lower orders, previous to, and during the time of, his execution. The public press teemed with every invective which could possibly enrage the populace against him; his name was heard in every street, branded with all the malicious appellations that Revenge could invent; his figure was represented in every print-shop, either as inflicting the cruelties which he had committed, or as undergoing the punishment to which he was to be doomed. His execution was repeatedly announced for a certain day, and then deferred. Hence, so great was the anxiety of the populace, so ardent their wish for the gratification which they expected from beholding his punishment, that, upon seeing the object of their hate, after they had repeatedly been disappointed in the performance of his execution, appear upon the fatal platform, they raised three loud and heart-drawn cheers, as if now certain of their victim. The same species of disgraceful barbarity was repeated



at that most appalling moment, when the culprit was launched into eternity. While his limbs were yet quivering with the last agonies of death, the same tumult and hellish gratification manifested itself in almost every mind. But the most disgusting and brutal instance of their hatred, is yet, I think, untold. Some women, even women, at the conclusion of his punishment, stationed themselves at the foot of the scaffold upon which he suffered, and drank perdition to him! Nay, the fatal rope itself, after having performed its duty, was cut into the smallest pieces, and purchased by the mob with avidity! Is this a Christian country? Are these the actions of a nation upon which the light of the Gospel has shone? An indelible stain remains upon the events of that day. It remains on the Records of Heaven, a lasting stigma on those who participated in such inhumanity. May succeeding generations, upon reading the scene which I have just recounted, be warned from that degradation of human nature, to which our countrymen were precipitated by Popular Prejudice!

Hitherto, we have viewed Prejudice, and the evils it produces in public affairs. We have seen to what an excess it has been carried—to what madness and rage it has excited a whole people. We will now make a few observations on its effects in the more immediate concerns of private life.

Nothing is, I think, more conducive to quarrels, jealousies, and heart-burnings in every family, than the foolish partiality which some parents show to a favourite child; while they neglect, or even treat with severity, some other of their offspring. This conduct may be defined Parental Prejudice. And here it is to be observed that those parents fall into a double error; for while they, from some trifling and ridiculous cause, take a dislike to one child, and make use of every opportunity to afflict and torment him; while they magnify all his small failings, and pass over his good qualities without notice, they will most probably behave as absurdly in the reverse towards the favourite. All that he does will be right;—he will be set forth as a pattern of cleverness, application, and every good quality, for the imitation of all young people in his vicinity. His very faults will be palliated and unobserved—nay, sometimes even be applauded and deemed worthy of commendation. But what are the consequences of this blind partiality and folly? The favourite is hated:—the amity which ought to subsist between each of the family is destroyed. But the whole consequences of such an error as this are not yet enumerated. At the time when both venture together upon the ocean of life, the one who formerly could depend upon no assistance from his parents will far surpass the other in the formation of his projects, and the completion of his designs; while the real good qualities of the



favourite will be found to be choked up by the weeds of Self-conceit and Adulation.

Prejudice, when admitted against the various professional duties, is extremely detrimental to many, whose genius deserves a better fate. Nothing can be more disgusting than to hear the Church, the Bar, the Army, Navy, or Medicine, attacked, on account of the misconduct of some one individual in these several lines of life, who has disgraced himself and his profession. Yet true it is, that many form their opinions merely from one example, and consider that the probity and honour of all connected with that profession must be weighed by the same standard. Hence many a promising youth, whose talents have been particularly inclined to any one branch of Science, has been placed in a sphere unworthy of him, merely through a foolish dislike which one of his parents have entertained against those men whose studies and occupations he wished to pursue.

Nor is this species of Prejudice to be looked upon as detrimental in one light alone. However great a man's abilities may be, in whatever degree he may deserve praise, should he chance to meet with any misfortune, or fail in the discharge of his duties, so as to excite dissatisfaction and prejudice against him, his utmost exertions will never raise him to his former eminence. The most excellent and harmonious Poet; the bravest Soldier; the most skilful Physician; the most able Painters, Sculptors, and Musicians;—will all, if the breath of Prejudice once taint their fame, verge from the zenith of their glory, and be levelled with the common herd. When, therefore, I hear a good poem ridiculed, or a well-written essay abused, merely because it is the fashion to ridicule and abuse them; when I hear the character of a brave man attacked, and his conduct depreciated by the general voice, for some offence, the relation of which is most probably founded on Rumour alone; when, in short, I see a man who has signalized himself in any station of life, cast down from the good opinions of all, and reduced to a level, from which he is not allowed, whatever may be his powers, to rise again;—I inwardly curse Prejudice, and all the mischiefs she causes.

It is needless to enumerate the many and various less important species of Prejudice. Not a day can pass without presenting to an observant eye, the follies, the inconveniences, and the ridicule, to which all are subjected, when they obey the dictates of this most odious and contemptible error. It manifests itself not only in the occupations, but even in the amusements, of life. What adage is more true than that of Horace?—

“Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque jocos,  
Sedatum celeres, agilem gnavunique remissi;  
Potiores bibuli mediâ de luce Falerni  
Oderunt porrecta negantem pocula, quamvis  
Nocturnos jures te formidare vapores.”



Well did he know, from his intimate acquaintance with the manners and passions of mankind, the influence which Prejudice obtains over so many :—clearly has he shown the excess to which it may be carried, even in affairs of the most trifling importance.

One more argument alone need be adduced upon the subject of these observations. When a hundred years from this period shall have come and gone ; when we shall be as the dust of the earth, and our very names and actions shall have faded in oblivion ; of what value shall we deem the good or bad opinions of the world, to which we formerly were subject in this life, if we have only lived righteously, and according to the dictates of our Redeemer ? In the hour of death we shall be free from the virulence of Prejudice ; yet, at that future time, a mind conscious of its own virtue will triumph over the contemptible scoffs and ridicule which were aimed at its quiet during life ; and exult in the expectation of attaining that heavenly mansion, from whence Care, Enmity, Slander, Prejudice, and all things conducive to our misery in this state of probation, are banished for ever.

M. STERLING.

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*Letter from the Rev. Marmaduke Bradshaw to Mr. Matthew Swinburne, inclosing an Article.*

Broughton, May 4, 1821.

MY DEAR MATTHEW,

I HAVE two Nephews, who were enrolled amongst the number of your schoolfellows about a fortnight before your last Holidays, and, as I know full well, from experience, all that a new boy suffers when first introduced into such a tumultuous company of perfect strangers, I have been looking about among my Etonian acquaintance for some one, who might smooth, perhaps, a few of their difficulties, and give them some little confidence in their new element. You will guess, I am sure, when you have read as far as this, what I have to ask of you : it is, that you will take some notice of these urchins ; indeed, I am particularly desirous that you should not refuse my request, for I cannot conceive any one better able, from situation in the school and many other reasons, both to assist and protect them. It is quite unnecessary for me to mention any favours that you may confer on the young Rashleighs : you know these matters much better than I ; indeed, most probably they are changed, as every thing else has been since my time. Perhaps you might get for them, if the practice is still continued, the *liberties* of your friend Courtenay, Montgomery,



and others, not forgetting Mr. F. Golightly, upon whom I consider myself, and consequently my relations, to have some claim, after the free use which he made of my name and character, in the account which he gave of the Party at the Pelican. You may give him a hint that it will be highly dangerous for him to show himself in this country for some time, as many of the good folks are highly enraged at being what they call caricatured in print; and that, too, by such a stripling. It is quite impossible for him to dream of going to Mr. Hudson's entertainment any more, whether at the Pelican or elsewhere. I have before mentioned that your cares will not be single. My nephews are two in number—the eldest (Samuel) rather what we used to call a *sap*, and of a very quiet disposition; the younger (Henry), perhaps equally clever, but more lively, which latter quality agrees, I think, very well with an Eton education. My representations had a principal part in determining their father in sending them to Eton; consequently I am the more desirous that nothing should go amiss, as I should be involved in no slight share of the blame. However, I shall be the more satisfied if I can gain for them such an efficient protector; and I assure you, my dear Mat, that any attention that you may pay to the young Rashleighs, will be equally felt and acknowledged by your most faithful friend,

MARMADUKE BRADSHAW.

P.S. I have enclosed you three or four Letters, which may serve in some measure to elucidate their characters; and should these serve to beguile an idle moment, I may be tempted to transmit to you some future depredations from

#### THE RASHLEIGH LETTER-BAG.

##### I.

*Mr. Samuel Rashleigh to Lady Caroline Rashleigh.*

Eton Coll. March 27, 1821.

MY DEAR MAMMA,

No doubt our good Peter has long since informed you how safely he landed his young masters at Eton; and the journey had nothing at all uncommon in it, so that I shall leave Henry to give you an account, in the next letter, of all the stage coaches that he saw. My thoughts were pretty busy the whole of the way, for though I did not much fancy, as was very natural, the prospects of going to school, yet my uncle Bradshaw had represented Eton as so entirely different from all other places, and particularly from Mr. Plodwell's Academy, that my fears were very much abated;




and at last my joy at leaving the latter-mentioned gentleman's institution quite got the better of them. We arrived here about five o'clock; and the space in front of the great school was quite filled with boys of all sizes—some, indeed, so big, that I was half afraid to look at them; and some so little, that I could not think what business they had at Eton: they looked as if they were just delivered from the nursery. Henry was delighted at seeing so many much smaller than himself, and fancied himself already a very considerable person. In a few minutes we were at Miss ——'s door, our destined *Dame*. I naturally enough expected to have seen, according to the name, a very respectable sort of housekeeper—something, perhaps, like old Catherine. You may guess, then, my astonishment, and perhaps you will be astonished too yourself, when I tell you that we were ushered into a room very elegantly furnished, by a footman in a gay livery, where we found Miss —— totally different, in every respect, from what we had imagined—that is to say, neither old nor homely, but, on the contrary, rather more gaily dressed than you are in general, and talking quite like a lady; which, indeed, I have no doubt that she is. First of all, she offered us some dinner; but you know how unnecessary that was, for coming to school most effectually takes away one's appetite. She read Papa's letter, and sent the one which he had written to Mr. ——, or, as I now call him, my Tutor, together with a message, desiring to know when he could see us. He appointed a time the next morning, and we expected it rather in dread, although my *Dame* took every care to persuade us that there was nothing in the world to fear. Henry and I have a double-bedded room, whither, I can assure you, we were not at all sorry to go after all our fatigues. The whole of the apartment looked rather strange at first, for the floor is sanded all over, and the beds have no curtains at all, but are shut up in the day-time, which is much better, as they take up but very little space, and we use the room in the day-time to sit in. My *Dame* (you will henceforth know Miss —— by no other name) very goodnaturedly sent a boy to conduct us to our Tutor's at the proper hour. He seemed to be a very nice sort of man—asked us a few questions, and after he had put on his cap and gown, took us straight to Dr. Keate's chambers. There we were entered—a process which solely consisted in writing our names in a book—and which entitles us to the name of Etonians. After this we returned to Mr. ——, and he proceeded to examine us, according to the books which we had read, and our respective ages. I shall not trouble you any further than just to inform you of what I am afraid you will hardly understand, that I am placed in the upper remove of the remove, and my brother in the middle remove of the fourth form. This information will do, if any body asks you;



and, indeed, until I see you myself, I cannot possibly explain it further.

The next day, at eleven o'clock, I was to take my place in school. You may imagine my dismay, when I was fairly launched from my *Dame's* house with my books under my arm; and when I saw not only the space which I mentioned before quite filled with boys (they call it, absurdly enough, *the Long Walk*, though it is not a quarter so long as our avenue,) but also the inner Quadrangle, and the Portico under the school, equally crowded. I had some vain hopes that I might perhaps entirely escape notice among such a multitude and such a confusion; but I had not got very far before I was assaulted by a variety of voices, inquiring in one breath, "You, sir! What is your name? Who is your *Dame*? Who is your Tutor?" Some of them laughed at me, because I said in my answers Mr. ——— and Miss ———, so that I was soon taught to drop these titles of distinction. Another advised me to get a more fashionable coat, and called me a *Cawker*, which appellation was then perfectly unintelligible; I have since heard that it means one who gapes and stares about him, a fault of which at that time I was very probably guilty. These questions at first I laughed at, and took in very good part; but at last they were so often repeated, that I was almost provoked to give no answer. This conduct would probably have got me a beating; but my patience was entirely exhausted, when the school doors, to my great relief, flew open, and we sat down to the lesson. Eton discipline differs so much from Mr. Plodwell's, that it would fill a whole letter to mark the distinctions, and I think this is a pretty long one for me at present. In the first place, we go into school about four times a day, but are never there more than three quarters of an hour together; then, instead of a little paved-in piece of ground, there are fine large playing-fields, with very fine trees in them; the Thames runs on one side, and there is a wall on the other, against which they play at foot-ball in the season; indeed they say it is capital weather for it now, but it is not the fashionable game, so nobody dares to propose it. After the next Holidays every body begins cricket, but never before. There are plenty of boats on the river, which the boys row about in the summer; but I will tell you more about them when the time comes. The bounds are marked by a stone on a bridge, but we may go beyond them as far as we like, provided only we return in time (for our names are called over,) and provided too that we run away from the Masters and some of the upper boys directly we see them: this they call *shirking*, and, if we hide well, they never take any notice. All the terrible stories which I heard about *fagging* turn out to be nothing at all. There is a certain young man in my *Dame's* house, to whom I am bound to come





in the morning and evening; he is called my master, but he is a very lenient one, for he scarcely ever makes me do any thing, and has helped me very much in several matters. Henry is equally well off in this respect; he has found out that he can buy excellent marbles here, and is I believe at this moment engaged in a game, as happy as possible.

You may guess from what I have told you that I am pleased with my new situation. I hardly fancy myself a schoolboy. Papa's gout came very unluckily, for it made it rather awkward for me, having to introduce myself; however, that is all over now. Henry joins with me in wishes for his recovery, and in best love to you and my Sister.

I remain,

Your very affectionate Son,

S. RASHLEIGH.

P. S. I hope Smirk will be turned out to grass before we come home; I miss my riding very much here, and shall be sadly disappointed if I have no pony in the Holidays.

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II.

*Lady C. Rashleigh to Mr. S. Rashleigh.*

Stapylton Hall, Hants, April 2.

MY DEAREST SAMUEL,

We were all delighted beyond measure with your letter, and with the picture you have drawn of your Eton life, and the introduction, and the general opinion is that you have managed affairs uncommonly well. Your father is quite re-established, and enjoyed the description of your adventures, and laughed at them as heartily as any of them; you know such things are quite new to him, in consequence of his private education. Next time you write pray do not say any thing in disparagement of Mr. Plodwell; he is a particular favourite with Mr. Rashleigh, who thinks himself bound to defend him; so reserve your sallies, in case they may offend. He was rather surprised at the liberty you have, and has an idea that it may be very much misused; but I think another interview with Mr. Bradshaw will set him right, and put this fancy quite out of his head. By-the-bye, I shall show your letter to your Uncle as soon as possible; it cannot fail of interesting him: perhaps he may give you a few instructions. Peter, as you guessed, gave us a very full account of the expedition, and said that there were so many young gentlemen at Eton, that he was sure you would find plenty of playmates; he added



too that neither of you looked very sorrowful, or, as he called it, "took it much to heart," when he went away. Talking of phrases, your father does not at all approve of the Eton Vocabulary, and desires me to tell you, that he thinks you will not improve your language or style by using it. You give a very pleasant account of your play-ground; but I am quite shocked at the thought of that dreadful river running close by it; I remember, too, reading some years ago of an unfortunate boy who was drowned at Eton; pray take particular care not to run heedlessly about the banks, or to use boats, at any rate before you can swim; I cannot help thinking that it must be very improper for boys to go by themselves upon the water, and I hope and trust that neither you nor Henry will. I do not know of any thing that has happened in the neighbourhood which you would wish to hear. You will most probably receive the County Paper together with this: we intend to send it you regularly every week, as perhaps it may amuse you. You may rely upon Smirk being treated with all possible care. Tell Henry that his pony, too, shall meet with the same attention. For goodness' sake, my dear boys, do nothing imprudent. I am afraid you will feel these cold winds very much: if you do find any thing the matter with you, send for a medical man immediately. You must excuse this hasty letter, as we dine with the Westburys the first time since your father's recovery, and you know how particular they are.

Yours very affectionately,

C. RASHLEIGH.

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III.

*The Masters Rashleigh to Lady Caroline Rashleigh.*

Eton, April 3, 1821.

MY DEAR MAMMA,

I have taken an early opportunity of writing to you on purpose to confirm my first account, and to show you that Eton loses none of its charms by experience, though, to be sure, mine has not been a very long one. However, as far as I can say at present, it rather improves upon acquaintance.—Many little difficulties vanish, and one gets quite accustomed to the routine, the customs, and the terms of the place. You are not to imagine, as perhaps you do, that we are sent here to learn Latin and Greek alone. I assure you we can hold a conversation in the Eton dialect, perfectly unintelligible to any stranger, and so, of course, it was to



me, until I had been instructed, by some very able masters, in many of the principal words; and still there are not a few left totally above my comprehension. Pray do not mention any of this to my father, if you think he will not like it. I wish often that he had been an Etonian himself.—Well, to pursue a topic more suitable to his fancy.

I at first found a good deal of trouble in finding out my different lessons, and the proper times for them; indeed, as you may imagine, that is rather a complex business. Now I begin to understand their order as well as any body. There is no hardship at all in the books, or the quantity, which we are obliged to learn: but I still am rather slow at my verses; for, you may venture to tell my father, that Mr. Plodwell is rather deficient in that point of instruction. Pray quiet your fears and alarms with respect to the river. It is much too cold to think of boats; besides, they are not the fashion yet; and I have too much regard for myself to think of tumbling from a bank. I will not fail, however, to mind what you say, and tell Henry the same. I am, at present, what they call a lower boy; that is to say, liable to be fagged by all the fifth and sixth form; and I did not know till the other day that I myself shall be a fifth form some time next June, and then I shall have just the same authority over those below me, as I am subject to now; so you see the transition from servitude to power is very rapid. Henry will be about a year and a half arriving at this desirable situation. About a night or two ago I was roused from a pretty fast sleep by a most unaccountable sensation, as if I were standing on my head. At first I thought it a dream, but that idea did not continue very long; for I found myself safely shut up, clothes and all together, in my bedstead. In a very few minutes they let me down, half suffocated, and, running away, left me quite in the dark, and totally ignorant who were my persecutors. Henry suffered the same fate; so I suppose it is a trick commonly played off on new comers; and I am sure, if this is all I am to undergo, I am very well content. I am rejoiced to hear of my father's convalescence. There is plenty of room left for my brother to send a few lines in his own words; I know he is not particularly ready at writing, except in his own books, which he has disfigured terribly by divers heads and figures, after the patterns of an approved master, who sits near him in school, not to mention a fine English version, with which he has interlined his text for the assistance of his memory; I have desired him to exercise his ingenuity on spare paper another time, and to carry the sense in his head. Adieu. s. r.

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MY DEAR MAMMA,

Samuel has left me two whole sides, and declares I must fill them ; so, after having made a hundred fruitless excuses, I have sat down positively to write you what I call a long letter. First of all, I have the happiness to inform you that we come home in six days' time ; for, though I do not mind Eton much, yet of course I like home better. There are plenty of holidays here, for we have one whole and one half every week, besides others now and then, which I do not know the reason of ; but that is the last thing for us to inquire about. I like my Tutor very well, and my *Dame* very much ; she sent me some jelly to eat the other day after her dinner, and gave me several balls that had been thrown into the garden. Every body talks about beginning cricket next school-time, and I am to belong to a club in the playing-fields. Do you think I can venture to ask Papa for a bat ? They make them so beautifully here, that they do not look at all like that one which I have got at home ; my master keeps about a dozen hanging up in his room ; to be sure what a great player he must be ! I think he might as well give me one, for it is quite impossible that he can use them all at once. Samuel and I have our breakfast and tea always together ; there are little parcels of tea and sugar sent every week from the grocer's, and we have a tea-kettle, cups, saucers, &c., and I really think, without any offence to you, that my brother makes tea almost as well as you do ; to be sure we have no cream, and the milk seems to be rather watery. And what do you think we have to eat ? Not Mr. Plodwell's stale bread, but really very nice rolls ; it makes me quite hungry to talk about them. There are regular things for dinner every day ; but I cannot tell you each of them now—it would look so like a bill of fare. Pray tell Robert to take care of my rabbits : I would not have them hurt for all the world ; indeed I gave very particular orders about them before I left home. I am quite sure nobody can starve here very well, for there are enough pastry-cooks' shops to supply a hundred other places ; and all of them look so nice, and so tempting, that it is hardly possible to resist. Besides these, there are other people always standing about with baskets of fruit, cakes, and suchlike things, just where we go into school, in case we should like to lay in provision for a dull lesson time : by-the-bye, a boy was flogged the other day for cracking nuts in church ; so I shall take care to avoid those noisy kind of eatables, and shall take barley-sugar in preference. Do not forget the rabbits. Give my best love to Papa and Sister, and believe me

Your most affectionate Son,

H. RASHLEIGH.



IV.

*R. Rashleigh, Esq. Stapylton, to Mr. S. Rashleigh, Eton.*

Stapylton Hall, April 7.

MY DEAR SAM,

Your mother has told you how glad we were to hear of your doing so well at Eton, and being so much pleased with your new situation. The second letter has made us still more content, and has eased me from a good deal of anxiety, which I felt at not being able to accompany you in person. Now I am quite fit for that or any other undertaking; and my gout, after having attacked my lower extremities one after another, has left me just as well as ever again. My intention in sending you for so short a time at first was, that you might get accustomed to the place before you were fixed to a long continuance there. I suppose that among the Eton coaches you will be able to find a place for yourself and your brother as far as London, where I will meet you in person. We none of us expected that you would have been able to make your way so quickly; indeed, upon second thoughts, I almost repented of having sent you to such a vast establishment, particularly without a single friend there. It is much more creditable for you, as it is, to have made these for yourself, and I am perfectly pleased with almost the whole account. The tea and sugar which Henry mentions, I must confess that I think rather an unnecessary luxury. Bread and milk would do just as well, if not better; and when I was a boy I had nothing else. But if it be the custom, I would by all means continue it, as I should not wish you to be singular in any thing. Your mother has given you some cautions respecting accidents. I must beg of you also never to get in debt at any of those pastry-cooks' shops which Henry confesses are so alluring. I have known boys reduced to the most miserable shifts and evasions in consequence of this very fault; it is an imprudence of all others that I would wish the most to warn you against, and I shall trust to your good sense in this respect. You may give the same instructions to Henry, who perhaps requires them more than you do. You must remember that I am not an Etonian, and consequently must fortify yourself with an infinite quantity of patience to answer all the questions I shall put to you when I see you next week; for my curiosity will not be very easily satisfied. Do not accustom yourself to those phrases which I know are peculiar to public schools: in the first place I shall not be able to comprehend them; and, secondly, I do not consider them at all ornamental. All the family join in best wishes and remembrances to you and Henry; with, my dear Samuel,

Your most loving Father,

R. RASHLEIGH.



## PEREGRINE'S SCRAP-BOOK.

## NO. IV.

*May 1.*—Mr. Warren! Mr. Warren!—I hear this day sad reports of you. You say that you were visited in the vacation by two of the Conductors of "The Etonian;" and one was "a country-looking Gentleman," and the other a gentleman with a "pert" nose. Oh! Mr. Warren! Mr. Warren! to talk in this manner of Gentlemen who have put so much money into your pockets. I blush for you! Mind what you are about, Mr. Warren! Somebody that you do not wot of is very anxious to obtain the post of our London publisher.

Και δώσω 'οι, έπει τυ μοι ένδιαθρυκτη.

When next he comes to town, the Country Gentleman shall construe the Greek to you.—Very few Country Gentlemen understand Greek, Mr. Warren!

I ought to have noticed, in our last Number, a composition which I received previous to its appearance. A Gentleman (I forget his signature,) has sent us a Parody of Gray's celebrated "Ode to Eton College." I must tell him plainly that such lines would suit Mr. Hone better than Mr. Courtenay. I cannot imagine what portion of our work has induced him to suppose that "The Etonian" could derive either profit or popularity from the insertion of any thing so disgustingly gross. The Epigrams which he has subjoined want novelty sadly.

*May 4.*—I have the permission of the author of "Godiva" to insert the following Stanzas, which were originally a part of that exquisite poem, but were subsequently omitted. The first extract formed a sort of introduction to the subject:—

When last at Coventry, I stopp'd to dine  
At the King's Head, a house ne'er known to fail  
In Worcester cider, and in Shropshire ale.

The wine's not quite so good.—(Take notice, Reader,  
In case hereafter at that inn you call;  
For my own part I'm but a moderate feeder,  
And 'tis but rarely I drink wine at all;



It's apt to make one bilious.—Should you need a  
Glass, lest your dinner or your palate pall,  
Restrain your appetite—and I'll engage  
You find good port at Da'entry, the next stage.)

This by the way. I sometimes step aside,  
As Poets always should, to give advice ;  
They are the world's instructors,—and should hide  
In trope and figure many a precept nice ;  
Morals and maxims they should all provide,  
And homilies for every sort of vice ;  
They should lash vice, and honour virtue too,  
In short—do all that Byron scorns to do.

Such were the bards of old—alone they wander'd  
In mystic dreams through haunted dell and grove,  
On thoughts sublime their giant spirits ponder'd,  
Holding high converse with the powers above :  
Mankind with awe their precepts heard, and wonder'd,  
And well repaid those precepts with deep love ;  
They fear'd no critic's censure—sought no praise—  
For critics liv'd not in those golden days.

But I, who am no wine-bibber, and rather  
With my beef-steak prefer a pot of beer,  
At Ceyentry resolved to go no farther—  
“ I think,” said I, “ I'll take my dinner here.—  
I see my mare is in a perfect lather ;  
Since dawn I've ridden fifty miles, or near.”  
And so I stopp'd, and bade my host prepare  
Corn and veal-cutlets—for myself and mare.

The cutlets came, rich, and well-done, and smoking,  
(Ketchup improves veal-cutlets very much)  
My host came too, a man much given to joking,  
Short, fat, and fond of smoking, like the Dutch,  
So much, indeed, as to be quite provoking ;  
But, being quite alone, I thought that such  
A plump, good-humour'd, jolly man as he  
Might prove indifferent good company.

And so in fact I found him—down we sate  
To pipe and porter ; quick the jug went round,  
And warm and warmer wax'd the high debate,  
(I thought his politics extremely sound.)  
But when he saw that it was growing late,  
He brought a ponderous quarto, clasp'd and bound,  
And read an old and wondrous tale, which I,  
Most courteous Reader, mean to versify.



The next Stanza was intended to follow Stanza X.

Success to Cobbett! Patriot wise and brave!  
 Long has he sacrific'd at Freedom's altar!  
 Success to Cobbett! May he shortly have  
 The rich requital he deserves—a halter!  
 Success to her whom he intends to save  
 From Slavery's chains, and may no scoundrel alter  
 Her old fine laws, no rebel hand tear down  
 Her dreaded Standard and her honour'd Crown!

After Stanza XI.—

We live in wiser days. Ere on our isle  
 Had Norman William bent his eagle eye,  
 The Saxon Nobles found it worth their while  
 To exercise a deal of tyranny.  
 The abject peasants scarce were seen to smile,  
 They liv'd upon hard blows and drudgery,  
 Follow'd their Lords to war with bills and axes,  
 And paid, in peace, unconscionable taxes.

The passage of Godiva through Coventry was described in the following manner:—

At length the trampling of a horse's feet  
 Dispell'd that breathless silence, the deep hush  
 Of hearts o'erflowing; and along the street,  
 Her cheeks o'er-crimson'd by a mantling blush,  
 Borne on a palfrey, whiter than the sleet  
 Unstain'd that flutters from some frozen bush,  
 Godiva pass'd—her charms unveil'd and bare—  
 It matter'd little—for no eye was there.

Oh that I was a Poet! that my pen  
 Could give the Reader the most faint idea  
 Of that most lovely vision! ne'er again  
 (At least I'm sure I hope not) shall we see a  
 Sight to compare with what—none look'd on then,—  
 So beauteous, or so shocking—could there be a  
 New spectacle of that kind, I foretel  
 A modern mob would not behave so well.

*May 10.*—I have received to-day what I cannot but consider a very extraordinary request, from a gentleman who dates from Plymouth, and signs himself “Devoniensis.” He wishes us to ransack the files of old newspapers in order “to rescue from oblivion an ingenious *jeu d'esprit*, which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, about eight years ago. It was written in the character of an Eton Boy, who was one of the Salt-bearers in the Montem,



in the year 1812 or 1813, as well as I can recollect, and who, being stationed at a spot where the members of the Queen's Council must pass in their way to Windsor, had occasion to stop the carriages of those noble Lords, and make the usual application for Salt. His account of the reception which he met with from the different Lords, particularly Lords Eldon and Ellenborough, and Sir William Grant, was most humorous and characteristic."

MY DEAR DEVONIENSIS,

I have a great respect for the *Morning Chronicle*, and I have a great respect for the Queen's Council, and I have a great respect for the Salt-bearer, and I have a great respect for you! But, seriously speaking, my bureau has no room for antediluvian Chronicles, and my Publication has no room for Political Squibs.

There is yet another part of your letter which I must notice. You say, "I will give you, on the other side, a couplet written by the Marquis Wellesley, while at your illustrious Seminary—communicated by Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt." I will insert it, because I suppose it has (to use an expression of a friend of mine) "lots of wit, if one could find it out."

"Tum Crocus obductam lento conamine glebam  
Dimovet, et summam flavus inaurat humum."

I believe the Marquis Wellesley has much better verses than these set down to his account, in a compilation called the "*Musæ Etonenses*!"

*May 14.*—Transcribed some more Poetry, by Edward Morton:—

There was a voice, a foolish voice,  
In my heart's summer echoing through me;  
It bade me hope, it bade rejoice,  
And still its sounds were precious to me;  
But thou hast plighted that deep vow,  
And it were sin to love thee now!

I will not love thee! I am taught  
To shun the dream on which I doated,  
And tear my soul from every thought  
On which its dearest vision floated;  
And I have prayed to look on thee  
As coldly as thou dost on me.

Alas! the Love indeed is gone,  
But still I feed its melancholy;  
And the deep struggle, long and lone,  
That stifled all my youthful folly,  
Took but away the guilt of sin,  
And left me all its pain within.



Adieu! if thou hadst seen the heart,  
 The silly heart, thou wert beguiling,  
 Thou would'st not have inflam'd the smart,  
 With all thy bright unconscious smiling;  
 Thou wouldst not so have fann'd the blaze,  
 That grew beneath those quiet rays!

Nay! it was well!—for smiles like this  
 Delay'd at least my bosom's fever!  
 Nay! it was well, since hope and bliss  
 Were fleeting quickly,—and for ever,  
 To snatch them as they pass'd away,  
 And meet the anguish all to-day!

I have to inform Amicus, who inquires after a reprint of our three first Numbers, that we think the 750 we have sold sufficient to answer the purpose for which this work was commenced, and that we do not, at present, contemplate any future Edition.

*May 16.*—Received this day a copy of verses on “Sæviar armis Luxuria,” from our old correspondent, “Robigo.” This puts me in mind of a sort of promise I made that his Essay should appear in No. VIII.; and, upon examining my papers, I am very sorry to be obliged to confess that the Article has been mislaid—I can find no traces of it. I am, however, the less vexed at this, because I had rather offend Robigo by the omission, than injure him by the insertion of his Contribution. The truth is, that, in my opinion, neither the Essay nor the Poem come up to the high estimation in which the talents of the Author are so deservedly held. Let him revise such rhymes as these before he is very angry with me for the opinion which I have most sincerely expressed:—

“Till Venus rising,  
 “For sprightly song,  
 “Io Triumphe!

Ever-smiling”—  
 For ages gone”—  
 Loudly shout ye.”

Let him re-consider the following stanzas, and reflect whether they are likely to add to a really high reputation. I will begin with his exordium:—

“In days of yore, when fabled lore  
 And mystic speech obtain'd,  
 Th' Heavenly Conclave began to rave,  
 Nor threats their spleen restrain'd.”

Next here is a bit of the boastings of Mars:—

“Who can deny the Mastery  
 To me whose arm is strong;  
 Whose powerful sway, from day to day,  
 Tolls Death's deep ding, ding, dong?”



I will extract one more stanza, but Robigo must pardon me for altering one word, and taking the sentiment into my own mouth :—

“ Ye *penmen* all, obey my call,  
Obey my sovereign will ;  
Which knows no law, which feels no awe ;  
Obedience yield—be still !”

*May 18.*—Inserted a letter from our old friend Allen Le Blanc. I am so little acquainted with Oxford, its concerns, and its inmates, that I am ignorant whether the personages Allen describes are real or fictitious. If they are real, they are painted in such a manner that they cannot take offence at the colouring. If they are fictitious, I am sure nobody will feel any difficulty in finding an original for them somewhere.—There is life in every touch of his pencil.

*May 21.*—Many thanks to an ingenious Correspondent for his voluminous translation of Tasso's “ *Gierusalemme Liberata.*” I can positively afford room for no more than the following description of Armida from Canto IV.

XXVIII.

Few suns had shone and set, or ere she came  
Where the Frank tents were bleaching in the gale  
Around the towers of Salem, nor had fame  
Been silent, far and wide was spread the tale ;  
And as when in broad day some meteor flame  
Is seen above the astonish'd world to sail,  
The Camp is rous'd: all eye to see the Dame,  
All ear to know the whence, the why she came.

XXIX.

No mien so noble, and no form so fair,  
Could Argos, or e'en Cyprus, boast of yore ;  
The glowing ringlets of her golden hair  
Shone through the elegant white veil she wore,  
Hid, but transparent, as the sunbeams are  
By fleecy clouds when faintly shrouded o'er ;  
Or, was her veil thrown back, those ringlets shone  
As bright and glorious as a noontide Sun.

XXX.

The wanton breeze, that mid her soft locks play'd,  
Added more curls to those which Nature wove ;  
With downcast look she stood, as if afraid  
She might too lavish of her beauties prove ;  
Her cheeks were of the ivory, inlaid  
With roses, and the blended colours strove  
As rivals for the mastery—her mouth  
Was roseate, with breath sweet as the sweet South.



## XXXI.

Her bosom next disclos'd its spotless snows,  
 From whence the fires of Love abroad are shed :  
 Part only of her breast the tunic shows,  
 Young, soft, and tender, and o'er part is spread—  
 Envious ; and yet that envy only knows  
 To stay the eyes, the amorous thought hath sped  
 Beneath the surface, and within is flown,  
 Far from content with outward charms alone.

## XXXII.

E'en as the Sun's warm ray will penetrate  
 Water or crystal, and yet not divide,  
 Thus the free thoughts an entrance will await,  
 Although the vest that entrance hath denied ;  
 And sacrilegiously they contemplate  
 The scenes which fancy pictures far and wide,  
 And then describe them to the warm desires,  
 And with new fuel feed the living fires.

*May 26.*—Received the following, amongst other more valuable contributions, from our old friend W.

Woman and Hope ! I love the two,  
 Though bards and sages flout them ;  
 They're tiresome oft, and oft untrue,  
 But who could live without them ?

*May 28.*—A friend informs me that the expression of Scaliger relative to one of the Odes of Horace, was not the King of Persia, as I have erroneously put forth, but “ Rex Tarracensis.” Another friend informs me, on Lady Morgan's authority that the King in question was “ the King of Naples.”

“ Strange that such difference should be,  
 Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee !”

My dear Critics, what does it signify to you or me, whethe Scaliger's Hyperbole lighted upon Rex Persicus, or Rex Tarracensis,—the King of Naples, or the King of Clubs ?

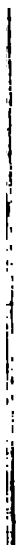
*May 29.*—Bless me ! Here is a *Corpus Poetarum* rushing in. shall never get through the serried phalanx. I must make a desperate sally ! First have at you Mr. “ Remove !”—there ; you are an inoffensive and well-disposed gentleman, so I will not hurt you Aha ! “ Nestor !” I will not hurt you either, old friend !—you are too old. Holloa, good “ Vindex,” with your “ Address to Lord Liverpool,” you come with a threatening aspect indeed ; there I have brought him down ; I have flung our tenth Resolution at him. What—“ Senex” here ? Oh ! you are in a passion because I would not insert your “ Letter to the Boys.” I'll ju



sharpen a "Private Correspondence," and fling it at you.—He runs. "Judex" too—you are enraged because I have not enough serious stuff.—You make home-thrusts indeed! Where is No. IV.? It must be my shield! Murder! Here is the Editor of the "Apis Matina," with an Epic on the Fall of Palmyra in his hand. I must send my "Aristotle" at him.—There! I have overturned him in a twinkling. Ha! ha! there is Mr. C—— in the way, with his sword of Hypercriticism. I think I won't run!—the weapon is very blunt. There is somebody in the rear of the battle, looking most kindly severe: what has he to say? He says, "We are all losing our time; we shall repent this at Cambridge." That was a hard hit; but take care, Sir! It shall go hard with you if any of the Club are Wranglers!—Bless me! here is "Bos," roaring that "there is no merit in 'The Etonian!' It won't live fifty years!" I'll shoot him in the head!—No! that's invulnerable! Stay a minute, Sir;—I must load with the new Number!

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## No. IX.

### THE KING OF CLUBS.

*Saturni, 23o die Junii, 1821.*

THE Club met according to custom ; but there was little or no business to be transacted, and there was a Melancholy apparent in every face, which checked every attempt at Humour. It will not be difficult to account for this depression of spirits, when it is remembered that the existence of the King of Clubs is drawing to its close. Another brief Month, and the crowned head and sceptred hand will return from their exalted station to their original obscurity ; the King of Clubs will die, and the Gambling-House will be the receptacle of his body.—“ *Sic transit gloria mundi.*”

The Members chewed the cud, and drank the Punch in silence ; they had almost emptied the bowl, when Mr. GOLIGHTLY, dipping his ladle somewhat deeper than usual, brought up a small piece of paper from the bottom. It was opened, and read by the President ; and as I have nothing else to insert, I am ordered to present to the Public the

#### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE PUNCH-BOWL.

“ Autobiography is very much in fashion at the present day. Mr. Cobbett writes Autobiography, and Mr. Hunt writes Autobiography ; why then should Criticism turn up her nose at the Autobiography of a Punch-bowl ?

“ I was made on the 20th of October, 1820 ; and was pronounced, by an admiring Public, a fine Bowl. Every body found something to commend in me ; some liked my sweetness, and some my acidity—some praised me because I was strong enough, and some because I was not too strong. There were few tasters who did not look forward with pleasure to a second draught.

“ In a short time the usual vicissitudes of popular favour afflicted me. People began to find in me a hundred faults, of which they had not so much as dreamed before. I was too sour, and too noisy, and too heavy ; I inspired nothing but puns and quibbles ; every fume I sent forth savoured of Satire ; every cup I filled tasted of Absurdity. It was said, that I made young heads



giddy, and disrespectful to their superiors; that I was a sad abettor of idleness and impertinence; that I was an utter enemy to all discipline and regularity; in short, that I ought never to be tolerated in the place of which I had possessed myself.

"Even my Patrons, the Members of the Club, began to cool in their good opinion of me. 'The King of Clubs,' like many other Kings, began to think of sacrificing his Favourite, in order to conciliate popular favour: my spirits subsided, and I began to be of opinion that the Members were all cracked, and that I should be cracked too, in a short time. I believe I owed my safety to a fortuitous circumstance, to which I never look back without exultation,—Mr. Oakley, my most formidable enemy, dared to introduce a Tea-pot into the Club-Room. The Members retreated from his flag with disgust; and, though I never could get rid of the vile little intruder, yet a proposal for exiling me, and substituting chocolate, was negatived by a large majority.

"I kept my place, therefore, and although I continued to meet with my *quantum suff.* of disapprobation from many with whose stomachs I disagreed, I did not cease from being the nectar of the Club, and the inspiration of the writings of 'The Etonian.' The fame of me was diffused far and wide, and the brightest ornaments of *Mater Etona* became anxious to have a hand in my composition. They were perpetually sending presents of ingredients, and my limited circumference was frequently unable to contain their liberality. One poured in a stream of Good Sense; another gave me a sparkling fountain of Wit; a third dropped from his hand the sugar of Urbanity; a fourth scattered on my surface the flowers of Parnassus. The disposition to jollity, which I had upon my first appearance betrayed, was gradually refined. I became as quiet and civil a Punch-bowl as ever was concocted. Even Ladies ventured to sip from me, and Exquisites pronounced me tolerable. The playful Fancy, which dictated the 'March to Moscow' was derived from my influence—the pen which wrote 'Godiva' was dipped in my liquid. When I am accused of misdemeanors, and riot, and disaffection, I answer by holding up a list of my friends!—You shall know me by the company I keep!

"Yet why do I complain of hostility or censure? I never had reason to do so: my greatest friends, it is true, mixed up something of condemnation with their praises; but I need not fret on this account, since my bitterest enemies united something of approbation with their sarcasms. It has been my peculiar lot to please and to displease every body. One considered me lukewarm, but there was sometimes a mellowness in my taste which pleased him; another thought me insipid, but there was sometimes a little acid in my beverage, which redeemed me from total neglect; a third complained that too much of me sent him to sleep, but still he came to me, because he found a little of me was enlivening; a fourth swore I was death to the senses, but yet he had an affection for me, because I gave life to the feelings.



"The incidents of my short life have been few, but among those whom they immediately concerned they of course excited great interest. Wherever 'The Etonian' made his appearance, 'The King of Clubs' led the way with the Punch-bowl in his arms; I was tasted by the literati, who read every thing, and the illiterate, who read nothing at all. Many a glutton in literature smacked his lips at my approach, and many a boarding-school belle relinquished the unbroke 'Tears of Sensibility' for the more inviting flavour of the streams of his Majesty's Punch-bowl.

"These glorious days, however, are fleeting swiftly away! Once more will my orb be replenished, and the potion I will then afford shall be sweeter than I ever afforded before! Once more, and then my wonted spirits will no longer effervesce within me; my wonted friends will no longer laugh around me; I shall be as sorrowful as the hearts of my patrons,—as empty as the heads of my detractors!—Almighty Bacchus! Shall his Majesty's Punch-bowl sink into a vile piece of crockery? Ere plebeian lips shall defile the rim which the touch of a King hath hallowed,—ere the vessel in which wit has bathed, shall become the receptacle of earthly liquor,—

'Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash it to pieces.'

Before this dreadful consummation shall take place, let me, as far as possible, provide for the probable contingency. I know that when my protector, 'The King of Clubs,' shall have vacated his throne, a crowd of petty calumniators will arise, to hide my good qualities and exaggerate my failings. Let me, then, draw my own character before a less partial hand shall do it for me, and tell you what candour will say by-and-bye of the Punch-bowl.

"It had many failings, but it had some virtues to counterbalance them; it promoted a fashion of levity, an indifference to rebuke, and an appearance of improprieties which never in reality existed. Many persons have assumed the dress of sanctity where sanctity was not; but few, like 'The King of Clubs,' have taken to intoxication in print, in order to appear to the world worse than they actually were. But, on the other hand, the Punch-bowl gave life and vivacity to 'The Etonian,' which had never been found in the shop of Mr. Twining. It had the grace of novelty, which is no small recommendation where youth is to be the judge; and it afforded an opportunity of talking a great deal of nonsense, which could not have been talked half so well round a copper kettle or a silver urn. It was always warming,—often exhilarating,—seldom, I hope, intoxicating,—never, I am sure, unwholesome."

The composition, from whatever pen it proceeded, was received with great approbation; and as the punch and its biography were coming to an end together, the Club prepared to adjourn. Previous to their separation, however, Mr. COURTENAY rose and spoke to the following purpose:—



## MR. COURTENAY TO HIS CONTRIBUTORS.

Gentlemen,—As this is almost the last time I shall have the honour of addressing you in my capacity of President of your sittings, I wish to make one request of you and all our other Contributors. The curiosity of the Public is much excited respecting the names of our writers, and I, for one, am very unwilling to disappoint a Public which has been so very kind to us;—I therefore hope that all those who have favoured us with their support, will let me know as soon as possible whether to all or to any of their articles they will allow me to attach their names in our Tenth and last Number.”—(*Hear, hear, hear.*)

(Signed)

R. HODGSON,  
*Secretary.*

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## *The Country Curate.*

### THE COUNTRY CURATE.

———*Tenui censu, sine crimine notum,  
Et prosperare loco, et cessare, et quærere, et uti.*—Hon.

It was with feelings of the most unmixed delight that on my way to the North I contemplated spending one evening with my old friend Charles Torrens. I call him my friend, although he is six or seven years my senior; because his manners and his habits have always nearly resembled those of a boy, and have seemed more suitable to my age than to his. Some years ago, partly in consequence of his own imprudence, the poor fellow was in very low circumstances; but he has now, by one of those sudden freaks of fortune, which nobody knows how to account for, become sleek and fat, and well-to-do in the world: with a noble patron, a pretty wife, and the next presentation to a living of a thousand a year.

I arrived at the village of ——— about sunset, and inquired for the house of Mr. Torrens. Of the children to whom I applied no one seemed to understand me at all; at last one of them, a *cuter* lad than his companions, scratched his head for half a minute, and exclaimed, "Oh! why, sure, you mean Master Charles, our Curate! Gracious! to think of calling him Mr. Torrens!" —I afterwards learned that this hopeful disciple had the office of looking to the Curate's night-lines. However, he led me to the house, giggling all the way at the formality of "Mr. Torrens." I was prepared by this to find my old acquaintance as warm, and as wild, and as childish as ever.

His residence was a red brick dwelling-house, which you would call a house by right, and a cottage by courtesy; it seemed to possess, like the owner, all requisites for hospitality and kindness, and to want, like him, all pretensions to decoration and show. "This is as it should be!" I said to myself, "I shall sleep soundly beneath such a roof as this;" and so I threw up the latch of the garden-gate, and went in. Charles was in the kitchen-garden behind the house, looking at his strawberry-beds. I walked round to meet him. I will not describe the pleasure with which we shook hands; my readers well know what it is to meet a dear and cherished friend after a long absence. I know not which was the happier of the two.

"Well," he said, "here I am, you see, settled in a snug competency, with a dry roof over my head, and a little bit of turf around me. I have had some knowledge of Fortune's slippery ways, and I thank my stars that I have pretty well got out of her reach. Charles Torrens can never be miserable while there's



good fishing every hour in the day in his Lordship's ponds, and good venison every Sunday in the year in his Lordship's dining-room. Here you see me settled, as it were, in my *otium cum dignitate*, without a wish beyond the welfare of my wife, and the ripening of my melons; and what gives my enjoyments their greatest zest, Peregrine, is, that though the road to them was rather a hilly one, I kept out of the gutters as well as I could. What is it Horace says, Peregrine?—

“ Neque majorem feci ratione malâ rem,  
Nec sum facturus vitio culpâve minorem ;—”

that is, I did not grow rich like a rascal, and I sha'n't grow poor like a fool!—though (thanks to my uncle, the Nabob,) I can afford to give a young friend a bed and a breakfast, without pinching myself and my servants the next week!—But bless me! how I am letting my tongue run on;—I hav'n't introduced you to Margaret yet,” and so saying, he took my arm, and hurried me into his drawing-room. His Bride was a very pleasing woman,—a lover might well call her a beautiful one; she seemed about one-and-twenty, and possessed every requisite to confer happiness upon a husband of my friend's wandering habits; she had sufficient good nature to let him wander abroad, but she had, at the same time, sufficient attractions to keep him at home; her forbearance never scolded him for his stay at another's hearth, but her good sense always took care to make his own agreeable to him. A clever wife would have piqued him, a silly wife would have bored him; Margaret was the “*Aurea mediocritas*,” and I could see that he was sincerely attached to her.

The next morning I walked into his library, and was not a little amused by the heterogeneous treasures which it presented. Paley seemed somewhat surprised to find himself on the same shelf with “*The complete Angler*,” and Blair, in his decent vestment of calf-skin, was looking with consummate contempt upon the Morocco coat of his next neighbour, Colonel Thornton. A fowling-piece, fishing-rod, and powder-horn, were the principal decorations of the room.

On the table was a portfolio containing a variety of manuscripts, unfinished Sermons, Stanzas, complete in all but the rhymes; bills, receipts, and recipes for the diseases of horses. Among them I found a little Memorandum Book for 1818; it contained a sketch of his way of life previous to his accession of fortune. I transcribed four days of it, and hope he will thank me for putting them in print.

“*Monday, 10 o'clock.*—Breakfast. *Mem.* My clerk tells me admirable coffee may be made with burnt crusts of bread—an ingenious plan and a frugal!—am engaged to eat my mutton with the Vicar of the next parish, so that I have leisure to speculate



for to-morrow.—12 o'clock. Rode over to my aunt Picquet's. N.B. A plaguy old woman, but has excellent cherry-brandy, and all the fruits of Alcinous in her garden. Managed to oblige her by conveying home some fine pines in a basket.—5 o'clock. Dinner.—Old Decker, his wife, and young Decker of Brasennose.—*Mem.* Young Decker a great fool, but takes good care of the cellar. On my return sent my pines to the Hall (know Sir Harry's have failed this year), and received, per bearer, an invitation to join in the eating to-morrow.

"Tuesday.—After breakfast a water-excursion with the Hon.F. Goree; the poor little fellow very ingeniously fell out of the boat. I contrived to catch him by the collar in time to prevent him from spoiling his curls; but he was quite outrageous because I ruined his neckcloth. *Eh bien!* I lose nothing, for I never compassed a dinner with the Countess yet.—7 o'clock. Dinner at the Hall. A large party. Began my manoeuvres very badly, by correcting a mistake of the old Gentleman's about "Hannibal the Roman General;" recovered my ground, unconsciously, by a lucky dispute I had with his opponent in Politics. A good dinner. Hinted how much I preferred a saddle of mutton *cold*. Praised the wine and drank it with equal avidity. In the evening played the flute, joined in a catch, and took a beating at chess from her Ladyship with all imaginable complacency. Have certainly made great progress at the Hall. Must dance with the Baronet's daughter at the ball on Thursday,

"Wednesday.—Wet morning. Nothing to be done. Cold saddle, with compliments, sent over from the Hall. Pocketed the affront and dined on the mutton.

"Thursday.—My mare has sprained her shoulder. How am I to get to the Rooms to-night?—1 o'clock. Walked out. Met young Lawson. Hinted Rosinante's calamity, and secured a seat in the curricule.—10 o'clock. The curricule called. L. nearly lodged me in a ditch. *Au reste*, a pleasant drive.—*Mem.* To dine with him at six to-morrow, and he is to take me in the evening to a quadrille at the Landrishes'. The Rooms very full. Certainly intended to dance with the Baronet's Beauty. Made a villanous mistake, and stood up with Caroline Berry. My Roxana avoided me all the rest of the evening. How stupid! Have certainly ruined myself at the Hall!"

This sort of life must have been very annoying to such a man as Charles Torrens; however, he has now freed himself from it. "Good-bye," he said, as we shook hands, and parted; "You'll come to us again, Perry,—I was a harum-scarum dog when you knew me last; but if the river of life is rough, there is nothing like an affectionate wife to steady the boat!"



## PÆSTUM.

"Is this your joyous city, whose antiquity is of ancient days?"  
ISAIAH, xxxiii. 7.

YE corpses of your former selves, who boast  
 Your frames gigantic, though the life be lost;  
 Whence came this desolation? O'er my soul  
 The mingled visions of past ages roll.  
 Since first the Dorian these proud structures plac'd  
 With all that grand simplicity of taste.  
 Which, eldest-born of Nature, plays its part,  
 Scorning the tricks of meretricious Art,  
 Builds on a model chaste, severe, sublime,  
 Then flings its gauntlet at the foot of Time.  
 Slow rose the work; forth from the shapeless stone  
 The fluted pillars leap'd, and like a zone  
 Begirt each fabric—then the sculptor threw  
 Frieze, cornice, architrave, in order due;  
 And last, with tablet plain, nor high ascent,  
 Tower'd above all, the ponderous pediment.  
 Tremble ye steers in neighbouring vales that feed,  
 Full many a victim at yon hearth shall bleed;  
 While mounts on perfum'd gale the choral lay,  
 To greet the God whom Ocean's waves obey;  
 And round the shrine his pious votaries throng,  
 Of morals pure, in rigid virtue strong.  
 Hark to the lute and tabret! from each home  
 The merry sounds of wassail blithely come;  
 The wine-cup sparkles in the lamp's gay gleams,  
 And female smiles dispense their brightest beams;  
 Drink, laugh, and love, no toilsome morrow fear,  
 'Tis Pleasure's holiday throughout the year.  
 But who the reveller these feasts invite?  
 'Tis he—the soft and sluggish Sybarite.



Wake, bloated slaves of vice, at danger's call !  
 The fierce Lucanian thunders at your wall ;—  
 And he shall lord o'er Pæstum, till *they* come,  
 The lion-hearted legions of old Rome.  
 She, Queen of Nations, o'er her subjects throws  
 The ægis of protection and repose ;  
 The halcyon calm is lasting, while afar  
 Rolls the black tempest of destructive war.  
 At last that shield was shatter'd, but, though late,  
 The crash was fearful, and the ruin great ;  
 In rush'd the Pagan and the Norman horde,  
 Fire glean'd the harvest, which had 'scap'd the sword.  
 Yet these gaunt structures still remain—to show  
 Time too can ruin, though his work is slow.  
 Meanwhile boon Nature, as in mockery, decks  
 With braid of roses the old mould'ring wrecks  
 Of prostrate sculpture ; yet hath she denied  
 The mantling ivy-foliage to hide  
 The scars, which angry elements have made,  
 When their wrath burst on that firm colonnade.

A. L. B.

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MICHAEL OAKLEY'S OBJECTIONS TO WIT.

"Parcas lusibus, et jocis, rogamus,  
 Non cuicunque datum est habere nasum."—MARTIAL.

HOWEVER I may be censured and ridiculed, or deserve censure and ridicule, in deviating from the general opinions of my friends and the Club, I nevertheless feel convinced, that while I state a few of my objections against the mistaken notions of many, who fancy themselves witty and facetious (*nescio quo judice*), I am not the only one who has been repeatedly disgusted with those paltry and trifling quaintnesses which the multitude admire, and term wit. It has often been a source of wonder to me, that men, endowed with good sense and powerful abilities, should perpetually be employed in racking their brains, and torturing their powers of invention, merely for the purpose of gaining the



applause and admiration of persons, who, in most instances, are unable to distinguish the sensible and praiseworthy from the absurd and ridiculous. In nothing are men so thoroughly and egregiously deceived, as in this particular. They mistake the babblings of a frivolous and petulant tongue, for the corruscations of Genius; and fancy that they discover a fund of Wit and Humour in every fleeting joke, every sally of levity, which obtrudes itself upon their ears. But the Man of Sense restrains his words and sentiments, while the multitude are tickled and delighted with this Folly. That man alone sees all its weaknesses and all its futility—hears the utmost extent of its powers;—yet disregards them. As a skilful boxer or cudgel-player, he reserves his attack upon it, until it lies completely at his mercy; and then, with one well-aimed and decisive blow, humbles it to nothing.

The love of praise, that most powerful incentive to the human heart, attacks, by different plots and manœuvres, the whole of mankind. But it is my opinion, that of all its methods of persuasion, few have been found more alluring than the prospect of becoming ennobled by the powers of Wit. There is something so fascinating in the idea of commanding the risible faculties of our hearers, as it were, by magic;—of “setting the table in a roar,” at will: and exacting dread and respect from all, through the medium of our satirical powers, that we may (for a short time, at least,) cease to wonder, that so many have sought Fame by this alluring, though difficult, path. But if we calmly and coolly reflect upon the obstacles which many before us have undergone and yielded to in the pursuit of this object, we shall, I am positive, be inclined to delay, if not to give up our purpose, previous to our enrolling, or attempting to enrol, ourselves, amongst the herd of Wits. For Wit is a capricious and fickle Deity; nor is every one, who desires such a distinction, calculated to be one of her favourites. Few, very few, are so highly gifted: all others, who indulge any pretensions to it, deserve nothing, save contempt and ridicule. Let us remember, that “from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step;”—that a man must either excel in this particular, or sink into a prattler of trifles and absurdity. Our friend Horace says,

“*Mediocribus esse poetis*

*Non homines, non Dii, non concessere columnæ:*”

He might have mentioned the same with regard to Wits.

But these are not the only objections which I entertain towards Wit. However excellent and successful a man may be in this respect, I certainly deem it, to say the least of it, a most dangerous weapon. It may probably provoke the most quiet and generous temper; and make us enemies of those who are most worthy of our friendship. Few can bear the venom of its shafts without



some considerable degree of irritation; nay, if we can give any credit to the stories which are reported concerning Archilochus and Hipponax, it has driven those, against whom it was directed, to madness. But even supposing that these accounts are untrue, we must allow that Wit has often been attended with very serious consequences, and called down a heavy punishment upon the head which cherished it. What triumphs can the whole race of Wits, from former ages to the present day, boast of? We shall find that most of those triumphs were purchased dearly by them. They have been imprisoned, beaten, and tormented; they have incurred general odium from generation to generation. However that facetious marksman, Aster of Amphipolis, may deserve praise, who, when Philip was storming Methone, aimed an arrow at the conqueror, with the quaint direction, "To Philip's right eye;" we must confess that he acted foolishly in throwing away his life, however good the joke might be. Poor Aster! he found to his cost that the wit of his head was overbalanced by the weight of his heels. Neither can we be persuaded that the jest of Pasquin against the sister of Pope Sextus Quintus procured its author the most enviable reward. The Pope offered a reward to any one who would discover that author: and Pasquin, relying upon his generosity, delivered himself up to the clutches of his Holiness; who not only repaid him with the promised sum, but also with the loss of his hands and tongue; which utterly disabled the satirist. A man who has felt the severity of a well-aimed shaft of Wit will long perceive a rankling at the wound, and encourage no friendly sentiment against him that inflicted it.

Launcelot Villers is a young man of good abilities, good fortune, and good character; but employs all his talents in the service of that most disgusting and despicable species of Wit—Punning. So much has this *cacoethes*, this itch for a witty reputation, prevailed upon him, that he allows every good quality to be eclipsed by it. No sentence escapes his lips, which does not teem with words of double meaning; with jests, in the production of which he tortures himself—in the relation his hearers. He will, previously to his appearing in any of the polite circles, create a profusion of facetious remarks, which he treasures up in his mind; and then seeks the company of his friends, with a brain overflowing with nonsense. In the course of conversation, he introduces remarks, which he may play upon, and sets a kind of trap, as it were, for the words of others. By this means he contrives to publish his long-collected trash. But however my good friend Launcelot may congratulate himself upon his ingenuity and skill in this branch of the art, I must beg leave to differ from him in his opinions, (*nil tanti est*!) and inquire into all the advantages which he obtains by persevering in these pursuits.



We will allow that he feels great self-applause and satisfaction in his attempts as a Punster :—but, alas ! Launcelot is so delighted and engaged with this peculiar *forte* of his, that he little considers how many he troubles and vexes with his endless flow of nonsense ;—how many fly from the torrent of words, which attends him everywhere ;—and how many despise and disregard the newest and most elaborate effusions of his genius. Nor is this to be wondered at ; for how can the remarks of an over-facetious companion always please us ? Variety is agreeable in every thing ; but if any one attempts to succeed in the pursuits of my friend, the stores of his brain must be inexhaustible, or his endeavours will inevitably fail. This is the case with Villers. We hear the same nonsense repeated day after day. His very name has become so notorious, that we hear his acquaintance defining every foolish and trifling pun, every stale and hackneyed attempt at wit, by that name. In short, he is looked upon as a most consummate coxcomb. Such is the reward of a Punster !

Mark Egerton has the same good abilities, the same application and perseverance in the pursuit of his favourite object, and the same eagerness for being dubbed a Wit, as my above-mentioned friend. But he seeks that object by another path ; which carries him as far from the desideratum as that course which Launcelot pursues. In company he is silent and reserved ; insomuch so, that many consider him as a mere cipher in the polite circles. But as soon as he has retired from the society of his friends, and has seated himself securely in his closet, he gives full scope to his pen, and vents his satirical talents in sundry Epigrams, Lampoons, Satires ; in short, in every mode of composition, which has been or can be converted into a vehicle for this species of Wit. He attacks the conversation, the habits, the reputations, and the feelings, of friends and enemies indiscriminately ; and when he has, in his own mind, sufficiently acted the part of an executioner, he launches out his productions against those whom he has abused in the most absurd and unprincipled manner. But Mark's brain is, unfortunately, no more qualified for the formation of Epigrams or Lampoons, than is that of Launcelot for Puns and Witticisms. The consequences are, that while he is unable to amuse, he offends and disgusts the whole round of his acquaintance. No one smiles, but many frown at the fruits of his labour. At what price has he obtained the fame which, in fancy, he enjoys ? He has involved himself in three duels ; has been several times rewarded with a horsewhip ; and has more than once been compelled by a Court of Law to pay damages for some effervescence of his wit, which he has dared to display at the expense of prosecution for a libel. Most of the clubs about Town have either expelled or black-balled him ; and



if he ever attempts to enroll himself in any of the others, he will doubtless be most resolutely opposed. Nor has his success with the fair sex been at all improved by his attempts at satire. Twice has he been on the point of marriage;—twice have his hopes been defeated by some absurdity, not exactly suited to the taste of his intended bride. The remainder of the sex, knowing that, in the gratification of his Wit, he will neither spare their feelings or their characters, have one and all agreed to reject his offers. From his own family he rarely experiences any kindness; nor is it to be wondered at. It is but lately that his father made an alteration in his will, considerably to Mark's detriment, for some abuse and ridicule against the Bank Directors; of which honourable and highly-respectable body the old gentleman is a member. What, then, are his triumphs? Despised and persecuted by men; rejected, though dreaded, by females; an object of resentment to his father, and of aversion to his family;—of what can he boast? Poor Mark! what a pity it is that he should sacrifice his talents, his expectations, and his friendships, to an object from which he will never gain Honour or Benefit!

Henry Lawson seeks the reputation of a Wit, by short and biting remarks; in the distribution of which he is peculiarly successful. He assumes the manners and character of a Cynic; and, to do him justice, they suit him remarkably well. His wit neither shows itself in the trifling and feeble puns of Launcelet Villers, or in the epigrammatic nonsense of Mark Egerton; but in sharp and taunting sarcasms, which, although they are seldom uttered, are never uttered without effect. He imitates, when in the society of his friends, the same mode of conversation and behaviour which obtained, for a great literary man of the last century, the title of "Bear." And we certainly cannot refuse the praise those efforts deserve, which have procured for Henry Lawson the same enviable denomination. Not a shadow of doubt remains of his superiority in this particular; nor can we deny that he has been pre-eminently successful and triumphant; if that can be deemed success and triumph, which causes our friends to shun and avoid us, as they would avoid a dangerous animal;—which creates us enemies from day to day, and calls down upon us universal odium. If this, I say, can obtain success, Henry has fully obtained it. Does he accost an acquaintance, with a view to conversation? his inquiry is hastily answered by those to whom he addresses himself;—they leave him immediately with the same speed which they would exert in flying from the wand of an enchanter. Does he make his appearance at the Public Dinners—the Conversazioni—the Concert—the Assembly—the Theatre? The seats which he approaches are deserted; the innocent mirth and sportive freedom of conversation cease; the song is



hushed ; the gaiety is at an end. All dread him as a Critic and Censor, yet all detest him as an Intruder and a Cynic :—he is alike the object of uneasiness and fear ; of disgust and odium. What can be his motives for acquiring a name by such a morose, such an uninviting display of his talents ?

So much for the Wit of words. I have stated my objections against Wit, taken in this light : I will now make a few observations upon that species, which is termed the Practical : to which I am not at all more partially inclined. This, although it generally affords considerable amusement to all, with the exception of those who are marked out for the purpose of displaying its powers, may, in many respects, be extended far beyond the bounds of Reason or Temperance. It may involve its authors in sundry unpleasant dilemmas, to say nothing worse of the matter ; yet many are so completely addicted to it, that, for the sake of raising a laugh, they will not scruple to run into difficulties and absurdities, from which they will be unable to extricate themselves.

There is not a more jovial companion, a more amusing acquaintance, or a more warm and generous hearted fellow, take him all in all, than my worthy and merry friend, Anthony Sedgwick. But poor Tony is most consummately addicted to this last-mentioned species of Wit ; and, although he frequently has cause to repent of his mischievous, yet diverting tricks, I fear that he never will cease from them, until he precipitates himself into some fatal error. Poor Tony ! if there is a row, he must be concerned in it ;—if a hoax is to be played off upon some object of dislike, Tony is sure of being appointed head manager ;—if an insult is to be offered to any person, the care and direction of it devolves upon Tony. He certainly is esteemed amongst his companions as the soul of fun, and the life of mirth ; but this honour is purchased at a most exorbitant price. He is perpetually frightening his family out of their wits, by some ingenious contrivance or other. His brothers and sisters are alike the objects of his amusement ; nor can he always refrain from irritating the weak nerves of his mother, or the passionate temper of his father. It was but last winter, that, after having performed the part of a ghost for several nights with great satisfaction to himself, and consternation to the neighbourhood, some one, more courageous than the rest, aimed a gun at him, by means of which he received a tolerable sharp admonition in his leg. When at Eton, his propensity to mischief hurried him into an infinity of punishments and difficulties. He was a perpetual, though unwilling votary of the block ; and was within an ace of expulsion, from sending a package to the Head Master, which upon examination was found to contain nothing more or less than a dead dog, and a score of brick-bats.



His Dame also was a sufferer from several of his amusing, though dangerous exploits. Not long ago, he was detected in distributing letters of invitation to the house of a rich citizen, and was compelled to make a most humble and degrading apology, that he might escape the punishment which hoaxers deserve. Another time, while crossing the Thames with his sisters, he attempted to terrify them by rocking the slender skiff in which they had embarked; but giving it rather too sudden a motion, he absolutely upset it. His folly involved the whole company in a complete sousing, and most probably would have terminated fatally, had they not been in the vicinity of other boats. He had reason to expect a considerable legacy from a maiden aunt, whose particular favourite he was, until he committed murder upon the bodies of two cats, whom I suppose he considered as his rivals in her affections; and in addition to this crime (heinous indeed in the eyes of an antiquated maid!) he contrived to precipitate a couple of daws down the chimney of her parlour; which, besides throwing the poor woman into hysterics, dislodged a considerable quantity of soot from its receptacle, to the utter abolition of that purity and neatness which pervades the apartments of a maiden lady. But it is needless to extend the enumeration of these tricks any further. All that I can hope is, that he may escape any unfortunate accident from the effects of his folly a few years longer, when he may perhaps be induced to discontinue them, by the more sound reasonings of maturity.

A few more words shall conclude the objections of Michael Oakley. Let us all consider, before we enter upon the various pursuits of Wit, whether the object which we seek will repay us for the difficulties, the hazard, and the odium, which we must undergo in obtaining it. Let us observe the repulse which others meet with—the slender triumph which generally crowns their most ardent expectations. It is not necessary that wisdom and talent should be discovered in Wit alone: on the contrary, an outward show of it frequently reveals to us a shallow brain and an insufficiency of understanding, which it labours, though ineffectually, to conceal.

I cannot conclude this essay better than in the words of Pope:

“ Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken things,  
Atones not for the envy which it brings,  
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,  
But soon the short-lived vanity is lost.  
Then most our trouble still, when most admired,  
And still, the more we give, the more required.  
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,  
Sure some to vex, but never all to please;  
’Tis what the vicious fear; the virtuous shun;  
By fools ’tis hated, and by knaves undone.”

M. O.



## HORÆ SUBFUSCÆ.

"Ibant obscuri solâ sub nocte per umbras."—ÆN. vi.

## I.

COME not, dear thought of her I lost,  
Amidst the cares of daily life;  
Nor mingle with the vulture-host  
Of self-reproach, or inward strife :

Nor come amidst the lighter joys,  
Of youth and social feeling born ;

\* \* \* \* \*

But in the mind's half-slumbering mood,  
When weary care retires to rest,  
When all within is solitude,  
Descend, dear visionary guest !

—Nor come, sweet shadow that thou art !  
Amidst the hum and glare of day ;  
Thy gentle visits to my heart  
Must never meet her peering ray :

—But on the solemn verge of night,  
When the great west is all on fire,  
And, setting like a rose of light,  
The sun seems softly to retire ;

Or when the pearly moon on high  
Her sail of beauty has unfurl'd,  
And sheds in silence from the sky  
Her softer sunshine o'er a sleeping world :



Or in that hour scarce less divine,  
When twilight slowly yields to day,  
And towers, and walls, and temples shine  
White with the sun's unrisen ray :

—When nature and the hour sublime  
Have wrought a curtain fit for thee,  
Come, daughter of departed time !  
Come, in the might of memory !

Come in the glory of the past,  
The beauty which remembrance throws  
O'er all the scene behind us cast—  
Oh burst my dark and dull repose !

\* \* \* \* \*

II.

The buzzing night-fly round me play'd,  
The hollow rain-drop patter'd nigh,  
While on my couch at midnight laid,  
I watch'd, and thought of Emily.

And now, as by the clouded beam,  
I pace these cloister'd walks along,  
That name is still my fancy's theme,  
Th' awakener of my lonely song.

I see thee still, my gentle friend,  
Tho' far by time and fate estranged ;  
I mark thee turning, on me bend  
That smile of playfulness unchanged.

Then, as the evening tapers shine,  
Beside thy chair I stand again,  
Or on the well-known couch recline,  
And listen to thy thrilling strain.



—Forget not him, once dearly known,  
 Whom now thine eyes no more must see ;  
 Forget not him, who here alone,  
 'Mid night and silence, thinks of thee !

## III.

'Tis silence—save that on mine ear  
 A bird's low note is trilling nigh ;  
 So soft, it serves but to endear  
 The solemn hour's tranquillity.

Save that the winds of morning play,  
 In half-heard murmurs, round my brow ;  
 Save the hoarse watch-dog's distant bay,  
 Or my own footsteps pacing low.

As through these courts (that, lighted here,  
 By the pale dawn, lie there in shade,)  
 My slow unvaried course I steer,  
 What visions rise—what thoughts invade !

—I think, my Emily, of thee !  
 I think of happy moments past ;  
 From our young days of amity  
 Down to the hour we parted last ;

And those late meetings of delight,  
 So few, so short, so simply sweet,  
 They've left behind a track as white  
 As many a bliss more exquisite !

\* \* \* \* \*

The dawn is brightening o'er the sky ;  
 I go, perchance to dream of thee ;  
 Farewell—and trust in Him on high,  
 My own heart-honour'd Emily !



IV.

'Tis night; the welkin dimly lours ;  
The lattice flaps with sullen sound ;  
I hear at times the rustling showers,  
'Mid the dull wind that moans around.

But nought of human sounds is here ;  
The hum of daily life is flown ;  
Great Nature's voice is all I hear,  
Amidst the gloom she walks alone.

G. M.

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TO INTELLECTUAL LIBERTY.

FRIEND of the human soul ! not thee I call,  
Who 'mid the clash of armies, or the noise  
Of jarring senates, in auxiliar power  
Present, though not in form (as of old time  
Pallas) dost guide the patriot's tongue or sword  
To vict'ry, prospering the rightful cause :  
Not thee, but her thy sister-power, I call,  
Of higher name, or shall I rather say  
Thyself, in thy superior power address'd,  
For ye are one ; thou, whose *especial* seat  
Is in the heart and in the faculties  
Of heaven-descended man ; on thee I call,  
O Liberty, and to thy name exalt  
A song of supplication and of praise,  
O thou, more potent and more beautiful  
Than aught by Grecian poet e'er invoked  
In hymn or high-toned ode ; for not like them  
Art thou, an unessential form—a dream  
Of grace and grandeur ; but an effluence  
Direct from the prime Spirit of Good, in whom  
All beauty and all potency do dwell.

\* \* \* \*

A. L. B.



## LETTERS FROM OXFORD.

NO. III.

TO PEREGRINE COURTENAY, ESQ.

*M—— College, Monday Evening.*

CONGRATULATE me, my dear Courtenay, I am now an Oxonian *de facto*. I made my appearance here on Saturday afternoon, and immediately proceeded to take possession of my apartments. These had been prepared for my reception by the removal of every thing, which the *scout* and *bedmaker* had chosen to consider the private property of my predecessor, and I found little else than broken arm-chairs and an old-fashioned stained mahogany table awaiting my arrival. It may afford you some amusement, and will certainly throw considerable light on my future correspondence, if I attempt to give you some idea of the local peculiarities of my abode. In the first place, then, it is what Homer would call the *τὸ ἱερεῶν*, and the Vulgate *garrets*; but you know, my good Editor, that proximity to the earth is the characteristic of common mortals. . . . Of the two flights of stairs, by which you are conducted to my eyrie, the lowest is wide and deep; wide enough for a coal-waggon to make its way up, and as deep, in each particular step, as the famous external ascent of the Pyramids: the other tapers upwards, in a winding direction, till you have mounted upon a railway landing-place, and you then find yourself in front of an old sturdy *oak door*, which, dented and battered, as it evidently appears to be, from the effects of many a brave resistance to the fury of besiegers, still lours defiance against all the efforts of the coal-hammer. . . . Once admitted within its threshold, you are introduced to an ante-room, or vestibule, which serves the purpose of a *scout's* pantry, and contains the crockery-cupboard, and wine-bin. On the left is the sleeping apartment, and directly facing you is the entrance of the sitting-room. You cannot fail to notice that this door is perforated at all quarters; and, had you accompanied me on my first taking possession, you would have found the same unaccountable signs of violence over the mantle-piece. I have since discovered that one of my predecessors had a particular ambition to excel in the art of *pistolng*, and was in the habit of practising this, his favourite pursuit, for a few hours every morning. His mark was either a picture of Lord Nelson, which frowned above the fire-place, or a card on the door; and thus all mystery is satisfactorily



removed. I had previously heard that such perforations as these had been in use under the name of dun-holes, for the purpose of notifying the approach of any such disagreeable visitants, and thus affording time for the tenant of the room to make himself "Not at home." The chief chamber, which you have now entered, the very *penetrable* of the Muses, is square, small, and low, about six yards by five and a half, with a college grate rather returning into the wall, so that the recess admits of two loop-holes on each side above the mantle-piece, which were intended, I suppose, by the architect, to afford light; but, as far as my limited experience goes, only serve to give entrance to all the smoke and smut of the College chimneys, when prevented from rising by a heavy atmosphere.

Here now, I declare you have almost as good a topographical sketch as Belzoni himself could have given you. I had a mind to subjoin a diagram, but I was afraid of offering an insult, and must therefore lay an equal tax upon your ingenuity and good-humour, for the right understanding of my description.

I was happy to find Sterling at Hall-dinner; I need not say that he received me with cordiality, and, by the unwearied kindness of his small-talk, did away with many of those awkward feelings which a Freshman cannot but be awake to, amid the novelties of his situation. Our friend had been *hard all* at Æschylus and Divinity during the Easter vacation, for he had taken advantage of the permission of his College to remain up within walls; and his sallow cheeks were an earnest that he had called old Father Time to a sharp reckoning during the interval. You know that I used to do justice to our Club-dinners, and the good things which Clayton (rest his soul, poor fellow!) dished us up. There was no deficiency in the dinner before me, but somehow I had strangely lost my appetite. When I attempted to carve the fish, my hand trembled so violently that I thought I should drop the choice bit which I was conveying to my plate, and this merely because I fancied I heard one of my messmates inquire of his neighbour "Who that Freshman was?" And when requested for the salt-cellar, I handed it with as much trepidation as a *præpostor* gives the Doctor a list, when he is conscious of a mistake in the *excuses*. Happy was I when the Hall broke up, and Sterling bustled up to me;—"Old fellow," says he, "I want you to come to my rooms this evening. We will crack the best bottle of old Port I have in my cellar, and we can talk over your new prospects." The offer was readily accepted, and I joined him within the half hour. He was seated in his arm-chair before a blazing fire, which the chillness of the season rendered most acceptable;—decanters and dessert before him;—the sofa wheeled round for my accommodation; and the Scapula and Maltby



shuffled into a corner. His sitting-room is as large as all my suite put together; but, although both spacious and lofty, there is an appearance of comfort in it when his heavy scarlet stuff curtains are let down. I could not help smiling at the first object which presented itself;—the miniature plaster bust of my late revered Instructor, which had taken his station over the fireplace, and was depicted with all that awful gravity of countenance which inspires terror into the stoutest heart of the Upper Division. I said that I smiled on meeting with an *old friend* in a strange land; but my muscles were still more disordered on hearing an anecdote which Sterling related when he observed my attention turned towards the bust. “That,” says he, “was presented to me by Carmarthen; who thought I should be interested by any reminiscence of Eton. He had been purchasing some casts of the Italian *chef d’œuvres*, when the shopman begged him to notice the little bust in the window; ‘Dat is de reverend schoolmaster at Eton; many of de gentlemen do purchase him out of spite, and break de head.’ Shame! thinks Mr. C. to himself; are there then boys in the University? I will save at least one image of the Doctor from outrage; and, if I mistake not, there is a certain individual I know, who can appreciate the learning and abilities of his *quondam Orbilius*. Thus the bust was bought, and you see it is now one of my Penates. You are wondering at the strange choice of the other two.” “Homer and Eloisa,” replied I, examining the figures upon the hand-screens, “why they?” They were pencilled, he told me, by a lady, from whom they were a present; and, although he had been dull enough not to understand the import of the characters at the time he received the gift, a sly friend had since cleared up the mystery by asking him whether he kept those figures on his screens as emblems of his pursuits,—Love and the Classics. “But come, set you down, and fill me a bumper to ‘The Etonian.’” I obeyed. “Between you and me,” continued Mr. S., “No. VII. was but mediocre. The run of the compositions were ordinary, and there was not a standard article in the bill of fare. I cannot help thinking but that Golightly was rather too free with Mr. Tighe, of Corpus. That gentleman, I understand, has shown his sense in taking the matter with his usual good-humour. Indeed he is at present in high spirits, his Second Edition being on the eve of publication; and he has lately received what he considers a most invaluable treasure;—a copy of the Robsart pedigree. Strong hopes are entertained that this illustrious aspirant after the fame of an antiquarian will soon turn his attention to the ruins of the celebrated Godstow Abbey, which is within four miles of Oxford. The subject is well worthy of his attention, and we may confidently expect that the fact of the existence of



fair Rosamond will now be established in spite of all the insinuations of a certain sceptical Historian of high name. But of course, Le Blanc, you will be more interested by my giving you some detail of your future mode of life. I will begin with your studies. You need not expect any great hardships in fulfilling your College duties. There are but four public lectures, of half-an-hour each, in the course of the week; and the rank of *sextile* at Eton is a sufficient warrant for your competency to appear on this arena, as the books are only 'Diatessaron' and 'Grotius.' I would have you particularly punctual in your attendance on the 'Diatessaron' days. Mr. Jackson is a very fair expositor in divinity. (And here, by the way, I cannot refrain from mentioning the great satisfaction with which all the old Etonians at Oxford have viewed the slight alteration that took place last Christmas in the Eton system in favour of Sacred Knowledge. It had always been a subject of regret, that, although a good foundation had been laid in the lower parts of the school by the reading of 'Watts's Scripture History,' and the 'Harmony of the Gospels,' no superstructure was afterwards raised. On the contrary, this branch of study was utterly neglected; for the 'Burnet' in Lent was a mere drop of fresh water in the ocean.) As for 'Grotius,' I cannot give an opinion of the manner in which this lecture is got up, as I have not attended in Hall since the time when 'Cicero's Offices' were in vogue. In fact, even while I was one of the most regular at this levee (be it spoken with shame), I could not help amusing myself with the false quantities and rival pronunciations of my associates, and felt no small indignation as I observed any Eton man turn renegado, and use the Winchester tone; and this, when I ought to have been monopolized by the remarks of the Tutor on the lecture."

Here Mr. S. was out of breath, and a pause ensued while he filled up his glass and passed the bottle. He then apologized for the minuteness of the above detail; but, on receiving my earnest request to proceed, he informed me next of two other lectures, which I should be expected to get up every week for the Tutor's private room. This, by the way, reminded me that the whole scale of my studies had been drawn for me by Mr. J. during the course of my former visit; and I directed the conversation into a fresh channel by the following summary question:—"Whether a regular attendance on the lecture of the College would secure me a qualification against my first public examination; which is here called *the Little-Go*?" "You are required," replied my friend, "to take into the *Schools* one Greek and one Latin Author; and the questions which will follow, after you have construed the required passage, are solely grammatical. Thus far, and including also the translation of a 'Spectator' paragraph,



any decent Eton Fifth Form is qualified to pass. But besides these tests of proficiency in the Classics, you have your Logic or Mathematics to bring forward. I would prefer, however, treating of the subject when you have been with me to the *Schools*, and have made yourself master of a few practical ideas of the matter.

"Ségnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus."

By this time our Curfew-bell, the *Great Tom* of Christ Church, announced a *quarter past Nine*, and the *scout* came in to lay the tea things. My friend's attendant appeared a most respectable steady young man, and, to tell you the truth, was dressed as well as many of his masters. I mistook him for a Gownsmen on his entering the room. In fact, he is more like a gentleman's valet than what you might imagine a College *Football* to be, and gave the lie to several violent prejudices which I had brought with me to Oxford against the whole tribe. I am happy to tell you he is appointed also to wait upon me : and, as I would not deceive you with the idea that you are to take this individual as a specimen of the entire body, I ought to mention my having seen some others of the same class, who approach very near to the description of character intended to be conveyed in the Cambridge classical appellation of *Gyps*; which, as you are aware, is synonymous with our term *Scout*.

As I have long been fancying your "*Ohe ! jam satis est*" to be dinging in my ears, I will hastily conclude with professions of esteem.

Yours sincerely,

A. L. B.

P.S. I have been more than ordinarily dull in the above composition ; have the kindness to make allowance for the effects of that dreadful agony, the ear-ache. I can only attribute the disorder to a cold in the head, caught by wearing that abominable trencher instead of my hat. I hope my Address "to Intellectual Liberty," and "Pæstum," arrived safe. I accompanied them with a Sonnet from Robert Sterling, who is equally orthodox in principle with our worth friend Martin.

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NO. IV.

TO FREDERICK GOLIGHTLY, ESQ.

M—— College, Tuesday Evening.

MY DEAR GOLIGHTLY,

COURTENAY has transmitted your request that I would favour you with some detail of the manners and customs of this place.



If I understand your particular aim, you are desirous of peeping behind the curtain at the way of life which we jolly fellows live here. I cannot better meet your wishes than by transcribing for you the last few pages of my Diary. They will embrace the second week of my residence; so, without further preface, I will lay the valuable manuscript before you.

"Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura."

*Monday, Eight o'clock.*—Washed and went into Chapel. A change of Chaplains. N. B. The present one got through the service in twenty minutes.

*Nine.*—Went out to breakfast at E—— College with Williams, an old Etonian;—punctual, as per card of invitation; but, however, found my host in bed. Provision made for a large party, both dainty and solid food; two large ice-moulds inclusive. The company dropped in about a quarter before *Ten*. Conversation languid or confined;—riding and driving in all their branches;—the College lectures, and philippics against the severity of the Tutors, filled up intervals. I collected as much, however, that Mr. T.'s cane here was thicker than Mr. Jackson's club (*metaphoricè dixerim*) at our own College. In the meanwhile I made up for other deficiencies by doing justice to the good fare. A neighbour, however, was very teasing; he endeavoured to amuse me, and at the same time give me an idea of his superior gentility, by finding fault with every article at table. He politely informed me, that, in all probability, the pigeon-pie I was feeding upon was made up of young rooks, which the kitchen-boy was in the habit of hooking out of their nests from the belfry tower. Heard the clock strike *Ten*. Did not like to give the signal to rise, as I was quite a junior. Consequence was—too late for Hall Lecture. Got off, however, without notice. *Mem.* To be cautious in future.

*Eleven.*—Sat down to reading. Rather stupid after a heavy breakfast. Had got through eight chapters of Herodotus, when Sterling stepped in at *One*, to ask me if I would take a row up the river to Godstow. Leaped at the proposal. Embarked by Worcester College, and had a most delightful voyage. We rested half an hour on our oars opposite the Port Meadow, to take a view of the Archer-Club and their exploits. Dined at the Pot-house near the Abbey Ruins upon fried eels. *Mem.* To detail the whole expedition in a letter to Montgomery. It will give him a subject for a Sonnet.

Returned to Oxford about *Seven*, and hurried to the Christ Church Meadows, to see the boat-race between the Brazen-Nose and Jesus. The former won the day by a foot or two. Eton and Westminster support their reputation on the Isis. The stroke is rather in favour of the latter: our men pull too quick;—the



stream is nothing here, comparatively speaking. On leaving this animated scene, for both banks were crowded with spectators, who testified their enthusiasm by their clamours, we found the tea things laid in Sterling's room; and we had but just seated ourselves when Mr. Carmarthen stepped in. He consented to join our party, and the remainder of the evening was spent socially and rationally. I have obtained for Courtenay a sketch of the state of modern literature at this University, and shall take an opportunity of dishing it up for him. By the way, I shrewdly suspect one of our party to be the author of a little *jeu d'esprit* which has just made its appearance, entitled, "The Reasons for the Examiner's Choice of *Pæstum*, as a subject for the Prize Poem;" wherein the author attempts to prove that "*Pæstum*" is an allegory for the Queen. Before we separated for the night, Mr. C. went and fetched me an old treatise upon "Dreams and Fatal Necessity," by a Berlin philosopher. A very treasure! Sterling turned us out at *Eleven*.—Slept well.

*Tuesday*.—Regular at Chapel.

*Ten o'clock*.—Hall Lecture. Committed myself sadly by laughing at a poor Grammar-schoolman for his false quantities; only think of *prodūcunt* and *tessēra*, and the other day *hospītes*! 'Twas all Sterling's fault, however, for, had he not previously mentioned the circumstance, my expectations would not have been raised, or my humorous fancies on the alert. On the breaking up of Lecture, a Mr. Tomline, who had shown me much attention at Hall dinner, gave me an invitation to a Wine Party in the evening, and asked me if I was inclined to step over the way and look into the Tennis Court for half an hour. I had a private Lecture on the *Medea* of Euripides to prepare against *One*; but he assured me that there was plenty of time, and I yielded to his solicitations. I met several Eton faces in the room, and somehow the hours slipped by, and it was considerably past *Twelve* when I plucked up resolution to run away. Of course the Greek play was got up in a hurry, and I shamefully murdered that most beautiful passage,

Σκαιοὺς δὲ λεγὼν, κῶδεν τι σοφός, κ.τ.λ.

The Tutor was not very severe in his animadversions, and I therefore felt the more. At the close of the Lecture, however, he took the opportunity to express his disapprobation of black neck-handkerchiefs. *Adhuc sub iudice lis est*. Am I to put myself to great inconvenience by double accuracy, and the loss of time besides required in the tie of a white cloth, and also hold at naught all retrenchment in the accounts of my laundress? or shall I venture for once to act in slight of authority; a proceeding I can never approve of, and must actually enter upon? *En passant*,



it was the same unfortunate black neckcloth for which I was turned out of eight o'clock school by one of your masters.

*Two.*—Sallied out in my best coat and gloves, to make a few calls. *N.B.* The cards must simply contain your surname and College; you are finely ridiculed if you tack on a *Mr.* Among others I called upon a friend at Wadham, where I learnt that "The Etonian" was taken in by the Book Club, and was in high favour among the Members. Those men of Wadham are clever fellows. In my way back I stepped into the *Great Go Schools*. Awful Chamber!—[now follows a long description which would afford materials for a whole letter; I will therefore defer the subject and pass on]—I then went to Jubber's to get a *paté*, and took my seat by the counter. I could not avoid hearing the conversation of those strangers, who were sitting in the recess of the shop. They were discussing the abilities of an individual, who proved to be no other than the author of "The Breakfast Ballad," in "The Poetry of 'The College Magazine.'" This gentleman, I discovered, intends to take up "Aristophanes," for his Greek book in the *Little Go*, and the circumstance has created some sensations. Of course, the magnanimity or presumption of the attempt will be judged of by the event; though I would not forget that the poet said, "To dare nobly is to do nobly." From Jubber's I posted to an artist of the name of Whittock, for the purpose of inquiry when Mr. Tighe's portrait would make its appearance, and whether the costume would be the blue travelling cloak, or a High-street dress, with white hat, &c. The party in the evening were sadly riotous; I found that Mr. Tomline had no more of the accomplishment necessary for a president of a social meeting, than an anxious attention to passing the bottle. Conversation had long flagged before we adjourned to another room for tea and coffee, while the supper was laying. On our return to Mr. T.'s room, we despatched this meal out of our way, and immediately the egg-flip and the bishop-jugs were placed on the table. Singing soon degenerated into mere discordant outcries, and mirth into a bacchanalian madness. About *One* o'clock, every glass had been swept off the table and smashed, and a party sallied out with a redoubtable coal-hammer. *N.B.* No man has a right to attack the rooms of one with whom he is not in the habit of intimacy. From ignorance of this axiom I had near got a horse-whipping, and was kicked down stairs for going to a wrong *oak*; whose tenant was not in the habit of taking jokes of this kind.

*Wednesday, Two o'clock, A.M.*—Helped my scout to put a friend to bed, and then slunk off to my room.

*Eight.*—Too much indisposed to get up for Chapel—mistook the bell for the funeral toll in "Hamlet," and, thinking that



I was the Danish Prince, dreamed I was on the point of throwing myself into the grave of *Ophelia*.

*Nine o'clock.*—Woke and found myself on the floor.

Half an hour after dressed, and sat down to a solitary breakfast, my own thoughts, and a head-ache.—*Mem.* Never to order in any wine from an Oxford Merchant, at least not till I am a Don, as I observe they send out a sort of essence of sloes, sheer black-strap, which they think quite good enough for us ordinary Under-Graduates.

After Lecture, looked into Sterling's room. Found that he had been disturbed by our last night's debauch, and was aware of my participation in it. He said little, and I felt the more.

I walked with him in the afternoon to a neighbouring eminence, ccleped Shotover. It is a wild heathy tract, only partially violated by that sacrilegious Inclosure Act. The fresh air revived me, and we amused ourselves with botanizing and descanting on the beauties of the vast panorama around us. The range of hills, which incloses our Academus like the walls of an amphitheatre, is composed on the north-east by the Chiltern, on the south by a Berkshire branch; while the western outline has retired so far, that it is almost lost in the blue haze of the horizon. On a sudden I remarked a troop of horsemen in a hollow, near one of the stone quarries. I could distinguish them thus much, that they were University-men, and were apparently grouped round a certain individual, who seemed to be haranguing them. I could discern no farther. Were they fox-hunters at a loss, listening to the directions of some leading sportsman? I could see no dogs. They might be Cameronians, for all I knew, assembled among the wilds of nature, to secure liberty of conscience, far away from the profane intrusion of the orthodox. There had been no end to my conjectures, had not my companion spared me any farther exertion of the imagination, by informing me that the squadron I had observed were composed of the pupils of the Professor of Geology. He went on—"It is Mr. B——, who is describing the course of the diluvian fluid, and its probable action in the formation of the surrounding hills; as also the direction of the different strata in the neighbourhood. The band are armed with long hammers of approved metal, with which these young philosophers make serious depredations on the stone walls, (for the fields in this part of the country are but rarely inclosed by hedges), and investigate the properties of every pebble. This course of Lectures are decidedly as agreeable and instructive as any in the University. You may learn if you please, to astonish the good people of Abingdon, Henley, Windsor, Eton, London, &c., by diverting the present channel of the Thames with the greatest facility, so that you



happen to light upon the exact spot marked out by Mr. B—— as a gorge, and then you may send the river into Wiltshire or Hampshire." We passed, in our return home, through the little hamlet of Shotover. The cottages are built on the sides, or at the bottom of certain hollows, which are among as many hillocks, or mounds of soil, as there are swellings in the crust of a cherry pie: I mention the fact, as I confess myself unable to divine whether those same appearances are natural or artificial. The village of Heddington lay in our way—near which, I understand, was the residence of the great Milton, and there still remains a little brook to mark the spot which furnished the Poet with imagery for the "*Il Penseroso*."

When I got back to my room I found a note of invitation for an evening party on my table. It was in the hand-writing of one of the fair daughters of a Gentleman who holds an official situation in this University, and for whom I have brought up a letter of recommendation. I cannot say that I felt at all grateful for the kindness of the *billet-doux*, for I had had such an appalling lecture from Mr. Tomline on the formality and stiffness of the society in Oxford, that I shuddered at the very idea of subjecting myself to its trammels for a single evening. However, my curiosity got the better of my fears, so after dinner I brushed up my locks, and tied the best cloth my taste would allow me, and set off with palpitating heart to the scene of trial. When ushered into the drawing-room, I first observed a most formidable line of females, who were ranged in silent state at one side of the apartment. As in duty bound, and also in obedience to Mr. Tomline's directions, I stalked up to this party, made my bow to two or three ladies whom I recognized, and, having addressed some trifling sentence to each of them, shrunk back again to the group of gentlemen, who were posted in an opposite horizon. Woe be to the bold spirit who attempts to gain a footing by the chair of any Belinda, whom he may select for his attentions! He may think himself lucky if he does not get a dead cut by the end of his third sentence. I, of course, expected a little sympathy among the ranks of my fellow Gownsmen; but no! we stared at one another like fighting-cocks, or bull-dogs; and I had made up my mind to sit kicking my heels for an hour or so, when I felt a jog at my elbow, and turning round, discovered our old Eton *con* MacLennox, at my side. Here then was an end of the blue devils, for my companion kept me in a continued glow of animation by the various anecdotes which he told me of the individuals in the room. "That Lady," said he, "in the centre, with the head-dress in the shape of a tiara, thinks of nothing below a gold tassel. Beware how you presume to approach her; for although you are but a Commoner, you



have doubtless too much pride to expose yourself to insult, from the scornful arrogance of a giddy-brained girl. Mark that tall figure in the dress of Lincoln green: that is an indigenous production of this place; her brother has just taken his Bachelor's degree, and I have heard that he is much indebted to Miss Anna's questions in Herodotus and Horace, that he passed his examinations with so much *eclat*." Here my kind Ciceronè interrupted himself,—“ I hope you have come well provided for the whist or loo table: you have need of a stout purse on these occasions. I would not have you rely either upon your personal or conversational attractions to throw any weight in your favour. There are some of those ladies as sharp as their own needles; and take care, for while you are admiring their daughters, depend upon it the mothers at least are attending to the main chance of the game.” My volatile neighbour was rattling on with this mixture of scandal and friendly admonition, when the card-tables were drawn out, and the party gradually composed themselves to their respective *divertissemens* for the evening.

I have found, my dear Golightly, that the interpretations, which were absolutely necessary for the perfect understanding of my original manuscript, have so far swelled my materials, that it will be expedient to postpone farther extracts from my Diary to some future communication. For the present, believe me to remain,

Yours sincerely,

A. L. B.

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#### FURTHER EXTRACTS

FROM A TERRIBLE LONG MS. POEM.

\* \* \* \*

PAUSE on the green hill's brow :—beneath our eyes  
 How still the Village in its beauty lies !  
 Sweet spot, how calmly blends this evening sky  
 With thy serene and deep tranquillity !  
 As in rich floods the mellow sunset falls  
 On thy bright windows and still gleaming walls ;  
 Thy lonely church, and high white steeple shining  
 In the last ray behind the hills declining ;  
 Thou seem'st a seat of more than earthly rest,  
 Some lone and lovely dwelling of the Blest.



No jarring sounds of human passion rise  
From thee, sweet Village, to those smiling skies.  
Like some fair bark, with sails in sunshine furl'd,  
Thou hear'st far off the tempest of the world.  
The factious mob, the throng of busy feet,  
The hum of commerce in the crowded street,  
The war-drum's hoarse and melancholy tone,  
The trumpet's summons, are to thee unknown.  
But mirthful voices all around thee float,  
Mix'd with the nightingale's entrancing note ;  
And ever and anon thy deep recess  
Breathes forth a quiet sound of happiness.

Hark ! 'twas the milk-maid's carol——

\* \* \* \*

Now blither sounds are rising ; with a shout,  
From durance long the village-school springs out.  
A moment ! and the green, so still before,  
With that wild joyous rout is flooded o'er,  
As by a torrent, and the rapturous cry  
Of young shrill voices rises to the sky.  
It is their hour of freedom—toil and care  
Are over—all is life, is motion there ;  
With quick, light steps, retreating and advancing,  
Through many a tangled maze, like shadows glancing,  
Float the small elves ; how free their motions swim,  
Now the life tingles in each little limb !  
With leap and frisk they nimbly shake the ground ;  
With shout on shout the welkin rings around.  
Nor know they why they shout ; a rapturous sense  
Of joy pervades their hearts of innocence ;  
In every frame the pulse beats wild and high,  
And the soul's laughter fills each kindling eye.  
Perchance o'erwearied by their boisterous play,  
One grave eyed boy steals silently away ;



Urg'd by some gentler impulse to receive,  
 In his lone heart, the calm repose of eve.  
 From Earth's dull scenes his soaring soul is far,  
 High converse holds he with the Evening Star;  
 Wanders, in thought, o'er some celestial shore,  
 And feels such bliss as manhood feels no more.

\* \* \* \*

Now darker shades o'er earth and sky prevail—  
 A deeper stillness creeps along the dale;  
 Hush'd is the milk-maid's song, the schoolboys' shout,  
 The toil-worn labourer's cottage-light is out,  
 And early sleep is heavy on the eye  
 Of simple, weary, patient industry.

Still, as faint twilight fades along the skies,  
 From hill and village wandering sounds arise :  
 The owls take up their melancholy tune,  
 The deep-voiced watch-dog bays the rising moon :  
 While, in rich volumes, through the thicket swell  
 The thrilling strains of heart-sick Philomel.  
 Now first in murmurs by the breeze convey'd,  
 Is heard some tuneful lover's serenade ;  
 And the wild laugh comes dancing from afar  
 Of the maid listening at her lattice-bar.

Who steals so softly through the twilight vale,  
 With melancholy footsteps, wan and pale ?  
 Whose vest of mourning, and whose pensive pace,  
 Hold sad accordance with his woe-worn face ?  
 'Tis he—oh ! let no heedless step intrude  
 On that poor mourner's holy solitude !  
 This is his hour of peace—the hour that bears  
 His lonely sighs, that sees his quiet tears.  
 Sad widower, through the twilight's deepening gloom,  
 He steals to weep upon his lost one's tomb ;



To commune with her image, and give way  
To dreams his manly spirit checks by day.  
No weak enthusiast, no fond dreamer he,  
When the world calls for active energy ;  
And thoughts, that whisper of his children's weal,  
'Midst dull exertion bid him cease to feel ;  
Still with the troubles and the cares of life  
All day his spirit holds unyielding strife ;  
And none, who sees him in his toils, can trace  
The heart's deep workings in that patient face.  
But when at Eve's return his weary brain  
From toil reposes, Nature wakes again ;  
And, as his playful children round him press,  
With many a winning innocent caress,  
His glistening eyes amid their gambols swim,  
And Earth, he feels, has raptures still for him.  
An hour ago, and who so blest as he,  
When those young prattlers hung about his knee,  
With gentle kisses press'd his forehead pale,  
With breath suspended heard the promis'd tale,  
Bending on him their earnest eyes, which shone  
With love which call'd up tears into his own :  
Then one by one, by weariness oppressed,  
Sunk into quiet slumber on his breast.  
And he hath closed the curtains of their bed,  
And smoothed the pillow for each weary head,  
Hath kiss'd the heavy eyelids of their sleep,  
And wander'd forth, on that low grave to weep.

Lonely the spot—no pomp arrests the eye,  
The turf looks dark beneath the starless sky,  
And many a wild-flower droops its dewy head  
O'er the cold dreary dwellings of the dead.  
There, gently leaning on a sculptur'd stone,  
Sits the pale dreamer, silent and alone :



There will he sit, from earthly cares remov'd,  
 In blest communion with the saint he lov'd,  
 Till night's cold breeze and deepening shades recall  
 His spell-bound spirit from such gentle thrall.

\* \* \* \* \*

JUAN.

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ESSAY ON THE POEMS OF HOMER, AND THE MANNERS  
 OF THE AGE IN WHICH HE LIVED.

"PHILO-MUSUS" has sent us an Essay, of considerable length, upon the merits and beauties of the Art of Poetry. We are persuaded, however, that of such merits and beauties none of our readers need to be informed; and therefore "Philo-Musus" lies at our Publisher's till called for.

We are going, however, to make some observations upon one advantage to be derived from Poetry, which our good friend has altogether omitted. We mean the power which it possesses of handing down to posterity an exact picture of the customs and manners of a very distant age. By its aid we can trace through successive years the variations which gradually take place in warfare and in letters, in habits and in costume; we can gaze with reverence upon the superstitions which have become extinct, and smile upon comparing the nascent follies of the age of Demigods with the full-blown follies of the age of Men. Homer, as he stands pre-eminent among the ancient bards in all other requisites, is equally so in this. Notwithstanding the force of his numbers, the fertility of his invention, the grandeur of his story, and the excellency of the moral precepts which are interspersed throughout it, we are inclined to value him less upon these considerations than upon the faithful representation which he has given us of the manners of his heroes. For these reasons we have put his name at the top of this paper, although, in the course of it, we shall probably indulge ourselves in more frequent digressions than ever the old gentleman himself made use of. To those who had rather have from us a well-digested essay than a series of straggling remarks, we must say what we have often said before:—"We are boys, and we have not the presumption to suppose ourselves capable of criticising the studies, or regulating the taste, of our schoolfellows. Our aim has not been, and is not, to instruct, but to amuse." With this preface, we put our Homer before us, mend our pen, and begin.



The *Odyssey*, which describes the travels and sufferings of an individual, has, of course, more numerous sketches of private life than the *Iliad*, the actors in which seem, as it were, to be upon a public stage, and to stalk in the tragic buskin from one end of the poem to the other. But we cannot help wondering at the manner in which the poet has so frequently interwoven in his most gorgeous descriptions some allusion to the commerce or the arts of his countrymen; his similes, in particular, are perpetually borrowed from the works of the farmer or the mechanic. Some have found fault with Homer upon this head, arguing that the images which he introduces are, in some instances, too mean for the dignity of the epic style. He has been defended from the charge by abler pens than ours; and therefore we shall only observe, at present, that, allowing these passages to be blemishes, they are blemishes more valuable to us than the greatest beauties could have been: if his descriptions of rustic manners are faults, Homer, like his own Achilles, would be less interesting were he less faulty.

The first observation which occurs to us (for we intend to write, like sentimental ladies, quite at random,) is, that the besiegers of Ilium were ignorant of one of the fiercest pests of modern times, coined money.

Ἐνδὲν ἂρ οἰνίζοντο κερηκομῶντες Ἀχαιοί,  
Ἄλλοι μὲν χαλκῷ, ἄλλοι δ' αἰθωνί σιδηρῷ,  
Ἄλλοι δὲ ῥινόεις, ἄλλοι δ' ἀντοῖσι βοέσσιν,  
Ἄλλοι δ' ἀνδραποδέσσει·

“ Each, in exchange, proportioned treasures gave;  
Some brass, or iron; some an ox, or slave.”

Not a word in the bargain of pounds, shillings, and pence! If these noxious ideas had then existed, we should have had the sellers of the wine exclaiming, in the style of one of our old ballad writers,

“ Noe pence, nor halfpence, by my faye,  
But a noble in gold so round!”

And we should have had the buyers replying, in all the lengthy insolence of Homeric compounds,

“ I have gold to discharge all that I call;  
If it be forty pence, I will pay all.”

Again, when Agamemnon endeavours to appease the anger of Achilles by the offer of sumptuous presents, he presents him with a magnificent list of the cities in his gift; and, in order to describe the value of them, is obliged to have recourse to the vague epithets



of “*ἐν ναυσίῳ*”—“*παρασκευασάν*”—“*βαθυδαίμων*”—“*αμπελοποιον*.” Now, if Homer’s heroes had understood any thing of coinage, the Poet would have avoided all this circumlocution, and presented us at once with a clear statement of the yearly revenues, in the style of the above-quoted songster :—

“ For Plumpton Park I will give thee,  
With tenements fair beside ;  
’Tis worth three hundred marks by the year,  
To maintain thy good cow-hide.”

This, however, is mere jesting. The next consideration we shall offer will be a more serious one. How happy were the men of that age ! They had no such crime as forgery ;—no discussions about stocks ;—no apprehensions of a paper currency. There was no liability to imposition ;—no necessity for pamphlets. At the present crisis, when the increase of forgery, and the dread of national bankruptcy, occupy so large a portion of public attention, we, in common with other more practised quacks, come humbly forward with our nostrum. Is it not “ a consummation devoutly to be wished,” that Britain would consent to forego the use of these horrible mischief-workers, these bits of silver, or of silver paper, and return contentedly to the original method of traffic, making her payments in oxen or in sheep ? The veriest bungler may forge a shilling, but the veriest adept would find it plaguy difficult to forge an ox.

If it be true that the ancient Greeks were thus ignorant of stamped money (for we are only repeating what has been observed upon the subject before us) it cannot but surprise us that they had made so great a proficiency in other arts, without the use of what appears in modern times absolutely indispensable to social intercourse. From the descriptions of Homer, they should seem to have been, in a great measure, in possession of our arts, our ideas of policy, our customs, our superstitions. Although living at so remote a period, they enjoyed many of our luxuries ; although corrupted and debased by the grossest of religious codes, they entertained many of our notions of morality : the most skilful artisan, and the most enlightened sage, may, even in our days, find in the Poems of Homer always an incitement to curiosity, and frequently a source of instruction.

Many a lady of ton (if ladies of ton were in the habit of studying Homer) would be astonished at learning that her last new lustrea would sink into insignificance by the side of the candelabras of Alcæon :—

Χρυσῶν δ’ ἄρα κυροὶ εὐδμητῶν ἐπὶ βωμῶν,  
Ἐπασαν, αἰδομένας δαΐδας μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχοντες,  
Φαίγοντες νυκτὰς κατὰ δώματα δαιτυμνησσίην.



"Refalgent pedestals the walls surround,  
Which boys of gold with flaming torches crown'd;  
The polished ore, reflecting every ray,  
Blazed on the banquets with a double day."

Nor would she be less amazed, upon turning from these inanimate attendants, and learning the number and duties of the housemaids :—

*Πεντηκοντα δὲ οἱ δμῶαι κατὰ δῶμα γυναῖκες, κ. τ. λ.*

"Full fifty handmaids form the household train;  
Some turn the mill, or sift the golden grain;  
Some ply the loom; their busy fingers move  
Like poplar-trees when Zephyr fans the grove."

Indeed, throughout his whole description of the palace and gardens of Alcinous, the Poet seems to have expended all his ideas of luxury and magnificence. The colouring of the picture must of course be supposed to be much heightened by the graces of fiction and ornament; but nevertheless the objects of it must certainly have been sketched from the manners and usages which were before the eyes of the designer. Upon the first of these passages it is to be observed, that the Greeks of those days were ignorant of any contrivance in the way of lamps; they banqueted or deliberated by the light of fires, or the blaze of torches;—rude even in their refinements, and barbarous in their most surpassing splendor. As to the fifty housemaids, we must recollect that it was necessary to retain a great number of female attendants, where the women had the charge of almost every menial employment, and the males seemed to live for little else but pleasure and war.

One example we may derive from the rude manners of that age, which it would be well if the more polished society of this would remember, and imitate; we allude to the constant reliance which was placed upon religion in affairs of every kind. No voyage was commenced—no war undertaken—no treaty concluded—without a recurrence of sacrifice and ceremony. Hence the extraordinary sanctity which was always attached to the persons of their priests; hence also the veneration which was paid to their poets; for as the themes of their earliest songs were generally the praise or the actions of some member of their multifarious mythology, the celebrators partook of the honours which were paid to those whom they celebrated; and the verse, which flowed in the name of any of their divinities, was supposed to proceed from their immediate inspiration. Princes therefore generally retained in their household a Bard, or Sage (for the terms were nearly synonymous), though we are not so wicked as to suppose that the office of Fool, among the ancient Saxons,



bore any analogy to that of Bard, among the ancient Greeks. There is an example of this custom in the opening of the *Odyssey*, which has always pleased us very much. The Poet has been describing the debauchery and insolence of the suitors of Penelope,—

“ A brutal crowd,  
With insolence, and wine, elate and loud.”

And when his readers are disgusted by the extravagance and luxury which revels in the property of another, he introduces, by way of relief to the glaring colouring of the rest of the picture, the person of an old man, who still retains the post which he had held under Ulysses, and is compelled reluctantly to sweep the strings of his lyre by the mandate of the dissolute usurpers :—

Κηρυξ δ' ἐν χερσιν κισθαρὴν περικαλλέα θεκε  
Φημιμυ, ὅς β' ἤειδε παρα μνηστῆρσιν ἀμαγκῆ·  
'Ἦτοι ὁ φορμίζων ἀνεβαλλετο καλὸν ἀείδειν·

“ To Phemius was consigned the chorded lyre,  
Whose hand reluctant touched the warbling wire;  
Phemius, whose voice divine could sweetest sing  
High strains, responsive to the vocal string.”

This, however, is a custom by no means peculiar to the Greeks. We know that each of the Highland Clans retained a Bard, expressly for the purpose of celebrating the Clan and its Chief. We imagine we have seen something of the same kind mentioned relative to the American and Indian Tribes.

The subject of the *Iliad* of course calls forth long and spirited descriptions of the mode of warfare in use among the ancient Greeks. This appears to us to exhibit plainer marks of barbarism than any other part of their character. They had all the untutored ferocity, the dependence on personal strength or courage, which is characteristic of the earliest ages; without the studied manœuvres and the laboured machines which malicious Invention afterwards introduced. The greatest quality inherent in a commander was not skill of head, but strength of limb; few seemed to lay claim to any nobler distinctions than those which were to be found in the space between their shoulders. We know not whether the rude struggling of these uncultivated warriors is not a more interesting spectacle than the cold-blooded massacres of modern days. In the hand-to-hand conflict of two princes there is passion, and fury, and enthusiasm, for which we look in vain to the cold and calculating tactics of *l'art militaire*.

The war, indeed, of those times was naturally deficient in every thing technical or scientific. It abounded in instances of indivi-



dual devotion and of desperate enterprise, but had no means of supplying by art the defect of numbers, or of overcoming an obstinate enemy by a regular siege. It rather resembled the foray of a few pillaging tribes, than the contest between two powerful nations.

We shall see nothing to wonder at in this their undisciplined warfare, when we remember that piracy, which it so nearly resembled, was a mode of life to which they were greatly addicted. They saw in it nothing dishonourable; but on the contrary esteemed it a brave and worthy employment; their greatest heroes exercised it without the smallest scruple. They rather gloried in their robberies; and recounted with a feeling of pride their achievements and their plunder. Here again there is a manifest similarity between their ideas and those of the Highland Clans. We do not know indeed if a very close parallel might not be drawn between the greaved Greek and the plaided Mountaineer. We shall throw out a hint or two upon the subject, and recommend the plan to Mr. Golightly, if he wishes to be witty in No. X.

In the first place, the love of rapine which we have just mentioned is inherent in both: the towns which fall beneath the ravages of the Greek are probably little superior in importance to the villages which excite the cupidity of the Scot. Both nations possess the same romantic notions of individual bravery: both value their booty rather from its being the prize of battle, than from the weight of the gold, or the number of the cattle, of which it consists. And to say the truth, when we behold on the one side Achilles retiring from his conquests, with his captives, and his treasures, and his beeves; and when we see on the other the Chieftain of some kilted Clan, returning to his native fastnesses, and driving the fat of the land before him, we hardly know which of the two cuts the more respectable figure. Why do we attach such splendid ideas to the terror of Troy? His rival is a more picturesque object for the design of the painter; he is as muscular a model for the chisel of the sculptor; but the piracies of the Mountaineer will never be celebrated like the piracies of the Myrmidon; for, alas! Gaelic will never sound so classical as Greek!

Many of the superstitions of the one nation bear a striking resemblance to those of the other. Both of them believe that their Sages have the faculty of foreseeing and predicting future events; both of them place great reliance on signs and auguries; both imagine that the soul exists after death, and that it continues to take an interest in the pursuits and the friends whom it left upon earth. Much as we are attached to the fooleries of our old friends before Troy—to the victims, and the priests, and the oracles, we



must confess that, to our taste, the plaided Seer, rapt up in his vacant trance of second-sight, is a more interesting and a more poetical object than all the mummeries of Delphos or Dodona. But there is one point in this legendary species of religion, in which the similarity appears to us rather remarkable. We allude to that extraordinary union of the opposite doctrines of free-will and predestination, which so forcibly obtrudes itself upon our notice in examining the traditions of both countries. To discuss this point at any length would require a greater portion of time than we can devote to it; and we shall therefore content ourselves with observing, that the fabulous self-devotion of Achilles, who is said to have remained at Troy, although conscious that he was destined to die there, appears to us to have taken its rise from those notions of an unavoidable fate which Homer so frequently expresses. But this trait, which, as has been often observed, adds such an exalted merit to the character of the hero, has many parallels in the conduct of the Scottish clansmen, whose Chieftains we frequently find going with alacrity to battle, although feeling a consciousness that they are seeking their death. But look you there again!—the self-devotion of the Mountaineer will never be celebrated like the self-devotion of the Myrmidon; for, alas! Gaelic will never sound so classical as Greek!

Another conspicuous ingredient in the character of both is the pride which both take in ancestry. The Greek and the Highlander take an equal delight in tracing the river of their blood through distant generations, although we fancy that the latter pays rather the most attention to the purity of the stream. When he looks over the tree of his genealogy, and exults in the glorious names which he finds among its foliage, his feelings are not the less honest, nor his happiness the less fervent, because he sees no Jupiter in the root, and no Venus perched among the branches. And truly we do not see why the Descent of the Greek is of greater moment than the Descent of the Scot, except that Patronymics in *ides*, and *ion*, and *iades*, have certainly a nobler sound than plain, simple, unsophisticated *Mac*. But look you there again!—The ancestry of the Mountaineer will never be celebrated like the ancestry of the Myrmidon; for, alas! Gaelic will never sound so classical as Greek!

When any important quarrel calls for a union of the forces under their numerous petty Princes, the gathering of the Greek nations is precisely the gathering of the Highland Clans. In both the Commander-in-chief is chosen by the vote of the assembled Leaders; in both, his authority is cramped and frustrated by the exclusive allegiance which is owed by each separate Clan to its respective Chieftain. In both, as may be supposed from the ill-concocted materials of which both armies are composed, quar-



rels and dissensions are perpetually taking place. And why are not the disputes of the Tartans as worthy of song as the disputes of the spears and the helmets?—They often arise from the same passions; they often spring from equally insignificant causes; they often lead to equally tragical results. But look you there again!—The quarrels of the Mountaineer will never be celebrated like the quarrels of the Myrmidon; for, alas! Gaelic will never sound so classical as Greek!

We might go on to trace the simile, in the same strain, through many other qualities and customs. We might instance their mutual fondness for athletic exercises—the absolute authority exercised by the Chiefs over the persons of their followers—the belief prevalent among both nations of the efficacy of music and charms in the cure of wounds—the custom of being constantly attended by large dogs—the union of heart and hand, which in both cases exists between the Chief and his Foster-brother:—but this is idle; the *tout-ensemble* of the Mountaineer will never be celebrated like the *tout-ensemble* of the Myrmidon; for, alas! Gaelic will never sound so classical as Greek!

And now that we come to the end of what ought to have been ended a page ago, we recollect that we have been wandering through a great tract of paper; and we hear Mr. Golightly bellowing in our ears a reproof, in which we fear our readers will join him—“Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Swinburne, *Quid ad rem?*”

MATTHEW SWINBURNE.

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FRAGMENTS OF AN ADDRESS TO THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

————— Wilt *thou* too depart,  
Genius, or Muse, or Feeling, or Delight,  
Or Power, or Spirit, whatsoe'er thou art,  
And by what name design'd, who dwell'st the light  
Of song within us —————

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh! sweet as Love, ere blunted by possession!  
Sweet as the “vernal joy” by nature sent  
Into the soul of man! whose best expression  
Is in the heart's unspoken language; lent



To light our dulness, and with sweet aggression  
Forcing old Night and Chaos to relent,  
To waft aside the universal veil,  
And make Creation's beauties visible.

Thou teachest man, that there is more on earth  
Than what he hears, or sees, or feels, or knows ;  
An inward treasure, of uncounted worth,  
Hid like the invisible honey in the rose ;  
A world of wonders,—a mysterious birth,  
Which thou but to thy chosen dost disclose ;  
An immaterial glory, passing far  
All palpable light of gem, or sun, or star :

A cloud of beauty brooding o'er the world—

\* \* \* \* \*

Great spirit! beneath whose full-exerted power  
Our bodily frame doth tremble, like a bough  
Rock'd by the wind ; before whom, in thy hour  
Of charmed potency, the great mind doth bow  
In royalest submission, with her dower  
Of gifts and graces ; yet can lift her brow  
Triumphant, and with thee strange contest hold—  
Controlling thee, and yet by thee controll'd.

For she can grasp thy influences, that fly  
As vague and viewless as the folding air,  
And fix them in her clayey moulds, thereby  
To shape them into forms so glorious fair,  
(Tho' spoil'd of half their might) that the great eye  
Of earth shall, while time lasts, be riveted there ;  
The trophies of her splendid strife with thee,  
Crowning that strife with immortality.

G. M.



SONNET,

TO CATHARINE SEYTON.

So thou would'st tempt me, pretty Neophyte,  
Me, bred in those learn'd halls whose sons erst broke,  
With arm polemic, Rome's usurped yoke,  
Though all unfit to wage with eyes so bright  
And smiles so sweet the controversial fight ;  
Me, whom no few as Methodist assail,  
Me thou would'st tempt to quit the happy pale  
Of England's Church, to pope and priest my right  
Of thought resigning. Cherish, gentle friend,  
The new-found light, if light it be, and tread  
Thy clouded path to heaven ; and let me wend  
My way, with difficulty sore bested,  
Nor needing more incumbrances, alone,  
Free from thy Church's fetters, and thy own !

R. S.

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BOUNCE.

———"optata luce fruatur."—VIRG.

TIME and Fortune ! mighty powers,  
Rulers of creation,  
Ye, on whom these hearts of ours  
Wait in expectation ;—  
Time and Fortune ! have ye not,  
In your sunless treasure,  
One unmingled happy lot—  
One enduring pleasure ?



Time! there is but one whose bliss  
 Baffles thy enhancing;—  
 He, who finds in Lucy's kiss  
 Pleasures past advancing!  
 Fortune! there's but one on earth  
 Who thy power despises;—  
 He who prizes Lucy's worth,  
 He whom Lucy prizes!

F. GOLIGHTLY.

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## THE WEDDING;

A ROMAN TALE.

"Oh! snatch'd away in Beauty's bloom,  
 On thee shall press no ponderous tomb!"

BYRON.

By the side of the Latin way, amidst many other *mementos* of fallen greatness or faded beauty, there arose a small pillar of white marble, bearing neither emblem nor inscription. The singular simplicity of its appearance frequently excited the attention and inquiries of the passers-by, but no one gratified their curiosity. She whom that marble commemorated was known to few; and those who remembered her told not of her virtues; for they shrank from the pain they felt in the recital.

Julia was the daughter of distinguished and wealthy parents, in the reign of Tiberius. She was an only child, and had been educated with the fondest attention. When she attained her eighteenth year she was very beautiful: she was taller than most women; her nose was aquiline, her hair dark and glossy; the smile that played on her lips was provokingly arch, and in her large blue eyes dignity was inexpressibly combined with tenderness. The qualities of her heart were not inferior to those of her person; so that it is not to be wondered at that the hand of Julia was solicited in marriage by the heirs of many of the first families in Rome.

But she had early given away her affections to the son of her father's brother. Young Cœlius was younger than his cousin, and fortune had given him a lower station in life, and a humbler



property. He was very handsome, however, very accomplished, and perfectly amiable; so that the parents of Julia made no difficulty of acceding to the match. The preliminary ceremonies had been gone through: the hallowed straw\* had been broken between the young couple; the dower had been settled; the Augurs had been consulted, and had returned a favourable answer. Finally, Cœlius had presented to his future bride the sacred ring, which was to be the pledge of their eternal affection. It was a plain circle of gold, with the inscription "*in æternum!*" It was customary to put these rings upon the fourth finger of the left hand, because it was imagined that a vein ran immediately from that finger to the heart. It was a foolish superstition, but Cœlius was observed to shudder when Julia placed her ring upon the wrong finger.

One of the rejected suitors of Julia was a favourite with the Emperor. When our tale is of a creature so pure and so unhappy as Julia, we cannot waste our time in describing the characters of the wretches by whom her death was effected. It is enough for our purpose to say that Marcius made use of the influence he possessed in such a manner, that the father of Julia trembled for his fortune and his life; he began to retract the engagements by which he was bound to his nephew, and to devise plans for the marriage of his daughter with the court-favourite.

Cœlius was an orphan. He had been educated under the same roof with Julia; and his Guardians had hitherto been amply repaid for the expense of his maintenance by the reflection that they were instructing the husband of their child. Now, however, they began to be vexed by having him always before their eyes; they saw that the accomplishment of their scheme was impossible while he remained with their daughter, and they prepared to remove him. The union of those affectionate hearts was procrastinated for a long time upon various pretences; at last the young man was sent, in order to complete his education, upon a tour, with permission to return in a year and claim his betrothed Bride.

The year passed sadly away. He was forbidden to keep up any correspondence with his cousin until its expiration. At last the happy June arrived which allowed him to return; which permitted him to meet the gaze of those bright eyes, in whose sight only he seemed to live. He flew to Rome on the wings of expectancy!

As he approached the dwelling-place of his hopes, his thoughts, his happiness, circumstances occurred which filled him with the gloomiest forebodings. Several of his young acquaintance, when

\* *Stipula*. Hence the term *stipulation*.



they met him, shook their heads, and endeavoured to avoid his address. As he passed by the mansion of his once-contemned rival, he observed a Slave clad in unusual finery; and "What!" he said, "is Marcius to feast the Emperor to-day?" "Marcius," said the Slave, "will feast a fairer guest;—he will bring home his Bride to-night!" Cœlius started as if a viper had crossed his path; but he recovered himself immediately. "It was but a suspicion!" he said, "and I will have done with it!" He said no more, but ran on with desperate impetuosity to the well-known door. He heeded not the malicious rumours, and the compassionate whispers, which were circulated around him: with a fluttering heart and faltering step he hurried to the chamber which had been the scene of their last parting. As he put his hand upon the door, a thousand visions flocked upon his brain. "*Then* she was good, and affectionate, and beautiful, and true; and she looked upon me so tenderly, and spoke to me so kindly;—and *now*, will her look be as tender, and her voice as kind? I will be in suspense no longer!" He thrust open the door and stood in her presence.

She was sitting at the window, half-shaded from his view by some beautiful orange-trees. She did not seem to have observed his entrance; for she did not rise from her seat, nor move her head from the delicate white hand which was supporting it. "Julia!" he cried, in a voice of the wildest passion; but she did not stir. "Julia," he said, coming nearer, and speaking in a calmer tone; still she was motionless. "Julia," he whispered gently, bending his head over the orange-blossoms. Their lips almost met;—she started from him as if from profanation. "Cœlius!" she exclaimed, "this must not be! I have broken the holy cake\* with another! to-night I shall be the wife of Marcius."

He lifted his hands to Heaven;—a curse rose to his lips. "May the vows you have falsified,—may the hopes you have blighted,—may the heart you have broken—but no, Julia," he continued, as he gazed upon her rayless eye, and her colourless cheek,—“You have suffered much—and I cannot—I cannot reproach you!” He hid his tears with his hands, and rushed into the street.

She had indeed suffered much! Her face had become pale and emaciated, her step melancholy and slow: she no longer took her wonted care in arranging her dress, or setting in order her luxuriant hair; but this was not the alteration which had shocked her unfortunate lover; it was the languor which had succeeded to

\* The ceremony was rarely, if ever, used in the reign of Tiberius.



her natural liveliness,—the despondency in her every accent,—the absence of soul in her every look !

The evening came, and the ceremony was near at hand. Julia suffered her attendants to adorn her, reckless herself of the pains they took, and the decorations they bestowed. They put upon her a long white robe, quite plain ; it would have well set off the bloom of her loveliness, but upon the paleness of her sorrow it seemed to sit like a shroud. They made large masses of her hair to flow dishevelled down her neck, and mingled with it locks of wool, to signify that, in her new station, she was to imitate the purity of the Vestals, whose peculiar emblem it was. The extremities of her long ringlets were curled and arranged with the steel of a lance ; and among her attendants there were many pretty flutterings and drawings-back as they handled so terrible a comb. Then they suffered her to wait in quiet the approach of the Bridegroom. He was not long in his coming. They threw over her head the crown of vervain, and concealed her deathlike features beneath the flame-coloured veil. They put on too the yellow slippers, which it was the fashion for brides to wear : they were so contrived as to add considerably to the height, but Julia's was so much diminished by sadness and disease, that even with this assistance she did not seem near her usual stature.

It was night ; and she was borne to the house of her husband by the light of flambeaux. Three young persons, whose parents were still living, were her conductors. Two supported her, and Julia indeed stood in need of support ; the third walked before her, bearing a torch of pine. A distaff and spindle, a child's coral, and other emblems of her future duties, were carried behind her. Her friends and relations also followed, each bearing in his arms some present to the new-married couple. Cœlius was among them, but he concealed his face in the folds of his gown, and his smothered sighs attracted no observation.

At last they came to the threshold of the Bridegroom ; it was tastefully adorned with wreaths of flowers ; and woollen fillets, smeared with oil, were hung round to keep out enchantments. The master of the house stood at the door, and the crowd gathered round it to witness the conclusion of the ceremony.

They asked her, according to custom, under what title she came ? She had opened her lips to answer, when Cœlius ran forward and threw himself between Marcus and his beloved. " Oh ! no, no ! " he cried ; " I cannot hear it !—do not, do not kill me quite ! "—" Back, back ! " she said, shuddering,— " shall I not obey my father ? " The youth heard not—saw not ; he was led away, senseless and unresisting ; and the ceremony proceeded. Again she was asked under what title she came ; and she answered, as was prescribed for her, in a low but distinct tone,



"*Ubi tu. Caius, ego Caia!*"\* They lifted her from the ground, for it was reckoned an evil omen to touch the threshold in her entrance. They lifted her from the ground, and she spoke no word, and made no struggle. But ere they had set down her foot upon her husband's floor, she trembled with a convulsive quivering, and her head fell back upon the youth who supported her left shoulder. Again they put down their burden, but it was quite motionless! They tore the veil from her head;—her look was fixed and quiet;—her eye open and dull;—she was quite dead!

P. C.

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#### PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

[Mr. Courtenay is both surprised and grieved to hear that the unwarrantable curiosity of the Public has cast a sacrilegious eye upon his *Private Correspondence*; and that his *Private Letter* to a brother Monarch has been made the subject of animadversions totally unjustifiable. To prevent mistakes, he thinks it necessary to inform the Public, that his *Private Correspondence* is—NOT TO BE READ.]

## IV.

PEREGRINE COURTENAY TO MR. B. BOOKWORM.

MY DEAR BENJAMIN,

Allow me to congratulate you upon the happy termination of your literary labours. Allow me to congratulate you, not hypocritically, or sarcastically, or triumphantly, but sincerely, and as a friend. We have been long opposed to each other, as writers; and, although the sword of attack was sheathed by me almost as soon as it was drawn, on your side its point has been constantly protruded in a very threatening attitude. I mean not to complain of this; I will say nothing but what is civil and conciliatory; it would be unmanly in me to do otherwise, now that my adversary is *hors du combat*. Well then, you have said your say, and we will, if you please,

"Leave this keen encounter of our wits,  
And fall to something of a slower method."

I have heard it remarked, my good Benjamin, that your last

\* This was the customary response, signifying, "Where you are the master I shall be the mistress!"



Number is somewhat dear. I must confess, and, I believe, you must confess, that the matter contained therein is somewhat scanty; but nevertheless, as it is the last time I shall have an opportunity of patronizing you, I have not grudged you my shilling. You have taken leave very decently; or, in the words of the old housewives,—“You have made a good end!” I must say I rather envy you. But there is one passage in your last scene which rather surprised me:—

“If the ‘*Etonian*’ has behaved in a manner unworthy of its Conductors towards the ‘*Salt-Bearer*,’ there is no reason that I should retaliate a single word upon them!”

My magnanimous rival! let us go over the grounds of our squabble temperately.

I was originally, as you know, the Conductor of a small Miscellany, in manuscript; I was requested to establish a Periodical Publication in its place. I declined it, on the ground that the talent of Eton was not adequate to such an undertaking. Soon after, “*The Salt-Bearer*” was advertised. I felt a curiosity to know something of its authors, because, had the work been conducted by any person upon whose discretion or authority I could rely, I should have been glad to have supported him to the best of my abilities. I made inquiries, without effect, among such of my schoolfellows as were most distinguished for genius or industry: it was suggested to me that “*The Salt-Bearer*” was not actually set on foot by an Etonian, or, at least, not by one at that time belonging to the School. I made inquiries upon this point at your Bookseller’s, and could get no answer. Was it not natural for me to believe that my suspicions were correct? I *did* believe so, and I made no secret of my belief. Was I obliged by any motive of justice to withhold my ideas respecting one who voluntarily thrust himself in a mask before the Public? Who has any scruple in expressing his opinions relative to Junius?—or the Scotch novelist?—or “*John Bull*?”

Well! the work appeared, and if I thought that it was not calculated to advance the credit of Eton, my judgment may have been erroneous; but it was the judgment of many persons, wiser far than either Peregrine Courtenay or Benjamin Bookworm. I expressed that judgment, and my reasons for it, very openly; and again I must ask, by what principle should I have been withheld from doing so? There were one or two cuts at myself in your *debut*, but they were so insignificant that I cannot even censure you for making use of them.

The work proceeded, and some friends, who took more interest in my little Manuscript Miscellany than it deserved, wished me to publish some extracts from it, in order to do away the stain



which the reputation of Eton had suffered from the writings of "The Salt-Bearer." It is needless for me to explain why the project of the "Selection" was given up, and that of the "Etonian" substituted in its place. Suffice it to say, that the hearty promises of support which I immediately received convinced me that those of my schoolfellows, whose good opinion I wished to enjoy, were not displeased at the steps I had taken.

When the First Number of "The Etonian" was in a state of forwardness, I received from a friend, whom no one can know without esteem, some very witty remarks upon "The Salt-Bearer," intended for insertion in the King of Clubs: it had been my intention to refrain from any mention of your publication, but the remarks in question amused me so much, that I felt very loth to withhold them from my Readers. While I was thus wavering, your Fourth Number appeared, in which I was alluded to in a most extraordinary manner. I have not room to quote the whole of your attack. I was accused of "rancour;"—"malice;"—"pride;"—"hatred;"—"and a variety of ill-natured offences."

Alas! the infirmities of Human Nature!—I confess it, Mr. Bookworm, I flew into a most devouring passion;—I lost my temper, Mr. Bookworm, and I shouted, "To Arms!" And truth to say, a youth like me, who had all his life preserved a good, respectable, quiet, silly sort of character; who had always had a great propensity to sitting in doors, and a great horror of duelling; who had borne no reputation more disgraceful than that of "*Sap*," no nickname more opprobrious than that of "*T'oup*,"—I say, Mr. Bookworm, such a youth as this might fly off at a tangent, when he was fulminated at by so terrible an assailant. I repeat it,—I lost my temper; I hurried to the Printing-Office; and I not only discharged the light javelin\* which had been put into my hands by my friend, but took from my own armory a less keen, but more ponderous weapon, which you may look for in the "Second Meeting of the Club." I confess it; I was very abusive. But my abuse lighted upon *literary*, not *moral* character. I believe I accused you of dullness, stupidity, presumption;—I am not sure if I did not call you a Blockhead! But if I had said one word of "malice,"—"rancour,"—or "hatred,"—I should have felt it my duty to apologize for it long ago!

Well! No. I., with all its severity, went forth to the world; I grew cool, and I was sorry that I had been so violent. I said to myself, "if the author of this work receives my attack in silence, and honours me with not one word in reply, he will take a high ground, and obtain a superiority over me which I shall never be able to recover." This made me very uneasy.

\* The greater part of the satire here alluded to has been retrenched in our Second Edition.



By-and-bye your next Number appeared! I was happier than you can conceive! Every sarcasm I had uttered was answered by one twice as furious; if Peregrine was angry, Benjamin was mad: I hugged the dear invectives with delight; as you waxed more wrathful I waxed more pleased; and at last, when, as the climax of my happiness, I found that you had been carping at the "Lines to ———," those lines which would have done honour to any living poet; those lines which, had they appeared in your columns, would have made "The Salt-Bearer" worthy of immortality;—*then* I flung down the book in transport, and exclaimed,—“Our enemies are the best friends we have!”

From that time to the present "The Etonian" has never renewed the contest. The answers, however, which you have published to the strictures of a Correspondent upon Wordsworth and Coleridge, have shown that "The Salt-Bearer" was somewhat reluctant to lay down the cudgels. There was also an occasional sly hit at Peregrine;—especially one on the score of Plagiarism, which the author did not think fit to support by any examples. You remember the lines "To a Young Lady on her 14th Birthday," inserted in your Fourth Number?—You have accused *me* of Plagiarism, but I did not retaliate. Neither was I severe upon your literary connexion with a certain Mr. H., because I believe that connexion was at least *commenced* when you were ignorant of the man's notorious character.

And now, after the furious reply in your Fifth Number, and the occasional hits in its successors, you come forward and say, "there is no reason that I should retaliate *a single word*." The palpable absurdity of this generosity must be so evident both to yourself and your readers, that I need say no more upon the subject.

At all events, our warfare is now over. I know not what your feelings may be towards me, but I assure you that in mine not a particle of hostility exists: if I may use the expression, I have shaken hands with you, not *re verâ*, but by a Poetical License. I feel no reluctance in allowing that the prose composition of your latter Numbers has exhibited many signs of improvement; and that, if the support you have received has been no greater than I believe it to have been, the Editor of the "Salt-Bearer" has gone through his work respectably.

You and I, Mr. Bookworm, have made much noise in our day, and have excited, among our fellow-Etonians, a greater sensation than two such insignificant beings ever excited before. There has been much talk about us, which has now, I believe, ceased; and there has been much hot blood between us, which has now, I trust, grown cool. For my part, I can look back to our early disputes as if they were the events of a former age; and detect



our respective blunders and mistakes as calmly as if I were making the same examination into the conduct of our great-grandfathers.

When I throw a glance over the journey which our Etonian writers have travelled, I fancy that I see three different routes leading towards the same point. In the centre, Messrs. Griffin and Grildrig are riding a couple of clever nags, at a good round trot: on one side, Mr. Bookworm is bestriding what is commonly termed "a safe Cob for an infirm Gentleman;" which scrambles over his ground in such a manner, that the spectators imagine he will come to a dead stop every instant: on the other side is Mr. Courtenay,—whip and spur, whip and spur, the whole way;—up hill and down hill, bush and briar, furze and fence,—it is the same thing. Mr. C., they say, never uses a curb; and the animal occasionally waxes so formidably obstinate, that he has infinite difficulty in keeping his seat.

The meaning of all this is, that it would have been well for you to have had a little less discretion, and for me to have had a little more; it would have been well for you to have drunk a little more punch, and for me to have drunk a little less. But what could I do? The "Salt-Bearer" appeared, and was voted milk and water! It was necessary for me to prepare a more potent beverage! I will venture to assert, that if the "Microcosm" itself had appeared immediately after "The Salt-Bearer," its success would have been precarious. Eton wanted something more pungent! "The Etonian" substituted the punch-bowl for the tea-pot; and people ran away from Mr. Bookworm's best bohea, to see Mr. Golightly squeezing the lemons.

I, Peregrine Courtenay, as is well known, am a very sober long-faced sort of Editor, somewhat of a friend to a quiet pint of ale, or a social glass of old port, but a most abominable enemy (I hope Sir Thomas will not be angry) to every thing that bears the name of downright jollification.—I was therefore not less surprised than my friends at finding myself a Member, nay the President, of a Club, so formidably jovial. Many times during the first week of my reign did I turn round in an absent fit and exclaim—"How in the name of sobriety did I come here?" However, finding that there were no spirits in our punch-bowl saving the spirit of good-humour, and no danger of intoxication saving the intoxication of success, I gradually became reconciled to my situation, and can now get drunk, *in print*, with very tolerable success. With you, however, my dear Sir, I am quite sober. I would not have ventured to obtrude myself upon your retirement in a condition of which you could have disapproved. I do assure you, upon the word of an Editor, that I have drunk nothing this morning but some "Meanders of Sensibility," by



"*Juvenis*,"—very weak and corky indeed; and some "*Tricklings from Tweed*," by "*Allen-a-Dale*," the first bottle of which has poisoned half the Club.

I have been remarking upon the birth of you and me. Let me now look back to your decease, and forward (alas!) to my own.

You have taken leave of your readers, I must say, pretty decently. I regret, however, that you have not thought fit to disclose to the world the names of your several Correspondents, and the papers for which you are indebted to them. I regret it, not, believe me, from any silly curiosity, but merely from a regard for your own character. I wish you had shown (*I know you could have shown*) that it was not *your* hand which put rancour and malice and hatred into your Fourth Number; that it was not *your* ingenuity which coined that unlucky nullæ in your Fifth. But however—you have delivered your Farewell Address, and I am getting ready mine. On the 28th of July, (*I weep as I think of it*) the Club will be dissolved, and "*The Etonian*" will be no more.

In the concealment of your Correspondents' names, I think I shall not imitate you. It is at present my intention to adopt a contrary line of conduct. I am actuated in this by two very opposite motives—by a feeling of modesty and a feeling of pride. Modesty induces me to take care that I may not be commended, as I have been, for writings which are another's; and that others may not be abused, as they have been, for writings which are mine. Pride, on the other hand, compels me to wish that my name may appear in print, coupled with names which are, and long will be, a part of our most triumphant recollections. When I reflect exultingly on the powerful minds upon which Peregrine Courtenay has leaned for support, I would fain hope that in after-years he may continue to share in *their* praises—to partake of *their* immortality!

I shall be very sorry, Mr. Bookworm, to give up my Editorship; and yet, upon second thoughts, I think I shall be very glad. To say the truth—the plain, honest, unvarnished, unsophisticated truth,—Editorship is a desperate bore. *Eh bien!* I did not encounter it voluntarily! As Shakspeare says, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them!"

What a bore it is to have an idle Contributor!—"My dear Mr. Montgomery! your pen has been dry a long time, and we can ill do without you." "I will go to work immediately, Mr. Courtenay; what shall it be?—another Essay!"—"Excellent!" "But then I'm so idle! or another *Somnium*?"—"Admirable!"—"But then I'm so idle! or another poem in the *Ottava Rima*?"



—"Inimitable!"—"But then I'm so in-com-pre-hen-si-bly idle!"

What a bore it is to be criticized by a blockhead!—"Mr. Editor, the public opinion of your merits is higher than it should be."—"I beg your pardon, Sir, but I think you are singular in your opinion."—"Mr. Editor, your levities are disgusting!"—"I beg your pardon, Sir, but I think you are mistaken!"—"Mr. Editor, your impertinence is insufferable!"—"I beg your pardon, Sir, but I think you are ——."

What a bore it is to have a troublesome Contributor! "Mr. Moonshine! it's absolutely impossible for me to insert your Ode!"—"My Ode! oh! dock it, and dress it, and alter it; I leave it quite to your judgment! you'll oblige me! really now!"—"I have made a few corrections here, Mr. Moonshine! I hope you approve!"—"Approve! why, zounds! Courtenay, I won't swear, but you've cut out the sting, the point, the attraction of the whole. Look here, man, what have you done! Bless me! what have you done with Urien's beard?"—"Urien's beard, Sir? Oh! Urien's beard was too long, a great deal too long, Sir; flowed through three stanzas and a half! I have used the razor, shaved him pretty close, indeed!"—"Ignorance! may you never have a beard of your own to shave, or a razor to shave with! And, murder! Sir, what have you done with *Ætna*? my 'ejaculated flames,' my 'vomit of sulphur,' and my 'artillery of Tellus?'"—"Why, really, Sir, without a joke, your *Ætna* was too loud, too loud a great deal, Sir; and you have put too much fire in it; Oh! by far too much fire;—more fire than *Ætna* ever vomited since she swallowed her first emetic!"—"Fire, Mr. Courtenay! you have left my verses cold as the love of a blockhead, or Sir Thomas Nesbit before his morning's draught! However, Sir, I depend on my picture of Melpomene in my last strophe! Don't you think it must strike, Mr. Editor?"—"Strike! Sir, I have struck it out!"—"Struck it out! struck out Melpomene! what! the 'pale blue eye,' and the 'gaze of wonderment,' and the 'long dishevelled hair,' and the dagger, and the bowl!"—"It went to my heart, Sir, to strike out a bowl of any sort, but it was the most insipid bowl I ever tasted!"—"Go to the Devil, Mr. Courtenay!"—"I am going there this minute, Mr. Moonshine; but, upon my honour, the Ode can't go with me!"

What a bore it is to be pointed at!—What a bore it is to be laughed at!—What a bore it is correct manuscripts!—What a bore it is to correct proofs!—What a bore it is to scribble all day!—What a bore it is to scribble all night!—What a bore it is to———but I will stop before I work myself into a fever!

*Helas!* My trammels are indeed heavy upon me! but you have got rid of yours. Whether you have retired to your Sabine farm,



or to the sacred recesses of Granta ; whether you are chopping logic, or chopping cabbages ; whether you are invoking Mathesis or the Muse ; whether you are dreaming of problems or of proof-sheets—of the senate house or of second editions ;—assure yourself, Mr. Bookworm, that the best wishes of Peregrine Courtenay are with you ; and allow him to conclude, as he began, by congratulating you most sincerely.

Your's, editorially,

PEREGRINE COURTENAY.

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TO HOPE.

KIND Spirit ! balm of care and wrong,  
Sweet playfellow of Reason,  
Accept a light May-morning song,  
A song of thy own season.

Thou'rt fairer than thy comrade, Joy,  
Though she's the younger sister ;  
Hadst thou been ours without alloy,  
We never should have miss'd her.

Sweet Hope ! thou lov'st us well, and yet  
Thou wilt not serve us blindly ;  
Thou hast no petted favourite ;  
Who loves, must use thee kindly.

Too delicate for the rough play  
Of boisterous expectations,  
From their rude grasp thou slipp'st away,  
And leav'st us to impatience.

We chide thee, Hope, and wish thee oft  
By Pleasure superseded ;  
Yet thou art kind, however scoff'd,  
And com'st again when needed.



Thou fall'st upon us like a gleam  
 Of sunshine unexpected ;  
 Thy sports, like children's, aimless seem,  
 Yet are they heaven-directed.

We call thee false—'tis but thy ape,  
 The thing that so deceives us,  
 Comes without cause, an airy shape,  
 And without reason leaves us.

For thou art of immortal birth ;  
 No thing of *here* or *now* ;  
 Thy place of dwelling is on earth,  
 But not of earth art thou !

W.

May 7, 1821.

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THE RASHLEIGH LETTER-BAG.

v.

*Mr. Samuel Rashleigh to Lady Caroline Rashleigh.*

Eton Coll. May 7, 1821.

MY DEAR MAMMA,

According to your particular desire I have sent you a pretty quick account of our arrival, which was as safe as you could ever have possibly desired ; and as to time, the only fault was that we were rather too soon. Perhaps you and Papa will think this impossible ; but I assure you they tell me that it would have been much better for us to have stayed in London a few hours longer, and not to have come here so unfashionably early. Henry is very much of their opinion, as in that case he would have been able to have visited a few more sights, particularly the wild beasts, which he declares he will take especial care never to miss again. You cannot imagine any thing more dismal than Eton looked as we drove into the College boundaries, or any thing, in fact, more totally different from the gay and crowded appearance which the Long Walk exhibited to the astonished eyes of a new comer. There was scarcely a single creature in the street, excepting a few



Collegers moping about in their long black gowns, the very picture that one would fancy of every thing that is sorrowful. The Chapel, the School-Room, and all the buildings in the place, looked ten times blacker than usual, and many of them, from their barred and grated windows, bore a very near resemblance to so many prisons. The shops, which, as I think I told you, are pretty numerous in the immediate neighbourhood of the *Dames' houses*, were almost all closely shut up, as I understand they always are during our holidays,—a pretty good proof how these pastrycooks, and such sort of people here, live upon the boys. Towards evening they all began to brush up their windows, and to set out their dainties in the nicest possible display, in order to entice some newly-arrived customers—determined, I dare say, to make up for three weeks' lost time by an additional squeeze of the well-lined pockets. Indeed there seems to be a sharp contest among the harpies of Eton, to see which shall get the most of the boys' money before it is all gone. Between them all this last purpose is pretty soon accomplished.

The Fifth and Sixth Form boys will be here in a very few days, and then every thing will go on as regularly as ever again. I should think that they composed half of the School. By-the-bye, it is high time for you to know that I am called Rashleigh *Major*, and Henry Rashleigh *Minor*; and this is the only means of distinction which it is proper for me or any body else to use. To be sure it seems very ridiculous to be obliged to learn a new way of addressing one's brother; but if I was, by any mischance, to call him by his Christian name, I should most infallibly be laughed at. I must allow that I think Mr. Plodwell's method is superior to the Eton one in this point; for he always used to mark us plainly enough by the old plan of Senior and Junior. Some of the boys have already pitched upon a spot of ground in the Playing-Fields, intending to ask leave of the Captain of the School to appropriate it entirely to the use of our Cricket. The knowing ones tell me that it is excellently adapted for the purpose; and, with a little mowing and rolling, and such sort of care, which they intend to give it, will become really beautiful. The principal mover in all these affairs is a young Baronet, by name Sir W. Roby, who is also, as I understand, to be head bowler. He has astonished me wonderfully by various accounts of the amazing distance to which he can drive a ball; Heaven defend me from ever going half so far to fetch it! But it is some consolation to consider that he is rather given to the marvellous. Henry, I find, took a very early opportunity of going up to the shop, according to his agreement with Papa, and choosing a bat. He is quite in ecstasies at having got one so much streaked as to resemble mahogany, and declares that it was quite his own unassisted selection. It cer-



tainly is a very pretty one, and I hope it will turn out well. My Tutor tells me that I must take very great pains with my verses, in order to be *sent up for good* before my trials for the Fifth Form, which take place at the beginning of next month. But I suppose this will want explanation. The Assistant Master, who always inspects our compositions, takes any one copy that he thinks deserving, and, after we have altered the faults, and written it over very neatly, sends it up to the Head Master, who takes some opportunity to read it out to the boys assembled in School. This is reckoned a very great thing, and much greater than I have any hopes of succeeding in; but of course I will do my best. I find there are two parties, a boat party, and a cricket one; and they consider it quite impossible to belong to both. The latter are at a stand at present, because the principal leaders are not yet arrived; but the boats are all ready, and look very gay, with their fine gilding and painting, even to the blades of the oars. I will tell more about their proceedings by-and-bye. There are a good many new boys already, and I am happy to say that they look quite as foolish, appear quite as confused, and get rather more teased, than I did. You know it is a great satisfaction never to be singular. It is to be hoped something will happen to make my next letter a little more interesting. In the meantime, you must accept our united loves, and believe me to be, my dear Mamma,

Yours affectionately,

SAM. RASHLEIGH.

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VI.

*Mr Samuel Rashleigh to the Rev. Marmaduke Bradshaw.*

Eton, May 23, 1821.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

I imagine that you have already discovered that I have acquired, among other qualifications peculiar to an Etonian, an extreme unwillingness to letter-writing. This fault is a very fashionable one here now, and I have no doubt it prevailed a little even in your time. Like other people in similar circumstances, I comforted myself most ingeniously by the expectation that you would hear all about us from home, where we both sent very ample despatches, and confirmed them in the holidays. Now I have positively sat down to beg pardon for past offences, or, to speak in Eton language, to ask for my *first fault*—to profess better manners in future—and punctually to give you my very best thanks for a most



effectual piece of service, which you rendered both of us, and which I shall proceed faithfully to relate. You may fancy my astonishment, and alarm too, when I was ordered, quite unexpectedly, by a sudden messenger, to come to Swinburne, one of the Sixth Form. I made a thousand conjectures about the reason of his sending for me, and began to consider and try to recollect if I could have offended him by not *shirking* him out of bounds, or any other transgression. I asked the boy who was despatched for me "if he was sure that I was the right person? if he knew my name, or what I was wanted for?" with innumerable other questions, all in vain. However, it was not in my power to disobey the summons; so I followed along quietly enough, but in a terrible fright, and looking, as I should judge, very much like a criminal. What then must have been my surprise, or rather delight, when upon my arriving in the presence of this formidable man of authority, he first of all mentioned your name, and asked "if I was not your nephew? How long I had been here? What part of the School I was in? and how I liked it?" This was not the examination I expected, so I plucked up my spirits, and answered with a little confidence. After this he took me to several of his friends in the same part of the School as himself, and desired me to thank them each for their *Liberties*; which he had obtained from them in my behalf. Of course I did as I was ordered; but it was very absurd to thank a person before you knew that he had done any thing for you. If I had been in a laughing humour, I am afraid I should have offended them. However, Swinburne gave me an explanation of the business; and as I think it is an old custom, I shall take it for granted that you know all about it. The advantage of these *Liberties*, as they call them, I assure you I have already experienced; for I can go about with twice the satisfaction, now that I can be seen by these great people at a distance, out of bounds, with impunity. It appears that your friend Swinburne was determined not to do things by halves; for, after doing me this service, he volunteered to be my protector, and particularly enjoined me to apply to him in case any one should *bully* me. Nothing as yet has obliged me to have recourse to his mediation; and it is to be hoped that nothing will: however, a powerful friend is not a bad thing anywhere, and his name may do a good deal for me. This interview had the very contrary effect from what I expected. I went away as happy as a prince, and ten times better pleased with Eton than ever. Some short time afterwards, on a *whole holiday* morning, I received a note, containing an invitation from my new patron to breakfast at ten o'clock. I suppose we are rather later now than you used to be. This seemed to me rather a strange occurrence, but it was not for me to



reason upon it, so away I posted exactly at the hour, with my rolls in my hand, and found my way to Swinburne's room. There were no powdered footmen to announce me, so I opened the door and walked into an apartment,—to be sure it was not a very large one,—quite full of company, who received me as I made my bow with a general laugh. This is not at all to be wondered at, considering how laughable a figure I must have been with the rolls that I carried, staring around like one thunderstruck, without the least motion either one way or the other. Luckily enough, Swinburne was roused by this noise from a deep conversation he had entered into with Courtenay; and perceiving me in the situation just mentioned, came very opportunely to my relief, and introduced me as a new subject of his Majesty the King of Clubs, in whose honour the breakfast was given. It was, indeed, fit for any King of any country, unless he chooses to dislike (which he certainly has no right to do) eggs, chocolate, ham, chicken, beefsteaks, meat-pies, *patès*, and various other good things with which the table was covered. The party then present seemed to be quite of my opinion, for every thing decreased most rapidly under their knives and forks. I had no idea of such a various display; it was a complete *déjeuner à la fourchette*, and, after our little tea-table, looked quite magnificent. They say, however, that nothing which another person would eat at dinner comes amiss to an Etonian by way of breakfast. Perhaps they had not carried their luxury so far in your time. The fags were at a side-table, busily employed in eating too, unless when they were sent away to fill up a chocolate-pot, or get some more eggs, or other errands of the same kind. Now that I have given you so good a description of the entertainment, I must tell you a little about the guests. Courtenay I have mentioned; then there was a good-natured-looking man of the name of Harvey, a very great favourite with all the lower boys; another, called Rowley, who ate prodigiously, and gave his opinion upon every thing, whether it was good or bad, in a most authoritative manner; Sir Thomas Nesbit, Lozell, Oakley, and a host of other worthies, not forgetting Golightly, who came in about the middle of breakfast, a thorough Dandy, and made a thousand excuses. The fact is, he was longer than ordinary in arranging his neckcloth, which is a curious piece of mechanism. However, he contrived to talk more, and cut more jokes, than any other in the room, though only in half the time. The conversation turned a good deal on the "Etonian," a book which is written by some of the boys, and comes out monthly. I verily believe that some of the company I have just numbered have a pretty deep interest in it. I remember now, very well, having seen the magazine in the bookseller's shop, with a dismal print of the King of Clubs on the outside, and this



is no doubt what Swinburne wished me to pay allegiance to. I shall certainly buy the last Number, thus far testifying my good disposition ; and shall send it to you pretty soon, for I am sure you would like to see any thing that comes from Eton. Henry is to have the *Liberties* as well as myself ; I am to give him instruction about them. Now all this I with very good reason attribute to you ; and I have taken an early opportunity to testify my gratitude, although an unlucky *Saint's Day* has given us what the Head Master calls a " wholesome " *four Exercise-week* ; and we are just in the middle of it. The cricketers complain bitterly of the cold weather. I begin to understand the game, and to handle the bat with proper attitude, which all agree to be indispensable. Indeed, all the best players have each his peculiar, and, as it appears to me, inimitable, sort of action, which they display while the bowler is preparing to deliver the ball. This consists in squaring of elbows, in various contortions of the wrists, and many other evolutions, equally useful and elegant. Some shake their bats with considerable violence, others wield and flourish them with perfect ease and command. In fact, there seems to be as much art necessary for the management of this instrument, as a lady requires for the graceful use of her fan ; so, of course, an inexperienced boy like me cannot expect to attain it in a day. However, I flatter myself that I shall astonish you when I come home, for I positively bowled out one of the first-rates in our club the other day, and once *hit* hard enough to entitle me to walk with a great air once or twice round my wicket after I had done running, by way of recovering my breath. To do this in proper style, is, I assure you, reckoned a most difficult thing among the most expert performers ; utterly unattainable, I am sure, by any of the rustics (Etonicè *Clods*) whom one sees playing at home. I have written to you in plain English, fearing that the dialect which we use in general has been imported since you left the School. By the way, your name still continues in existence on several of the Upper School panels, though the art of cutting out seems to have been considerably improved since your time, or rather I suppose it was not formerly considered too much trouble for a boy to undertake the task himself ; whereas now, very few boys condescend to be seen engaged in such a degrading employment. Indeed, there is a man who is specially occupied, and, I fancy, gains no inconsiderable emolument from the simple office of conferring immortality at the moderate charge of half-a-crown, (be the length of the name what it will—monosyllabic, or tetrasyllabic) on any body who chooses to pay for it. As it is the fashion, therefore, for boys on leaving school to be so immortalized, I have given special injunctions that a space may be



reserved for Henry and myself, immediately under "M. BRADSHAW, 1787."

Swinburne and Henry desire me to remember them kindly to you; and, with many thanks to you for this friendly introduction to Swinburne, believe me

Your affectionate nephew,

S. RASHLEIGH.

P. S.—Remember me kindly to Guidott. I hope he was in time for "the Little Salisbury."

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VII.

*Lady Caroline Rashleigh to the Masters Rashleigh.*

Stapylton Hall.

MY DEAR BOYS,

Your letters came quite as soon as I could have wished; that is to say, much sooner than any body expected. The news, too, is as good as we possibly could have desired; and, in fact, the whole epistle is quite free from that heaviness and sorrow which used to distinguish the first notice of your return to Mr. Plodwell's; and which was never enlivened by the various touches and alterations which it used to receive from the hands of that worthy gentleman. You seem to be rather vexed at arriving so much earlier than you need have done. It was entirely owing to our over-anxiety for you to be in good time; and we will take care, in future, to manage these matters better, and not to commit so serious a mistake. We think of you very often, and miss you very much, I assure you. It is not a little consolation, however, to think that you like Eton so well, as hardly to consider it in the light of a school. I do not think that you looked very gloomy at starting; and I am sure that your late letter bore no marks of Black Monday. You are a happy person to live in such a busy place, where you have always plenty of subjects for writing upon. Here we go on in our regular course; and nothing appears to occur that you would wish at all to hear. The dogs, horses, and the other living creatures, will not furnish a single line; and our neighbours' affairs are not a bit more interesting than our own. I must not forget to tell you that the gamekeepers have discovered two fellows in the act of stealing some pheasants' eggs. How they are to be punished I do not at present know; but your Papa declares that they shall not escape with impunity, if he can prevent it. I hope that he will not put



himself too much forward on the occasion, for these poachers are always in confederacy, and perhaps they will attack us in gangs, as they have done other people, when they find that they will be caught if they come singly. We positively think of going to town very shortly, and Mr. Rashleigh is at this time looking out for a house. Perhaps you will be able to get leave to pass a day or two with us there; perhaps, even, we shall come down to Eton, which I have a great wish to see: but nothing is settled, and I would not have you flatter yourself too much with any expectation of the sort. The principal object of our journey would be to get masters for your sister, which, as you know, are not to be met with at home. It does really seem quite a pity to leave the country just as it is beginning to look pretty; and I cannot conceive what infatuation it is that induces every body to crowd to London in the very loveliest time of the year. You talk a good deal about your cricket-club, and seem as if you liked the thoughts of it. You must not suppose me to know any thing about the game; but I have always understood that it is a good one for boys and men too: so I am glad to hear that you take an interest in it, particularly as I think it much better to amuse yourself in that manner, than in going on the water. Pray do not get into one of those odious boats before you can swim. I shall trust to you for preventing Henry. When he likes to write, and has plenty of time, we should be very glad to hear from him, as well as from you;—the oftener the better. The Westburys intend to send their little boy to Eton as soon as he is old enough. Your account has quite turned their heads; and your being there is not a little inducement; for no doubt you would be able to help him on a good deal. Your father and sister desire their best loves to you and Henry.

Yours, very affectionately,

C. RASHLEIGH.

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VIII.

*Master Henry Rashleigh to Miss Rashleigh.*

Eton, June 7.

MY DEAR SISTER,

I AM determined to show you that I have not forgotten the promise that I made you in the Holidays; and partly from my own inclination, and partly too, it must be confessed, from my brother's orders, I have sat down with a sheet of letter-paper before me, manfully resolving to cover it at all hazards. Samuel has written to my Uncle to thank him for asking Swinburne, one



of the Sixth Form, to take notice of us, which he has done very effectually; and is a capital friend, I assure you. One would hardly suppose that any body could have been so good-natured, who knows as little of us as he does. But I will not talk to you about these stupid things any longer; for I am certain that they will suit my brother ten times better than me, as you will discover when he chooses to give his account. I am much too cunning to take so much trouble; besides, I think I shall eclipse all his prosing by the splendid description I mean to give you of the annual Regatta which took place on the 4th, and a very pretty sight it was. You must positively come here when it happens again, and we will take care to send you timely notice. All the long boats (to the number of nine or ten) were ranged along the bank of a large meadow, just out of Eton, and, at a settled time, they all set off, in order, to the sound of music, and rowed a long way up the river, to a place called Surly-hall, where there was a large supper laid out in the open field, not only for the crews, but also for all the Fifth and Sixth Form. If it had been a week later, Sam would have been there; as it is now, he is not better than I am—merely a lower boy. But to return to my story. The river-side was lined with an immense number of people—all collected to see the boats start, or rather to see the dresses of the rowers. They had mostly straw hats, and very gay embroidered blue or white jackets, besides great gilt buckles in their shoes, such as one observes old codgers wearing, only that they were newer, and wreathed. But the steerers were the principal attraction—all dressed out in silks and velvets, and gold, after the Turkish or some other outlandish fashion. I must say, some of them looked more like girls than boys, and I cannot help thinking that those were the wisest who had naval uniforms; for it seems more in character. I must not forget to mention that every boat had a particular flag, painted with some device or other, and a motto. Directly after the procession had begun, there was such a scampering and racing about, that you would positively have imagined that half Eton was on horseback. I could hardly recognise some of my acquaintances, metamorphosed as they were by their new equipments of spurs, top-boots, hunting-whips, and straight-cut coats. What capital fun it must be hiring a horse for a couple of hours, just to show off! (to be sure we were not locked up in our house till half an hour later than usual that night.) The Master said, that he could not tell the reason why that indulgence should be given then more than at any other time; but I dare say in reality he knows well enough. I do believe that Smirk would have cut a very respectable figure there, and I am sure he would have beaten most of them. You never saw such animals collected together in your life before, many of them with hardly a



leg to stand on, and bones peeping through their skins; others just taken up from a common, with all their winter hair about them, as if they had never felt a currycomb; and the best were but poor creatures. Then there was such flogging, and hollowing, and riding against one another, that the Epping Hunt could never have been more ridiculous; and great part of the company preferred going to look at them eating their supper. However, all managed to arrive at Windsor Bridge, or somewhere about it, before the fireworks began; and most of the carriages, as you may imagine, brought with them pretty good loads of the boys, who managed to cram themselves in every part. Samuel and I got into a house, which commanded an excellent view of the place where the fireworks are exhibited, viz. a sort of island in the middle of the river, covered with willows, which they call here an *eyot*, and perhaps elsewhere too, but I never heard of the same. It was quite dangerous to stand on the bridge, from the pressure of the horses and vehicles, not to mention that the fabric itself is very shaky, and not at all unlikely to tumble down with any extraordinary weight. When the boats came down, they pursued each other round this *eyot*, and under the bridge with the utmost rapidity; and I understand it is reckoned a great triumph if they can strike the one before them with their bow, and this they call *bumping*. By this time it was getting quite dark, and the fireworks, which they tell me were unusually good, showed themselves to the greatest advantage, as well as some variegated lamps, which were ranged about upon trees and poles. The water-rockets pleased me better than any thing. The Captain of the Oppidans has the arrangement of all; and they say that the present one (Sir Thomas Nesbit) deserves great praise for his part of the business. I am very well content that he should have as much as he can possibly wish for, because I think him a very good fellow, which is quite as much as one Eton boy can say for another. Of course it is quite unnecessary for me to inform you that we all got home at the proper time. And so much for the 4th of June! If you are half as well pleased with the relation as I was with the sight, I shall be perfectly satisfied; and you must allow that I have sent you a very full one. Samuel is at this moment deeply employed in his verses, or he would have sent a few lines. However, he begs to join in love to you, Mamma, Papa, with, my dear Harriet,

Your very affectionate Brother,

H. RASHLEIGH.

P. S. I have already ascertained that our *Election* Holidays (so they call them) commence on the 30th of next month.



## IX.

*Mr. S. Rashleigh to R. Rashleigh, Esq.*

Eton, June 11.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I AM so well pleased with my elevation to the dignity of a Fifth Form, that I have taken up my pen to give you the very earliest intelligence of my delivery from fagging, which, by-the-bye, I always cared for but little, and of my power to fag, which at present I care for still less. I have passed through my trials much more easily, and much more successfully, than I expected; for I really have taken the places of three boys who were before me. Neither of them were very transcendent geniuses; but still I had not the most distant idea of being put above them. The change of which I have just informed you is termed a *Remove*, and affects more or less the whole School. Henry, among the rest, has felt its influence, and is now in that part which I have just left. He has acquitted himself extremely well in trials, and is very happy at the thought of changing his Terence for some other authors, which I do not wonder at; for it is certainly rather above the comprehension of boys of his age, or mine either. My studies, too, are a little changed; but with the exception of Homer, Horace, and Virgil, they lie principally in two volumes, containing extracts from various writers lumped together, as the title-page sets forth, "*In usum Regiæ Scholæ Etonensis.*" Then I have nothing further to do with the tracing of Maps on paper over a glass, or the other means here used for the learning of Geography; besides, I both say and construe my lessons to a different Master. It is quite incredible how very little an Etonian knows of Arithmetic. I verily believe that many here, not considered deficient in abilities, would be very much puzzled with a simple multiplication sum, and the very cleverest would stand a bad chance if they were tried in the Rule of Three. There are people who teach ciphering, but I do not see that many learn, or, if they do, I am afraid that they recollect but little. I am exceedingly glad that Mr. Plodwell taught me as far as he has done; for I stand but a poor chance of acquiring any knowledge of that sort. There are speeches now every week. I suppose they are exercised often against the grand display, which takes place before the next Holidays, when the School is crowded with ladies and gentlemen. The Orators are all from the Sixth Form: they walk out into the middle of the School, in full dress, and spout, and saw the air, with various success. The Speeches are generally



Latin, sometimes Greek, and, on the great occasion, a chosen few are favoured with English, for the edification, it is to be supposed, of the female part of the audience, who (no disparagement to their learning) ought to be in some degree recompensed for listening so long, and so attentively, to what they cannot understand.

It is quite ridiculous to observe what great politicians some of my Schoolfellows are. There are a good many pastrycooks' shops where they take in newspapers, which are much more eagerly devoured than any of the cakes, or other good things, especially when Parliament is sitting. It is incredible with what vigour and animosity one will attack the Ministers, and another defend them. In fact, if you believe their arguments, they seem to know a great deal more than any of the leading Members in the House of Commons. I hear that some time ago a few of the most violent actually drew up an Address to the Queen, which they would have sent, if they could have got sufficient signatures. I have already picked up a great number of very agreeable *Cons*, as we term our acquaintance here, and, if you put your projected scheme of paying us a visit into execution, I shall be happy to introduce them to you. In the mean time, with best love to Mamma and Harriet, believe me,

Your affectionate Son,

S. BASHLEIGH.

# GOG: \*—A POEM.

BY FREDERICK GOLIGHTLY, ESQ.

## CANTO II.

"A most delicate monster!"—SHAKESPEARE.

THE morn is laughing in the sky,  
The sun hath risen jocundly,  
Brightly the dancing beam hath shone  
On the cottage of clay, and the abbey of stone,  
As on the redolent air they float,  
The songs of the birds have a gayer note,

\* In this his second Canto, Mr. Golightly has taken most unwarrantable liberties with his metres. He has the authority, he says, of all modern Poets; but I enter my protest against all such innovations. P. C.



And the fall of the waters hath breathed around  
A purer breath, and a sweeter sound ;  
And why is Nature so richly drest  
In the flowery garb she loveth best ?  
Peasant and Monk will tell you the tale !  
There is a wedding in Nithys-dale !

With his green vest around him flung,  
His bugle o'er his shoulders hung,  
And roses blushing in his hair,  
The Minstrel-Boy is waiting there !  
O'er his young cheek and earnest brow  
Pleasure hath spread a warmer glow,  
And Love his fervid look hath dight  
In something of ethereal light :  
And still the Minstrel's pale blue eye  
Is looking out impatiently,  
To see his glad and tender bride  
Come dancing o'er the hillock's side.  
For look ! the sun's all-cheering ray  
Shines proudly on a joyous day ;  
And, ere his setting, young Le Fraile  
Shall wed the Lily of Nithys-dale !

A moment, and he saw her come,  
That maiden, from her latticed home,  
With eyes all love, and lips apart,  
And faltering step, and beating heart.  
She came, and joined her cheek to his,  
In one prolonged, one rapturous kiss,  
And while it thrilled through heart and limb,  
The world was nought to her or him !  
Fair was the boy ; a woman's grace  
Beamed o'er his figure and his face ;  
His red lips had a maiden's pout,  
And his light eyes look'd sweetly out,



Scattering a thousand vivid flashes  
 Beneath their long and jetty lashes ;—  
 And she, the still and timid bride,  
 That clung so fondly to his side,  
 Might well have seem'd, to Fancy's sight,  
 Some slender thing of air or light !  
 So white an arm, so pale a cheek,  
 A look so eloquently meek,  
 A neck of such a marble hue,  
 An eye of such transparent blue,  
 Could never, never, take their birth  
 From parentage of sordid earth !  
 He that had searched fair England round,  
 A lovelier pair had never found,  
 Than that minstrel boy, the young Le Fraile,  
 And Alice, the Lily of Nithys-dale !

Hark ! hark ! a sound ! it flies along,  
 How fearfully !—a trembling throng  
 Come round the Bride in wild amaze,  
 All ear and eye to hear and gaze ;  
 Again it came, that sound of wonder,  
 Rolling alone like distant thunder ;  
 “ That barbarous growl, that horrid noise—  
 Was it indeed a human voice ?  
 The man must have a thousand tongues,  
 And bellows of brass, by way of lungs ! ”  
 Each to his friend, in monstrous fuss,  
 The staring Peasants whispered thus :—  
 “ Hark ! hark ! another echoing shout ! ”  
 And, as the Boobies stared about,  
 Just leaping o'er a mountain's brow,  
 They saw the Brute that made the row ;  
 Two meadows and a little bog  
 Divided them from cruel Gog !



Maiden and matron, boy and man,  
 You can't conceive how fast they ran !  
 And as they scampered, you might hear  
 A thousand sounds of pain and fear.  
 " I get so tired "—" Where's my son ? "—  
 " How fast the horrid beast comes on ! "—  
 " What plaguy teeth ! "—" You heard him roar ? "  
 " I never puffed so much before ! "—  
 " I can't imagine what to do ! "  
 " Whom has he caught ? "—" I've lost my shoe ! "  
 " Oh ! I'm a sinful "—" Father Joe,  
 Do just absolve me as we go ! "  
 " Absolve you here ? pray hold your pother ;  
 I wouldn't do it for my mother !  
 A pretty time to stop and shrive,  
 Zounds ! we shall all be broiled alive !  
 I feel the spit ! "—" Nay, Father, nay,  
 Don't talk in such a horrid way ! "  
 " Oh ! mighty Love, to thee I bow !  
 Oh give me wings, and save me now ! "  
 " A fig for Love "—" Don't talk of figs !  
 He'll stick us all like sucking-pigs,  
 Or skin us like a dish of eels—"—  
 " Run—run—he's just upon your heels ! "  
 " I promise the Abbey a silver cup,  
 Holy St. Jerome, trip him up !—"—  
 " I promise the Abbey a silver crown !  
 Holy St. Jerome, knock him down !—"—  
 The Monster came, and singled out  
 The tenderest bit in all the rout ;  
 Spite of her weeping and her charms,  
 He tore her from her Lover's arms.  
 Woe for that hapless Minstrel-Boy !  
 Where is his pride—his hope—his joy ?



His eye is wet,—his cheek is pale ;  
He hath lost the Lily of Nithys-dale !

It chanc'd that day two travelling folk  
Had spread their cloth beneath an oak,  
And sat them gaily down to dine,  
On good fat buck, and ruddy wine.  
One was a Friar, fat and sleek,  
With pimpled nose, and rosy cheek,  
And belly, whose capacious paunch  
Told tales of many a buried haunch.  
He was no Stoic !—in his eye  
Frolic fought hard with Gravity ;  
And though he strove, in conversation,  
To talk as best beseeemed his station,  
Yet did he make some little slips ;  
And in the corners of his lips  
There were some sly officious dimples,  
Which spake no love for roots and simples.  
The other was a hardy Knight,  
Caparison'd for instant fight ;  
You might have deem'd him fram'd of stone,  
So huge he was of limb and bone :  
His short black hair, unmixed with gray,  
Curl'd closely on his forehead lay ;  
His brow was swarthy, and a scar,  
Not planted there in recent war,  
Had drawn one long and blushing streak  
Over the darkness of his cheek.  
The Warrior's voice was full and bold ;  
His gorgeous arms were rich with gold ;  
But weaker shoulders soon would fail  
Beneath that cumbrous mass of mail ;  
Yet from his bearing you might guess  
He oft had worn a softer dress,



And laid aside that nodding crest  
To lap his head on Lady's breast.

The meal of course was short and hasty,  
And they had half got through the pasty,  
When hark!—a shriek rung loud and shrill,  
The Churchman jump'd, and dropp'd the gill;  
The Soldier started from the board,  
And twin'd his hand around his sword;  
While they stood wondering at the din,  
The Minstrel-Boy came running in,  
With trembling frame, and rueful face,  
He bent his knee, and told his case—  
“The Monster's might away hath given  
My bliss on Earth, my hope in Heaven;  
And there is nothing left me now  
But doubt above, and grief below!  
My heart and her's together fly,  
And she must live, or I must die!  
Look at the Caitiff's face of pride,  
Look at his long and haughty stride;  
Look how he bears her o'er hill and vale,  
My Beauty, the Lily of Nithys-dale!”

They gazed around them!—Monk and Knight  
Were startled at that awful sight;  
They never had the smallest notion  
How vast twelve feet would look in motion.  
Dark as the midnight's deepest gloom,  
Swift as the breath of the Simoom,  
That hill of flesh was moving on;  
And oh! the sight of horror won  
A shriek from all our three beholders;  
He bore the maid upon his shoulders!



"Now," said the Knight, "by all the fame  
 That ever clung to Arthur's name,  
 I'll do it,—or I'll try at least,  
 To win her from that monstrous Beast!"  
 "Sir," said the Friar to the Knight,  
 "Success will wait upon the right;  
 I feel much pity for the youth,  
 And though, to tell the honest truth,  
 I'm rather used to drink than slay,  
 I'll aid you here as best I may!"  
 They bade the Minstrel blow a blast,  
 To stop the Monster as he past;  
 Gog was quite puzzled!—"Zounds—I'feg!  
 My friend—*piano*!—let me beg!"  
 Then in a rage towards the place  
 He strode along a rattling pace;  
 Firm on the ground his foot he planted,  
 And "wonder'd what the deuce they wanted!"

No blockhead was that holy man,  
 He clear'd his throat, and thus began:—  
 "O Pessime—that is, I pray,  
 Discede—signifying, stay!  
 Damno—that is, before you go,  
 Sis comes in convivio:  
 Abi—that is, set down the Lass;  
 Monstrum—that is, you'll take a glass?  
 Oh, holy Church!—that is, I swear  
 You never look'd on nicer fare;  
 Informe—horridum—immane!  
 That is the wine's as good as any;  
 Apage!—exorcizo te!  
 That is—it came from Burgundy;  
 We both are anxious—execrande!  
 To drink your health—abominande!



And then my comrade means to put  
 His falchion through your occiput !”  
 The Giant stared (and who would not ?)  
 To find a monk so wondrous hot ;  
 So fierce a stare you never saw ;  
 At last the Brute’s portentous jaw  
 Swung, like a massy creaking hinge,  
 And then, beneath its shaggy fringe  
 Rolling about each wondrous eye,  
 He scratched his beard and made reply :—  
 “ Bold is the Monk, and bold the Knight,  
 That wishes with Gog to drink, or fight,  
 For I have been from east to west,  
 And battled with King Arthur’s best,  
 And never found I friend or foe,  
 To stand my cup—or bear my blow !”  
 “ Most puissant Gog ! although I burst,”  
 Exclaimed the Monk, “ I’ll do the first ;”  
 And ere a moment could be reckoned,  
 The Knight chimed in—“ I’ll try the second !”

The Giant, ere he did the job,  
 Took a huge chain from out his fob ;  
 He bound his captive to a tree :  
 And young Le Fraile came silently,  
 And marked how all her senses slept,  
 And leaned upon her brow, and wept ;  
 He kissed her lip, but her lip was grown  
 As coldly white as a marble stone ;  
 He met her eye, but its vacant gaze  
 Had not the light of its living rays ;  
 Yet still that trembling lover prest  
 The maiden to his throbbing breast,  
 Till consciousness returned again,  
 And the tears flowed out like summer rain ;



There was the bliss of a hundred years  
In the rush of those delicious tears !

The helm from off the warrior's head  
Is doffed to bear the liquor red ;  
That casque, I trow, is deep and high,  
But the Monk and the Giant shall drain it dry ;  
And which of the two, when the feat is done,  
Shall keep his legs at set of sun ?

They filled to the brim that helm of gold,  
And the Monk hath drained its ample hold ;  
Silent and slow the liquor fell,  
As into some capacious well :  
Tranquilly flowing down it went,  
And made no noise in its long descent ;  
And it leaves no trace of its passage now,  
But the stain on his lip, and the flush on his brow.

They filled to the brim that helm of gold,  
And the Giant hath drained its ample hold ;  
Through his dark jaws the purple ocean  
Ran with a swift and restless motion,  
And the roar that heralded on its track  
Seemed like the burst of a cataract.\*  
Twice for each was the fountain filled,  
Twice by each was the red flood swilled ;  
The Monk is as straight as a poplar tree,  
Gog is as giddy as Gog may be !

“ Now try we a buffet ! ” exclaimed the Knight,  
And rose collected in his might,  
Crossing his arms, and clenching his hand,  
And fixing his feet on their firmest stand.

\* An indifferent rhyme, but patronized by Lord Byron.



The Giant struck a terrible stroke ;  
But it lighted on the forest-oak ;  
And bough and branch of the ancient tree,  
Shook, as he smote it wondrously :  
His gauntleted hand the Warrior tried ;  
Full it fell on the Giant's side ;  
He sank to earth with a hideous shock,  
Like the ruin of a crumbling rock,  
And that quivering mass was senseless laid  
In the pit its sudden fall had made.

That stranger Knight hath gone to the tree  
To set the trembling Captive free ;  
Thrice hath he smitten with might and main,  
And burst the lock, and shivered the chain ;  
But the knotty trunk, as the warrior strove,  
Wrenched from his hand the iron glove,  
And they saw the gem on his finger's ring,  
And they bent the knee to England's King.  
" Up! up!" he said, " for the sun hath past,  
The shadows of night are falling fast,  
And still the wedding shall be to-day,  
And a King shall give the bride away ! "

The Abbey-bells are ringing,  
With a merry, merry tone ;  
And the happy boors are singing  
With a music all their own ;  
Joy came in the Morning, and fled at Noon ;  
But he smiles again by the light of the Moon :  
That Minstrel-Boy, the young Le Fraile—  
Hath wedded the Lily of Nithys-dale!

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PEREGRINE'S SCRAP-BOOK.

NO. VII.

*June 2.*—I am confident that my readers will be amused with the following Fragment, purporting to be from the pen of Mr. Swinburne: and I am equally confident that they will regret with me that it is *only* a Fragment.

I.

I've always thought Biography the neatest  
And most instructive kind of composition,  
Especially if written (as is meetest)  
By literary people of condition.  
I never liked the records (though completest)  
Of kingdoms, battles, wars, wounds, ammunition;  
Preferring Plutarch, Charles the Twelfth, Munchausen,  
Robinson Crusoe, Valentine and Orson.

II.

Besides, I've lately read the life of Sully,  
And Wraxall's Memoirs, written by himself;  
They've both confirm'd my old opinion fully:  
The latter to be sure's a curious elf.  
He often writes both nauseously and dully,  
And well deserves to lie upon the shelf;  
But yet he gives some pleasant information  
About Lord North, Lord Nelson, and the Nation.

III.

I own too that I like a little scandal,  
I like to know what heroes thought and said;  
I like to hear how Pitt put out his candle,  
What time exactly Fox got into bed;  
And whether Burke preferr'd Mozart or Handel,  
What kind of nightcap wrapt Lord Nelson's head.  
One loves to see all these important facts  
Elucidated by authentic tracts.



## IV.

But what I own I like much more than any thing  
 Is the biography of learned men;  
 Whene'er such people condescend to pen a thing  
 About themselves, it reads as well again  
 As all that kind of rascally catchpenny thing,  
 Which blockheads write who live upon the pen.  
 But good Biography excels Orthography,  
 Geography, and every kind of *ography*.

## V.

Therefore (I follow Mr. Keates's plan,  
 Who in "Endymion" forms a like conclusion),  
 I will essay, as ably as I can,  
 To write with clearness, and without confusion,  
 The life of Matthew Swinburne, gentleman  
 Of Eton School: the name's but a delusion,  
 Meant my own goodly person to environ,  
 Just as "Childe Harold" signifies "Lord Byron."\*

## VI.

These first five stanzas form an introduction,  
 And now to business I must straight proceed.  
*N.B.* This work is meant for the instruction  
 Of all young persons who can write and read.  
 They should imbibe, with all the pow'rs of suction,  
 These very entertaining tracts indeed,  
 Besides, I'll paint, for grown-up people's knowledge,  
 The manners, customs, and affairs of College.

"Alcæus Minor" will, I am afraid, be again "a little disappointed;" but, nevertheless, I must say I think it advisable neither for him, nor for myself, to insert more of his Verses than are here subjoined. He will excuse some trifling alterations.

And is it so, and must we part?  
 Then be this hour to parting given!  
 Go! it may rend my bursting heart,  
 But thou shalt keep thy vows to Heaven:  
 Thou goest to a foreign land,  
 Thou goest o'er the barren water:  
 For look! a Father's dying hand  
 Is beckoning to his absent Daughter!

\* *Vide* vol. i. p. 328.



Alas! I will not hold thee!—go;  
I yield thee to a Father's claim;  
Yet when for him thy tears shall flow,  
Forget not, Sweet! thy Lover's name;  
Oh! sometimes breathe a liquid kiss  
Across the dark dividing brine;  
And when thy daily cares are his,  
Oh! let a fleeting thought be mine.

*June 5.*—Found the following Scraps on my table, in Bellamy's hand-writing.

I.

'Twas in an hour that hath its charm,  
When the Sun, although unseen, is warm,  
And dusky cloudlets floating lie  
On the face of the white and dazling sky.

II.

The Sun had not yet lost his power,  
But all was silent as midnight hour;  
And the bay of neighbouring dog did sound  
As if heard through midnight's gloom profound.

Yet the skies were blue, and the Sun shone bright,  
And the air was cheerful, and cold, and light;  
But I sate and wept alone the while,  
For my heart was sore, and I could not smile.

III.

*(Fragment of a Valentine.)*

From his wintry sleep profound  
Youthful Love is just awaking;  
And the frozen chains, which bound  
The heart so long, at last are breaking.

Glad spring noon is in the air,  
Birds their wild sweet notes are trilling;  
What have we to do with care,  
While the world with joy is thrilling?

*June 10.*—Somewhat surprised at discovering the following Parody from Scott's "Allen-a-Dale," written on a blank page of Jasper Harvey's "*Scriptores Romani*."



Young Mr. Thrale to his wooing is come;  
 The Uncle he asked of his household and home—  
 "Though the villa at Twick'nam show stately and fine,  
 Yet a fairer domain," quoth the Poet, "is mine;"  
 "My castle's a cloud, which I hold in entail,  
 And my farm is Parnassus," quoth young Mr. Thrale.

The Uncle was stiff, and the Aunt she was hard;  
 They return'd not his calls, and they own'd not his card;  
 But soon shall their pride and their haughtiness cease,  
 He had laugh'd on the maid in the yellow pelisse,  
 And she went down to Fleet-street to hear a love-tale,  
 And the youth it was told by was young Mr. Thrale.

*June 11.*—"Candidus" wishes me to lend a helping hand to a young gentleman who has spoken very highly of me. "Candidus" must excuse me. I cannot return the compliments, and therefore I shall hold my tongue.

Some contributions to-day from Gerard; I shall say nothing of their merit, for I am unwilling to say any thing but the truth; and, in the present instance, the truth would look like flattery.

*June 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19.*—Wholly occupied upon an Epic.—A plaguy drawback on No. IX.; but I have already told you, my Public, that I never mean to work upon "The Etonian" till I have got over those concerns which you and I know to be of greater importance. If you grumble at this, my Public, I shall clap my Epic into my next Number; and if that don't poison you,—you must have very strong powers of digestion,—that's all! I can tell you the said Epic Dose is composed of very formidable ingredients. There are two or three battles and sieges, including the usual proportion of "arrowy sleet," "crimson flood," and "tottering walls." Then there is a Queen on horseback all over blood, who of course is of great use; killing five or six strapping grenadiers with her own hand, and affording scope for some very fine description. Then I have a philosopher with a long beard; who happens, like me, to send an impertinent letter to a Monarch: he is executed for his pains. Next I have a triumph, abounding in gold, jewels, captives, soldiers, garlands, and dumb show. After having taken my reader by the hand through all these wonderful things, I finally conclude in a delightful strain of meditative soliloquy over the ruins of Palmyra by moonlight!—*Euge poeta!*

What say you to a specimen, my Public? You make a wry face! Never mind, I have nothing better to give you, so there it goes—bang!

Walk in, Ladies and Gentlemen, walk in;—here's old Longinus going to be executed, and Queen Zenobia in hysterics:—



XIX.

His hands were fasten'd, and his neck was bare,  
Short time was giv'n for converse or for prayer;  
"O Death," he whisper'd, "thou hast heard me call;  
Thou, the sure blessing, or the bane of all;  
How shall I look upon thee? not with dread,  
Thou quiet pillow of the restless head;  
How shall I look upon thee?—not with mirth,  
Thou silent dweller in the dreamless earth!  
Art thou indeed a sorrow, or a joy?  
Dost thou indeed give being, or destroy?  
How dark art thou! how ignorant are the wise!  
I come to learn thee—Death!"—He clos'd his eyes;  
Quick flash'd the stroke, and quickly pass'd the pain—  
They did not open to the day again!

XX.

Zenobia saw her servant kneeling there,  
She saw the weapon gleaming in the air,  
And still she did not move her hand to stay—  
Her eye to comfort—or her lip to pray.  
Perchance by that forc'd calmness she would show  
How light she held the fury of the foe:—  
Perchance the woes she had been wont to see  
Blunted the edge of what was yet to be.  
But when the blow descended, and the dust  
Drank the warm life-blood of the wise and just;  
When the meek head lay rolling on the sand,  
And the red rain was sprinkled on her hand,  
Hopeless and careless, desolate and pale,  
Without a word of passion or of wail,  
But one long shriek, which those who heard aghast  
Shudder'd, and look'd, and pray'd it were the last;  
She fell beside!—she lay in her distress,  
As deadly chill, as coldly motionless,  
As the white features of a fallen stone,  
Or the fix'd look of him she gazed upon.  
The wondering guard had aim'd that weapon well,  
Yet he might fancy that on her it fell!

*June 22.*—Received six pages of Love-Verses. I am much puzzled what I ought to do with the "*Nuga Canora*" which I have lately received, for my time is growing so short that I am loth to make myself enemies by their rejection; while, at the same time, in closing my career, I am loth to injure my character by their insertion. In the present instance, however, I feel little diffi-



culty. What can I do with a writer who is so rude as to put among his Love-Verses the following?—

I never wish'd, in face or dress,  
That you should seem a saint, my love!  
And yet, ah! yet, I must confess,  
I wish you wouldn't paint, my love!  
You can't conceive how ill you look,  
You can't conceive, indeed, my love,  
When all your face appears a book,  
And "pride" is what we read, my love!  
I gave you once a lover's vow,  
You'll think me quite absurd, my love!  
But I'd rather wed a picture now,  
I would, upon my word, my love!  
For when "My life, my love," I cry,  
A frown I often see, my love!  
The picture, with its constant eye,  
Would always smile on me, my love!  
A lack of brains you both would show,  
And both a made-up cheek, my love;  
But then you've got a tongue, you know,  
A picture couldn't speak, my love!

I have taken some liberties with the following Stanzas "on Memory;" the author is apparently unused to composition, for his Verses run on so carelessly that I hardly know whether I ought rather to apologize to him for altering so much, or to my Readers for not altering more.

How sweet are the moments which Memory's pen  
Devotes to the time that is pass'd;  
As we dwell on the joys we may ne'er taste again,  
And pleasures too brilliant to last.

How sweet is the tear which flows fast from the eye,  
When Remembrance awakens the Mind,  
To the thought of the friendships for ever gone by,  
The warm, and the firm, and the kind.

Oh! suffer the tear in the eye to appear,  
And forbid not the stream to flow on;  
'Tis the dew-drop of heaven that falls on the bier  
Of the joy that was bright—but is gone.

'Tis the balm that affordeth a gentle relief  
To the heart overburden'd with woe;  
And shall I forbid it to glisten in grief,  
Or deny it permission to flow?



Oh! forbid it, my God, that my folly should dare  
What thy Providence wills to arraign;  
But when Sorrow has blighted the hopes that were fair,  
We may weep, though we may not complain.  
Still, still there's a hope in the sadness of woe,  
That Death cannot separate Love;  
That the spirits, so closely united below,  
Shall unite in their raptures above!

*June 25.*—I am afraid Cynthia is angry; but how can she expect me to write long letters, when I have so much business on my hands? However, here is an apology in Rhyme, and I hope I shall receive my forgiveness by the next post:—

My dearest Cynthia,  
If you knew  
Half of the toll P. C. goes through,  
You'd never dip your spiteful pen  
In Anger's bitter ink again,  
Because the hapless author woos  
No correspondent—save the Muse.  
  
Was ever such a wretched elf?  
I ha'n't a minute to myself!  
My own, and other people's cares,  
Are dinn'd incessant in my ears!  
I can't get rid of Mr. "Vapour,"  
With all his silly "midnight taper;"  
Nor Mr. Musgrave's learned paper,  
"Diseases of the Hoof;"  
E'en now, as thus I sit me down,  
Scar'd by your thunder and your frown,  
Two Fiends are hid aloof;  
Two Fiends in dark Cocytus dipp'd;  
A Blockhead with a Manuscript,  
A Devil with a Proof!  
Alas! alas! I seem to find  
Some torment for my weary mind,  
In every thing I see!  
My Duck is old,—my Mutton tough,—  
To some they may be good enough,  
They smell of "Press" to me;  
And when I stoop my lips to drink,  
I often shudder as I think  
I taste the taste of Printer's ink,  
In chocolate and tea.



And what with friends, and foes, and hits  
Sent slyly out by little Wits,  
A fulminating breed;  
And what with Critics, Queries, Quarrels,  
Fame and fair faces, love and laurels,  
Sermons and Sonnets, good and bad,  
I'm getting—not a little mad,  
But very mad indeed!

But you, who in your home of ease,  
Are far from sorrows such as these,  
Maid of the archly-smiling brow,  
What folly are you following now?  
With you, amid the mazy dance,  
That came to us from clever France,  
Does he, that bright and brilliant star,  
The future Tully of the Bar,  
Its present Vestris, glide?  
Or does he quibble, stride, look big,  
Assume the face of Legal Prig,  
And charm you with his embryo Wig,  
In all its powder'd pride?  
Is he the Coryphæus still,  
Of winding Waltz, and gay Quadrille?  
And is he talking fooleries  
Of Ladies' love, and looks, and eyes,  
And flirting with your fan?  
Or does he prate of wheres and whys,  
Cross-questions, queries, and replies,  
Cra. Car.—Cra. Jar.—and Cra. Clé.  
To puzzle all he can?  
Is he the favourite of to-day,  
Or do you smile with kinder ray  
On him the grave Divine;  
Whose Periods sure were form'd alike  
In Pulpit to amaze and strike,  
In Drawing-room to shine?  
Alas! alas! Methinks I see,  
Amid those walks of revelry,  
A Dignitary's fall;  
For lingering long in Fashion's scene,  
He'll die a Dancer, not a Dean,  
And find it hard to choose between  
Preferment,—and a Ball!

I do not bid thee weep, my Dear,  
I would not see a single tear  
In eyes so bright as those;



Nor dim the ray that Love hath lit,  
Nor check the stream of mirth and wit,  
That sparkles as it flows.  
Be still the Fairy of the Dance,  
And keep that light and merry glance,  
Yet do not, in your Pride of Place,  
Forget your parted Lover's face,  
A poor one though it be!  
Among the thousands that adore,  
Believe not one can love you more;  
And when, retir'd from Ball or Rout,  
You've nothing else to think about,—  
Why, waste a thought on me!

*June 28.*—Just read the Review of "The Etonian" in the dear "Quarterly!" How delightfully civil! All our friends are looking as pleased as Punch! and all our enemies are looking long in the face, and grumbling something about partiality; which I have not time to listen to. Partiality, forsooth!—Let the good Gentlemen be as partial as they please, and Peregrine will never be angry with them. But oh! horrible! The Critic talks about the "Unsightly and unseemly emblem" on our cover. If this is not High Treason, tell me, Mr. Attorney-General, what is! His Majesty of Clubs "unsightly and unseemly!" God save the King! Who ever suspected the "Quarterly" of designs against Monarchy? I am getting in a terrible passion, so I shall shut up my Scrap-Book.

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No. X.

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THE KING OF CLUBS.

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ABDICATION OF HIS MAJESTY.

**WE**, *Peregrine*, by our own choice, and the Public Favour, *King of Clubs*, and *Editor of the Etontian*, in the Ninth Month of our Reign, being this day in possession of our full and unimpaired Faculties both of Mind and Body, do, by these Presents, address ourselves to all our loving Subjects, whether holding Place and Profit under us, or not.

Inasmuch as we are sensible that we must shortly be removed from this state of trial, and translated to another life, leaving behind us all the trappings of Royalty, all the duties of Government, all the concerns of this condition of Being, it does seem good to us, before we are withdrawn from the eyes of our dearly-beloved Friends and Subjects, to Abdicate and divest ourselves of all the Ensigns of Power and Authority which we have hitherto borne; and we do hereby willingly Abdicate and divest ourselves of the same.

And be it, by all whom it may concern, remembered, that the cares and labours of *PEREGRINE*, sometime *KING OF CLUBS*, are henceforth directed to another world; and that if any one shall assume the Sceptre and the Style of *PEREGRINE*, the First King of Clubs, such Person is a Liar, and Usurper.

**Wherefore**, If it shall please our trusty Subjects and Counsellors to set upon our Throne a rightful and legitimate Successor, **WE WILL** that the Allegiance of our People be transferred to him; and that he be accounted Supreme over Serious and Comic, Verse and Prose; and that the Treasury of our Kingdom, with all that it shall at such time contain, Song, and Sonnet, and Epigram, and Epic, and Descriptions, and Non-descripts, shall be made over forthwith to his charge and keeping.

And for all Acts, and Writings, made and done during the period of our Reign, to wit, from *the Twentieth Day of October, Anno Domini Eighteen Hundred and Twenty, to the Twenty-Eighth Day of July, Eighteen Hundred and Twenty-one, inclusive*, we commit them to the memory of Men, for the entertainment of our Friends, and the instruction of Posterity.



Further, If any One shall take upon Himself the Office of commenting upon any of the Deeds and Transactions which have taken place under our Administration, whether such comment shall go forth in plain Drab, or in gaudier Saffron and Blue, We recommend to such Person charity and forbearance; and in their spirit, let him say forth his say.

And be it hereby known, That for all that has been said or done against Us, during the above-mentioned Period, whether by Open Hostility or Secret Dislike, We do this Day publish a general and a hearty AMNESTY: And We Will that all such Offences be from henceforth committed to Oblivion, and that no Person shall presume to recall to Our Recollection such Sins and Treasons.

And we also entreat, that if, in the course of a long and arduous Administration, it has been our lot, to inflict wounds in self-defence, or to wound, unknowingly, those who were unconnected with us, the Forgiveness which we extend to Others will be extended by Others to Us.

And we Do, from This Day, release from all Bond, Duty, and Obligation, Those who have assisted us by their Counsel and Support; leaving it to all such Persons to transfer their Services to any other Master, as seemeth to them best.

Our Decree That our Punchbowl be henceforth consecrated to Our lonely Hours, and our pleasant Recollections; that no one do henceforth apply his Lips to its Margin; and that all future Potentates in this State of Eton, do submit to assemble their Privy Council around a Coffee-pot or an Urn.

And we most earnestly recommend to those dear Friends, whom We must perforce leave behind Us, That, in all places and conditions, they continue to perform their Duties in a Worshipful Manner, always endeavouring to be a credit to the Prince, whom they have so long honoured by their service.

And now, as our predecessor, Charles of Germany, in the meridian of his glory, laid down the Reins of Empire, exchanging the Court for the Cloister, and the Crown for the Cowl,—Even so do We, PEREGRINE OF CLUBS, lay down the pen and the paper, exchanging Celebrity for Obscurity, Punch for Algebra, the Printing-office for Trinity College. And we entreat all those who have our welfare at heart, to remember Us sometimes in their Orisons. And so We depart.

*Peregrine.*

*Given in our Club-Room, this Twenty-Eighth  
Day of July, A. D. 1821.*



## ON ETONIAN POETS.

" Multa poëtarum veniet manus, auxilio quæ  
Sit mihi."

HORACE.

IN the last few days of my existence at Eton, when I am upon the point of closing a work in which my Contributors, my powerful and kind Contributors, have ensured to me a success almost unexampled in the Annals of Etonian Literature, it is natural for me to reflect upon the glories of the place I am leaving, and to look with a feeling of veneration upon those who have exalted the reputation of that Temple, of which I have been an earnest, though, perhaps, an unprofitable servant. We live, as every body knows, in an Age of Poetry, when every body writes rhymes, that can; and every body reads them, that will—" *Scribimus indocti doctique!*" From the romantic, "Oscar," to the homely "Able Seaman;" from the Fashionables of the Row, to the Prentice-boys of Manchester,—all are, or, to speak more correctly, all would be, Poets.

Well does our Eton maintain her character in this terrible inundation! It is quite comfortable to hear the echo of those Great Names, whose talents it was hers to cultivate. It is the fashion, I know, to look back to other days with exaggerated admiration, and to believe that the reputation of modern times falls short of the reputation of our Forefathers. But for myself, when I think on the Etonians who already live in the praises of their generation; when I think too on those, who are now just bursting into celebrity, and making trial of the wings which are hereafter to carry them to immortality, I feel, and I will not doubt the dictates of that feeling, that this day is a proud day for Eton.

What, my Friends! have we not Milman, realizing in his meridian the predictions which were made in his dawn? Bright as his genius is, it derives an additional splendor from the cause of righteousness to which it is devoted,—the only cause which is worthy of its exertion! We turn from the Zelicas and Zuleikas of a perverted taste to the mild and delicate purity of Miriam, with the same feeling with which we quit the sighing and sobbing Heroines of the Radcliffe Romance for the meek and long-



suffering Rebecca of our Scottish Fabulist. Not for a world of Turbans and Tiaras would I lose either of those gentle images ! The sorrow in which they are involved throws a beautiful halo around them ; and the virtue with which they endure it, sanctifies the feeling of compassion which they excite. Genius only is sufficient for the delineation of passions, and their causes,—for the narration of crimes or quarrels ; but something more than Genius is required from an author who would take his theme from the fount of Scripture, and erect his edifice on the foundation of Holy Writ. The thoughts which one cannot but connect with the mention of “ The Fall of Jerusalem,” made it an awful thing for a Writer to attempt the painting of such an event. Not to have failed, in such an effort, is much ; to have succeeded is more ;—but such a success !—Alas ! I wish my admiration were as valuable as it is warm !

Shall I turn to Shelley ?—Yes !—No !—Yes !—I wish that such a mind had not ranked itself among those depraved Spirits, who make it doubtful whether we should more admire their powers, or lament and condemn the abuse of them !—that he had rested contented with the admiration, without extorting the censure, of mankind. He is one of the many whom we cannot read without wonder, or without pain : when I consider his powers of mind, I am proud that he was an Etonian ; when I remember their perversion, I wish he had never been one. However, he has made his election ; and where Justice cannot approve, Charity can at least be silent !

Then there is Gally Knight, one of *us* !—I shall say nothing of him, however, inasmuch as I know nothing of him except through the medium of Reviews. And there is Chauncey Hare Townsend ; but neither of him shall I say anything, because one of our Correspondents, in our present Number, has done justice to his merits.

Reader ! did you ever, on a fine evening in August, get up from a table, where arguments and wines have been discussed together for three hours, and fling yourself into the open air, beneath a clear sky and an unveiled moon ? Did you ever at the latter end of the season in Town withdraw yourself from a crowded assembly, where half the company are talking, and half endeavouring to talk, in order to enjoy an hour’s chat with a party of dear friends ? Did you ever—but I will not multiply interrogatives ; in short, do you know what it is to escape from glare and excitement to calmness and repose—from weariness or revelry to silence and reflection ? If you do, you may form an idea of the feelings with which I yesterday laid down “ the Cenci,” by P. B. Shelley, and took up “ Childhood,” by E. T. S. Hornby.



I shall say a few words upon it, because I think that it is not yet so well known among our schoolfellows as its subject and its merits entitle it to be.

Those who expect to find in "Childhood" any overwrought description, any overworked characters, any decorating of Vice, any excusing of Voluptuousness, will be mistaken, and will deserve to be. But he who holds dear the untainted affections of the heart, and sets their proper value upon genuine and virtuous feelings, will find those affections and those feelings beautifully conceived and elegantly expressed in these few pages. To our schoolfellows, however, the Poem has an additional interest, since no inconsiderable part of it consists of a delineation of those scenes and those pleasures which we have the good fortune to enjoy. "We!" did I say? Alas! when these lines shall meet the public eye, the writer of them will be on the eve of retiring from the friends he addresses. Those scenes, however, will be always dear to him; and even, if it were possible for him to forget them, Mr. Hornby's descriptions would be delightful and never-failing remembrancers. I should like to give my Readers an extract, but I am at a loss where to make my selection. Shall I take the Picture of the Private School, the entrance there, and the impatience which subsequently arises for something more great and manly? or shall I take the animated Sketch of the Playing-fields, or the Description of our Amusements on the Water, or the Lines on that dear haunt of our Musings, the "Poets' Walk?" I will open the book at random, and trust that my Readers will soon be familiar with the whole.

"Far diff'rent scenes attract that motley brood,  
Close by yon Arch that spans th' impatient flood!  
In breasts like theirs more boisterous joys prevail;  
Hark! to the flutter of that busy sail  
That shoots athwart the stream!—where every hand  
Plies its prompt task to quit th' o'ercrowded strand.  
One guards the helm; while here a manlier force  
Turns the light prow, to stem the current's course.  
Each creek, each winding cape, and willowy shore  
Rings to the music of the measur'd oar!  
Each breast is glee!—for Labour's wholesome toil  
Gives sweetest fruit, when Pleasure turns the soil:  
And dear the boast that boyish spirits find,  
In feats and freaks to leave their peers behind;  
To toil untir'd while others feebly rest,  
To own no stiff'ning arm, no lab'ring chest,  
Long distance to encounter, fear to spurn,  
Though time fly fast, and Prudence urge return;  
Joys such as these oft tempt the truant race  
To cope with pain, with danger, and disgrace."

Are there any more Etonian Poets?—Oh! yes! There is Walker, who only needs to exert his strength, in order to have it



felt and acknowledged: and there is H. N. Coleridge, whose name would be a sufficient voucher for him if he had never written a rhyme; and there is the Hon. F. Howard, to whom Eton will look for something more than the Newdigate Prize, which he has just obtained. There are many other names which claim a notice; and, if I had twenty pages to spare, I could easily fill twenty pages with expressions of my gratitude to some, and my esteem for all.

And what should I say of Moultrie? The humorous Moultrie, and the pathetic Moultrie, the Moultrie of "Godiva," and the Moultrie of "My Brother's Grave?"—Truly I should say nothing of him, for his genius is so incomprehensible, and his capabilities so varied, that if I were to attempt to draw his character or define his powers, it would be ten to one that the next effort of his pen would prove my every word a lie. I am safe, at least, in predicting, that he will be great, whatever he attempts; and that, whether he chooses to laugh or to weep, he will laugh and weep to some purpose. And here I stop. Some weeks ago what I have said might have been considered an interested piece of flattery; at the present time, and under the present circumstances, I am free, or I ought to be free, from such an imputation.

P. C.

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#### THE RASHLEIGH LETTER-BAG.

x.

*Mr. Samuel Rashleigh to R. Rashleigh, Esq.*

Eton Coll. June 20, 1821.

MY DEAR FATHER,

I perfectly agree with you that the routine of Eton lessons is much more difficult to learn than the lessons themselves; and perhaps many things that appear very plain and simple to me, from being so accustomed to them, may seem to you quite incomprehensible. Indeed almost every week is different; for something or other interferes to break the regular course: sometimes a Saint's day, sometimes an anniversary, or any happy event at the present time entitles us to drop one or more of the exercises, according to the number or efficacy of these fortunate interruptions. When a proper and lawful reason occurs, the two first in the School go on a sort of embassy to the Head Master, in the name of the Boys, and ask for the *indulgence*; so that every birth and



marriage, in which we can be said to be at all concerned, is celebrated by us with quite as much joy and pleasure, as by the parties themselves. Verses, however, can never be dispensed with under any pretence; or, as the phrase is, *skipped*. We are obliged to do a certain number, but it is reckoned very idle to be contented with doing that, and, indeed, one ought very nearly to double it. When Henry first came he had some easy English given him to turn into Latin verse. This they call *sense*. By degrees he had less and less, and at present he trusts entirely to his own ideas, or what the Master supplies him with, when he sets the subject. All our lessons are construed over to us beforehand, at our Tutor's; so that we are expected, when we come into school, to be ready and prepared at all points. It is considered the height of ill-nature not to prompt and assist your neighbour to the utmost of your ability, whenever he happens to fail, even at the risk of a flogging to yourself, which is pretty sure to follow, if you are discovered. Swinburne has particularly cautioned me against being any body's *Poet*, which means doing all his exercises; for he says it is a very great trouble, for which you are hardly thanked: besides, it is very likely to make you careless in your own verses, from being accustomed to do bad and slovenly ones for other people. No doubt he is quite right, and I shall be fully contented with getting through with my own business as well as I can. Some have an innumerable quantity of *old copies*; that is to say, compositions of all kinds for the last seven or eight years past, which they keep hidden with particular care, as of course they are unlawful, but very valuable, possessions; for directly the subject is given out, away they fly to their treasure, and unless very unluckily a new theme has been started, they generally succeed in finding some of the labours of their predecessors exactly suited to the present occasion. If this resource fails, they get one or two couplets, or a few lines of prose, as each may be wanted, from some of their friends, and, between them all, contrive to patch up something resembling an exercise.

I am afraid that I have already sinned unpardonably in disclosing to you these mighty mysteries of Eton Education; and, in case that these accounts of mine should leave any bad impressions behind them, I must give you a description of some of my studious schoolfellows, the brightest luminaries of "our little world," as one of the learned writers in "the Etonian" calls it. Perhaps you will hardly believe that there are some boys who look as pale as a sheet from positive hard reading; who dread a cricket-ball as much as if it were discharged from a cannon; who would, in fact, prefer doing a good long copy of Greek verses to the finest match that has ever been contested. There are a sort of



persons who consider it quite a crime to be seen within the precincts of the Playing-fields, unless by chance they happen, in a truly contemplative mood, to take a few turns in Poets' Walk, or to lie down, on a hot summer's day, with a book in their hand, under one of the trees by the water side. Sometimes too I have caught them fishing for dace, and suchlike small fry in the river here; which I am sure is quite enough to exhaust any body's patience; for the fish are very few, and those more shy than you can possibly conceive. It does not appear to me, however, that these respectable folks are the most clever, although they may be most persevering. They are, generally speaking, boys of rather steady than brilliant abilities, who wish to accomplish by their diligence what others do more easily by means of superior talents. You can hardly imagine in how many ways this temper shows itself. They are always particularly careful to write down every word that they are not acquainted with in the lesson, and to mark its meaning and origin; they fill their books with appropriate quotations from every quarter they can think of, and try to ingratiate themselves with their superiors by their punctuality and strict observance of every little duty, which is rather likely to escape your attention. I heard a story of somebody of this description, who, after he had been at school very nearly a year, wished to know which was the way to Slough. Now Slough is hardly more than a mile off; and I should just as soon have thought of asking the way to Windsor; for, before I had been here a month, I had visited that, and most other places within a good deal longer distance.

Now I would not have you imagine, for all the world, that I mean to vilify my studious friends. On the contrary, I believe them to be a very great credit to Eton; and, as Matthew Swinburne tells me, very good contributors to "The Etonian." By-the-bye, I understand that this renowned Publication is upon its last legs, as all the principal supporters take their leave after the next Holidays. It is a thousand pities that it should be dropped after it has gone on so long; and I am the more sorry, as I have just begun to take a little interest in it; and Henry, I assure you, when he does read any thing, likes to take up his schoolfellows' productions. It is infinitely better that he should amuse himself with this than reading a pack of horrible stories of ghosts and enchanted knights, which one sees in innumerable quantities, displaying their fairy frontispieces in the shop-windows; and indeed, I am sorry that many of the little boys are much better acquainted with them than their Greek and Latin Grammars. Perhaps, too, there is a deeper interest in these performances than you would be likely to guess; for some of the authors may be found at no very great distance, who, actuated no doubt by a



very laudable desire of appearing in print, have chosen to try their youthful talents in this romantic style of writing. These things are termed here indiscriminately *pamphlets*, and every one that comes forth from the prolific London press, with the words, "By an Etonian," on the title-page, possesses a natural charm, and is sought for with the utmost avidity by the devourers of this kind of literature. I have interdicted Henry from all things of this kind, and have given him very fair notice that I shall burn the very first that I find in his possession. He told me the other day that one of his particular friends subscribed to a circulating library in Windsor, where he gets as many Novels and Romances as he can manage. I could very plainly discern that he had a great inclination to add his name to the list, but this I positively set my face against.

They tell me that sometime before I came here there was a theatre first started, and afterwards entirely supported, by the exertions of various amateur actors, all belonging to this same all-powerful School. Many who had seen their performances declared to me that they were really excellent, and that many of the players were equal, if not superior, to the best in the Windsor company. Perhaps the testimony of such an audience is not always so impartial as one might wish; but, be that as it may, I would rather have seen a common farce at Eton, with bad scenes and worse dresses, than the finest spectacle ever displayed on the London stage. This theatre remained for a long time undiscovered, which is not at all surprising, for it was concealed in a place where no strolling manager would have thought of raising his apparatus. However, at last, like every thing else, it came to the ears of the Higher Powers, and the whole business was stopped in the most unceremonious manner. I do almost wish that some new Rosciusses could revive the theatrical fame; for I should like beyond all things to look at my schoolfellows rustling in petticoats, or strutting about in military uniform, or in old men's clothes, with painted wrinkles, wig and cane, and all the stage paraphernalia. I cannot think how any spectator can keep his countenance.

Our Cricket Club goes on famously, but I have hardly room to tell you much about its proceedings. It is my intention, if I go on improving, to promote myself to a higher one, where there is better ground and better players; but the end of the season is now not very far off, and nobody thinks of touching a bat after the Holidays, however fine the weather may be. It would be very unfashionable. Henry shall write the next letter, that you may judge if he advances as favourably in the epistolary style as he does in all other kinds of learning; besides it is but right that he should relieve me sometimes.



We are allowed now to bathe at certain times and certain places, where a man is always ready, to guard against any accident. I hope this will quiet Mamma's fears on this head. Remember me kindly to her, and to all at home, and believe me, my dear Father,

Your affectionate Son,

SAMUEL RASHLEIGH.

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XI.

*Master Henry Rashleigh to Miss H. Rashleigh.*

Eton Coll. July 18, 1831.

MY DEAR SISTER,

Samuel takes such infinite pains in explaining to you all that may appear difficult in our school business, that it would be an unpardonable shame if I were to trespass on any of his rights in this way : positively I have neither inclination nor ability to interfere with his dry details, so I must endeavour, in lieu of instruction, to amuse you by a very faithful account of a Cricket-match which took place the other day, between eleven of our best players, and eleven gentlemen who came on purpose to try their strength with them. In the first place, you must imagine a most beautiful spot of ground,—not such a one as you may have seen for the same purpose among our open naked downs at home, but surrounded by the finest trees, and commanding views of the River, Windsor Castle, the College, and enough others, in fact, entirely to fill up your sketch-book ; and, let me tell you, it could hardly be better used. The middle of this of course is reserved for the combatants ; two tents are pitched on the outskirts, which are lined, almost in a circle, by a great crowd of Ladies, Gentlemen, or Boys, lying, standing, or sitting, in various groupes ; so that altogether they form the prettiest sight imaginable. To enjoy all this perfectly, you must fancy a most glorious day, as it really was ;—you must wish for us to be victorious, as we were, and easily too ;—and you must take the same pleasure in reading about a game of Cricket, although I am the historian, as the Eton belles appear to have in looking at one. You cannot conceive how many happy faces there were whenever one of the heroes on our side struck a ball with more than usual violence. Such a buz ran through the field,—such a bustle took place immediately,—as evidently showed that very few were indifferent spectators. Then if the fatal wickets fell,—if any thing happened at all unfavourable to us, one might easily observe the



interest that every one took by the sudden silence and the serious looks of the Etonian party. For my own part, it seemed to me quite extraordinary afterwards, how I could care so much for the result of a Cricket-match; but the feeling seems to be very infectious, and no doubt I caught it from some of my friends. These contests always take place on some Holiday, when, as no doubt my brother has informed you, we have to go into Church instead of School. From this the cricketers are totally exempt, as well as from answering to their names at other times of the day; so Eton certainly ought to shine in that game above all other Schools, since it receives so much encouragement.

Some years ago we were defeated by the Harrow boys, which was a dreadful and unexpected blow, for the Etonians are particularly jealous of their pre-eminence in this respect; but one can hardly even then call it a fair defeat, for as the match was played in London, and only two of our best were there—the rest were a crew principally collected on the ground, and totally unworthy of a place among the Eleven of Eton. This disgrace was to have been wiped off by our present champions; but unluckily our holidays and those of our antagonists are so separated in point of time, that it is impossible for them to meet us; and for any other School to come here is totally contrary to all law and custom. I assure you, that this is a very great disappointment to all of us, and to me among others, for I am almost sure that we should have gained the victory, and I should have rejoiced most heartily, either to have seen it or heard of it. However, it is to be hoped that they may not yet escape with impunity, and may feel, at some time or other, the strength of Eton arms and Eton bats, which perhaps at present they despise rather more than they ought to do, and attribute to fear or unwillingness, what is really to be imputed only to necessity. We shall take especial care to bring all our cricket implements home with us. I have thought of a place that will exactly do for the wickets; and I dare say, what with the young Forders, and other recruits that we can raise in the neighbourhood, we shall be able to get up a very tolerable set. I am sure Samuel now plays ten times better than half the clowns that one sees, even in their grand matches. He has quite given up the little club that I belong to, and is now a member of a very superior one; for you must know there are at least six or seven, some consisting exclusively of Oppidans, some of Collegers, and the greatest of all of both mixed together. I am happy to say now that I can count up to the Holidays without any very great trouble. It would be a very good plan, I think, for Papa, and you, and my Mother, to come here then to look at the place, and to see the procession of the Boats, hear the Speeches in the great school-room, and a thousand other things



that you can have no idea of, without personal inspection. My Dame tells me, that she would be excessively glad to see you, and I am sure you know two other persons here who would be equally so. Samuel desires his love to you all, and intends to speak for himself directly he has received a letter in answer to this. In the meantime, with the kindest remembrances, I remain,

Your affectionate Brother,

H. RASHLEIGH.

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XII.

*Mr. S. Rashleigh to R. Rashleigh, Esq.*

Eton Coll., July 24, 1821.

MY DEAR FATHER,

We are both excessively delighted to hear of your intended visit to Eton; for my own part, I never thought that Henry's arguments would have had such power, though he confessed to me that he had tried all he could to persuade you. No doubt he told you of the grand display of oratory, which of course you are bound to applaud. Some have English Speeches; but whether these are given to those who can do most justice to them, or merely to such as are highest in the School, I cannot ascertain. The others have either Greek or Latin ones. Frequently two carry on a dialogue, standing opposite to each other, which I should think must be much more animated and interesting than the common way. For my own part, if I had my choice, my native language would be the very last that I should wish to use in such an exhibition; for in that every body is qualified to be a critic, particularly the ladies, who are frequently rather unsparing in their remarks. Now the learned tongues are totally unintelligible to all, except a few good scholars, who may happen to be in attendance; so if you use a few tolerable grimaces you are sure of pleasing, even though you make utter nonsense as far as the words go. I have secured you rooms at the Christopher, which appears to be a very decent inn, and is within a very few yards of the College, so that staying there would almost answer the same purpose as going to school, for the boys are before the windows at almost all hours of the day. We are now exceedingly well qualified to act as your guides upon all occasions, and I flatter myself that we shall show you the Lions to no small advantage. Of course the grand reason of your coming here is to concert measures about sending Henry into College. It appears to be an excellent plan, particularly as they say that the system is about to



be altered, and the trials to be something more than nominal, as in that case he stands a very fair chance of getting off in proper time to King's College. As it is, little children are sent to Eton, really hardly escaped from petticoats, and in a sort of manner predestinated for King's. They work their way up by degrees from the very bottom of the school, being very well contented as long as they can barely obtain their *Removes*, and looking forward to that as a sort of right, which, in reality, ought only to be given to good behaviour and superior scholarship. This is what strikes me as *reasonable*; but, like better people than myself, I know nothing of the Statutes, and very little about College in general, though there is much more intercourse between the *Oppidans* and the Boys on the Foundation than there formerly used to be. One of them is my nearest neighbour in School, and he often assures me that all the stories, which are bandied about as bugbears to terrify all who are intended to wear a gown, are mere fictions, so I shall take care to caution Henry against believing any one of them. By his account it appears that the fagging in College is not at all harder, if so hard, as that which at present he undergoes; that the difficulties are very few, and those easily overcome; consisting more in customs and observances than any real hardships. He must let you into the secrets by-and-bye, if there are any, which I must take the liberty to doubt; and, as he is of a pretty easy temper, I think the change will make but very little alteration in his happiness. Your resolution was rather sudden, and I think at first alarmed him a little; but I have contrived to laugh off his fears, and I believe he now looks forward to his move with more curiosity than dread. He will still have something to do with his Dame, and I suspect as long as I stay here will be a sort of amphibious animal—neither one thing nor the other. The Coronation was celebrated here as it ought to be, with illuminations and dinners, and gaiety of every description. We all of us drank the health of his Majesty King George the Fourth, secretly hoping, as is natural for so many schoolboys, that this free ceremony may be of some use to us, and may get us what we all most heartily pray for, an additional week's Holidays; but these are all vain surmises. So many of our school-fellows attended in various capacities, some as pages, some as spectators, that the benches looked quite empty for a day or two at the time. They talk of a tremendous clearing about to take place at Election, inasmuch as the boys, composing the upper division of the Fifth Form, are on the point of departure. I suppose a proportionable number of new ones will arrive, so that in the end nobody will be the loser. I am sorry to say that we shall lose our friend Swinburne, without the smallest doubt. I should like very much to have made him a present of some book or other,



not merely because it happens to be customary to do so, but because I should like to give him some return, rather more solid than thanks, for the many services he has rendered us. One may mark already a good many signs of the approaching Election;—a large piece of tapestry is hung in the Hall where the grand feasting will soon take place; the College windows are undergoing their annual repair; and every thing is putting on its gayest dress to welcome the expected company. From these preparations it is hoped that you will see every thing to the best advantage. Henry is complaining how long the days seem, and wants to cut out one or two, that he may have you and the Holidays here sooner. Good things, as the saying is, never come single. We have not had any reason to be particularly well pleased with the weather lately; and I think, of all the miserable things that you can imagine, a rainy day at Eton is the very worst. It is so ordered that we can never sit in-doors longer than two hours together, and we are obliged to be present at School, or when our names are called, exactly to a minute, though the very heavens themselves are pouring down. Perhaps snow may be still more annoying; for then a perpetual battle is carried on with snowballs, and it must be very great luck indeed if you don't receive a ball in your face. But I really think that the little boys delight more in wet than their betters in sunshine. It is quite amusing to see how industriously they contrive to get into every puddle in their way—how they search out the very dirtiest places, or play at cricket in the middle of a shower, till their ball is reduced to the consistency of a pudding. Nobody ever thinks of wearing a great coat, unless it be alone, and umbrellas are very troublesome things, so most of us every now and then contrive to get a tolerable soaking. I forgot whether I told you that immediately after the last Holidays a Library was instituted, the members of which were to be the hundred first boys in the School of course; I am not yet in that number, but I very soon shall be, and I assure you I rather look forward to the time, for they get a good many volumes by their own subscription, and many of the Masters and other Gentlemen have sent them very handsome presents. It seems a sort of thing likely to do a great deal of good, and no doubt the book-shelves will be well filled before a very distant period. The encouragement which the project has met with from the best judges, is a pretty evident mark of their opinion; and of course the longer it lasts the greater will be its advantages. Pray give our united loves to our good friends, and believe me,

My dear Father,

Yours, &c.

S. RASHLEIGH.



P. S. I recommend you by all means to be here by two o'clock on Saturday, for about that time all the great Electors arrive from Cambridge, in very high style, and are received at the College Gate by the Captain, who addresses them in a Latin Oration, in which he takes care to compliment and congratulate all for whom he can find a proper subject, and besides, cursorily mentions the events of the year, especially all those in which Eton is anywise concerned. By a good hand such a variety of topics might, one would think, be handled to very great advantage. The boys are not obliged to be present at the principal Speeches, for this sensible reason, that the School is not large enough to hold them and the company too, so directly the first word is delivered, out they rush, and the Holidays are begun. Henry will be detained a day or two longer, as he must undergo some trials before he can be placed on the list to succeed to the vacancies in College, but I rather imagine they are not very difficult; in fact not so much so as those which determined his place at his first entrance.

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REFLECTIONS ON A CLERICAL LIFE.

"Inter cuncta leges, et percunctabere doctos,  
Quâ ratione queas traducere leniter ævum;  
Quid purè tranqillet; honos, an dulce-lucellum,  
An secretum iter, et fallentis bemitæ vitæ."—HORACE.

THE subject, upon which I now am about to venture a few remarks, however insipid and useless it may appear to my more lively companions, is by no means destitute of interest, or unworthy of notice. It is, indeed, a subject to which, from my own prospects of future life, I may be accused of cherishing too much partiality. But let those who would object to these reflections, first consider, that they rest upon an object which deserves at least an equal, if not a greater share of praise than any of the other professions; which has been the peculiar study of men eminent for their piety, fortitude, and learning; upon which, in short, entirely depends the promotion of our welfare and happiness in this life, and our endless bliss in that which is to come.

Already I fancy that I see the sarcastic smile playing about the lips of Golightly; already I hear the broad, original, unrestrained laugh of O'Connor and Sir T. Nesbit. Laugh on, as you will, at this serious prologue, my worthy friends. All that I can do is, to beg of you to pass over this Sermon, (which to be sure, is of



no very great length ;) and turn to the next lively Article. I certainly can neither boast of or promise any of the ludicrous :—far less is my subject calculated for any mention of beer or barge-men. You will consequently, none of you, find it suited to your respective ideas of the *summum bonum* of Periodical Writing. But the minds of all are not of the same cast ;—there are many, who like myself, approve of the *seria mista jocis* ;—there are many who, like myself, are destined for the Church. To these I address myself, in the hope that the pages which contain these reflections may not totally escape the paper-cutter's edge : in the hope that, if I am totally discarded and neglected by my Junior, I may obtain a patient hearing from my Senior Readers.

Every one, upon entering the stage of life, must encourage sundry doubts respecting the course, by pursuing which he may, ensure to himself the happiest and most eligible station in the world. Some imagine that the object of their research lurks beneath the monotony of an existence, which is occupied by pleasure and idleness ; some endeavour to obtain it amongst the never-failing bustle and activity of a public, or the glorious, though uncertain, toils of a military life. But few, very few, if the option is their own, will make the Church an object of their choice. She affords us no opportunity of signaling ourselves in any eloquence,—save that of the pulpit : in any valour,—save that of Christian fortitude and temperance. She holds out no prospects, excepting those of retirement and tranquillity ; from which the ardour of a juvenile mind will, in most cases, recoil with abhorrence. Nor can she tempt us with such splendor of dress, or such hopes of emolument, as the other professions are enabled to offer to their votaries. In addition to this, the voice of prejudice, which, as I remarked in another Paper, is directed against all, is never silent with regard to the Church and her sons. How frequently do we hear the laugh raised against such of our companions who are destined for the sacred robe ! How seldom do we hear the very name of a clergyman mentioned, without an unrestrained smile, or contemptuous sneer ! The voluptuary and the miser are alike hostile to this profession :—the former, because he looks upon its votaries as censors of his guilty pleasures, and obstacles to the perpetration of them ;—the latter, because he considers the ceremonies and ordinations of the Church as a system of priestcraft and extortion. We cannot indeed wonder that those whose object is revolution—whose ruling principles are swayed by impiety and blasphemy alone, should launch forth every shaft of malice and virulence against the sacred order. They well know that when the power of religion is subverted, all other distinctions, all laws, divine and human, must be involved with it in one general ruin : nor can



they allure their followers to deeds of bloodshed and iniquity by a more tempting system of ethics, than the assurance that our Holy Scriptures are the effects of priestcraft, and that wickedness shall meet with no punishment hereafter. We need not, I say, be astonished at this ; but I certainly am unable to discover why prejudice should manifest itself so generally against this profession.

Let us turn our thoughts to the various paths of life which our fellow-creatures pursue ;—let us, in short, compare the clerical life with that of the remainder of society. In that comparison it will not, I think, be found so deficient in human happiness as is generally supposed. The civil and military professions afford us every honour, every opportunity of obtaining glory which can be allowed to mankind. But can such a source of pride, such tumultuous splendor, equal that inward tranquillity, that genuine peace of mind, which those enjoy who have dedicated themselves to the Church, and restrained their passions by the dictates of Religion? Is the glory of governing armies—of conquering cities—of exacting awe from all, by our bodily or mental qualifications, more to be preferred than the quiet and happiness of those, whose labours are not of this world ; whose endeavours are solely for the future benefit and welfare of mankind ; and whose only ambition is to rescue the souls of men from eternal perdition and misery—“ to guide our feet into the way of peace ? ”

Let me not, however, in my zeal for the Church, be accused of endeavouring to lessen the good opinion of my fellow-citizens in favour of the other professions. They all possess intrinsic merit ; nor is any thing further from my wish than to say aught in disparagement of them. Yet, while I allow that greater talent has been displayed in the other lines of life, I question whether greater felicity has been gained in them.

Reader ! if your patience has borne you to the end of this Article, and you never should happen to have seen the beautiful lines of Goldsmith, which conclude it,—before you turn over this page, favour them with a small portion of your attention. Look attentively at the character they depict ;—observe the actions of him whom they describe ;—and then ask of yourselves, whether you have ever discovered a more enviable instance of happiness than the following :—

“ Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
And ne’er had chang’d, or wish’d to change his place ;  
Unskilful he to frown, or seek for pow’r,  
By doctrines fashion’d to the varying hour :  
Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*



*The Bride of the Cave.*

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n;  
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n:  
 As some tall rock, which lifts its awful form,  
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm:  
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

M. STERLING.

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**HAPPINESS.**

How few the moments of this changeful life,  
 When the full music of harmonious joy  
 Pours on the soul its heavenly strain! how brief  
 The computation of our happy days!  
 To live with those we love alone is life:  
 How few then live! Thoughtless and smiling youth  
 Sits weaving chains of flowers to link true hearts;  
 And Fate, with tread of down, and hand of steel,  
 Watches the progress of the rosy wreath,  
 And when 'tis finish'd steals behind, and clips it.  
 She feeds upon the sighs, and drinks the tears,  
 Of parted friends and lovers; and, when joined,  
 She breathes upon them, and they love no more!

C.

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**THE BRIDE OF THE CAVE.\***
**A BALLAD.***(From the "Poetry of the College Magazine.")*

BELOW the cliff, below the wave,  
 The golden Sun is set;  
 But a purple flush from its sinking orb  
 Gleams over the Ocean yet.

\* For the story on which this Ballad is founded, see *Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands*.



No cloud is moving in the sky,  
No ripple curls the sea ;  
The quiet tide appears to sleep,  
Ebbing back silently.

Look at yon speck, hark to yon sound,  
Nearing the rocky shore !  
'Tis the fisher in his lonely boat,  
'Tis the dashing of his oar.

That sparkle glimmering, as it comes,  
Those notes the waves along !  
Is that the fisher's evening lamp,  
Are those his evening song ?

Swift as a shaft from Tartar string,  
The gilt skiff cuts the sea ;  
Who bends him o'er the bending oar,  
And who is that fair She ?

On his young head a feath'ry plume  
Its changing radiance beam'd,  
And the golden sheath of his jewell'd dirk  
A yellow lustre gleam'd.

His cheeks were tinted with the rose,  
His snowy arms were bare !  
His locks escap'd the light cap's fold,  
And wanton'd on the air.

There was a lustre darkly pure,  
A lightning in his eye ;  
Which, 'midst his toil and varying song,  
Was glancing momentarily.



*The Bride of the Cave.*

But she, the partner of his way,  
Over the Ocean tide ;  
Why strives she from the Youth's wild gaze  
Her unveil'd face to hide ?

Her long dark locks were wreath'd with gold,  
And jasmine flowers between ;  
A silver zone inclos'd her waist,  
And silken vest of green.

There is a languish in her eye,  
The mute gaze of despair ;  
Her dress bespeaks a Chieftain's bride,  
What then does sorrow there ?

The skiff shot on across the wave,  
Close to the rocky shore ;  
And aye the boatman sung his song,  
Aye bent his gilded oar.

The skiff shot on, with youth and maid,  
Over the dark blue sea ;  
The boatman pull'd, but the song is hush'd,  
Sadly and silently.

The skiff shot on, and the wind arose,  
Under the black rock's brow ;  
And the calm is gone, and the breakers white,—  
Jesu ! where are they now ?

The boat is moor'd beneath the rock,  
Though the wave is swelling high ;  
And the Youth has seiz'd the Maiden's hand,  
And fix'd his clear dark eye.



" Hilla, now the time is come,  
And now thou must go on ;  
Thy sire in chains, thy brother slain,  
Thy very name is gone.

" Hilla, by this the murd'rer's ire  
Has found that thou hast fled ;  
And he has sworn a cursed oath  
That he will see thee dead.

" Hilla, my soul is bound to thine ;  
It never can be free,  
Till it shall be for ever thine,  
And thou be one with me.

" Hilla, below the Ocean's tide  
A bower is made for thee ;  
Now, Hilla, follow through the wave,  
Now, Hilla, come with me."

He spoke, and turning from the maid,  
Quick dash'd his cap away ;  
Then plung'd into the flashing foam,  
Like sea-bird on his prey.

The Maiden stood one moment there,  
Then div'd into the wave ;  
Shooting beneath the wat'ry depth,  
Like mermaid to her cave.

The sea clos'd o'er the Maiden's head,  
And night came dark and drear ;  
But under the wave they sat at rest,  
In light as the noonday clear.



*The Bride of the Cave.*

'Twas in a cave beneath the base  
Of a rock upon the shore;  
Which had for ages gone and past  
Frown'd o'er the Ocean's roar.

The wreath'd sea-weed and pendent crag  
Across the entrance small,  
Kept back the wild wave's rushing force  
From this bright faërie hall :

For there, perchance, when the storm was up,  
And the curl'd foam flashing high,  
And long dark clouds had shrouded o'er  
The noontide blue of sky,

A green-hair'd nymph might shelter seek,  
And love for aye to dwell,  
Where silent and safe she heard afar  
The dark surge rise and swell.

The glassy crystal sparkled clear  
The cavern walls around ;  
And there was crystal on the roof,  
And crystal on the ground.

That wild and tender light was shed,  
Where, when it loveliest seems,  
Bright Beauty's eye, with languid glance,  
A breathing softness beams.

And thus, as in that simple dress,  
With face so wan, so fair ;  
And eyes half-clos'd, and breast of snow,  
That maid stood silent *there*.



Oh! she was dearer to the heart,  
More heavenly to the view,  
Than when from her, 'midst feast and joy,  
The magic love-glance flew.

Tlatzeca gaz'd, in rapture deep,  
His trembling hand he laid  
Upon his beating heart, and down  
He knelt before that maid.

" Thus, maiden, to this holy shrine  
Tlatzeca bows the knee ;  
He hopes no Heaven but in thy love,  
He knows no God but thee.\*

" I lov'd thee, when two infants we  
Sported the livelong day ;  
I lov'd thee, when to boyhood grown,  
I spurn'd the infant's play.

" I've lov'd thee since ; I love thee now ;  
E'en Death can never part  
The love, which trembles on my tongue,  
Which burns within my heart.

" But other arms than these will clasp  
That angel-form of thine ;  
Which it were worth all Paradise  
To call one moment mine.

" Nay, frown not—turn not thus away—  
I am so bound to thee ;  
Thy anger ne'er can loose the chain,  
Thy frown ne'er make me free.

\* I have heard the expression objected to, as addressed to a female ;—in other languages the usage is not unfrequent.—Ed.



*The Bride of the Cave.*

" For mercy here Tlatzeca kneels—  
For mercy bid depart  
This burning frenzy of his soul,—  
This bursting of his heart.

" Say that thou lov'st me—it will drive  
This silent dark despair  
From my lone soul, and bid a ray  
Of blessed hope shine there.

" Thou canst not ! I am gone, proud maid—  
Live here from danger free ;  
Angel of Death, I'm ready now—  
Haste, Dark One, haste to me !"

He turn'd in agony away ;  
One moment, and she came,  
That dark-eyed maid, and clasp'd his hand,  
And call'd upon his name :

" Hear me, Tlatzeca, hear me now ;  
Each word that thou hast said  
Hath been an arrow tipt with fire,  
An omen from the dead.

" Why didst thou fight my father's fight ?  
Why didst thou save my life ?  
Why burst my tyrant's iron chain,  
And brave the murd'rer's knife ?

" Thou knew'st I could not—dar'd not love  
Him whom my Sire had curs'd ;  
For he forbade to raise the flame  
Our infancy had nurs'd ;



“ For this poor heart had ne’er forget  
Those hours of childhood’s day,  
When sorrow and grief were never known,  
And all was bright and gay ;

“ When ev’ry moment, wing’d with joy,  
To ecstasy was given ;  
And we liv’d on in love of Earth,  
And purity of Heaven.

“ But whisp’ring tongues and envy’s blight  
Madden’d my aged sire ;  
And then he snatch’d me from thy love,  
And curs’d thee in his ire.

“ He gave me to another chief—  
This morn the pomp I led ;  
Thou know’st the dreadful hour that came,  
And left a nation dead.

“ Th’ unfinish’d rites were stain’d with blood ;  
My sire gasp’d on the ground ;  
Brethren and friends all struggling died ;  
And I was seiz’d, and bound ;

“ Thou cam’st, an angel from above !  
Youth, innocence to save ;—  
A moment of forgetfulness,  
And we were on the wave.

“ Thou only now art left on earth,  
Of all who once were mine ;  
All ties are broken now, which once  
Forbade me to be thine.



"Take then, dear youth, that heart again,  
Which ne'er from thee has rang'd ;  
Which, bending to a father's voice,  
Was ne'er a moment chang'd."

Tlatzeca stood a moment's space,  
In mute and vacant gaze ;  
And sense and reason all were lost  
In dark delirious maze.

At length, across his deep-flush'd cheek,  
Glances shot from his eye,  
Like ev'ning lightning flashing fast  
On Autumn's dark'ning sky.

But Nature and Love the struggle sooth'd,  
The choking of the breast ;  
And then gush'd forth delicious tears,  
And brought repose and rest.

He clasp'd the Maiden in his arms ;  
And she in his embrace  
Entranced lay ; then breath'd his name,  
And gaz'd upon his face.

And they were silent—while around  
Loud echoed the wild wave ;  
And the distant swell of the nightly tide  
Resounded in the cave.

And they were silent—'twas a bliss  
That could no longer last,  
Than just to feel it had been *there*,  
And feel that it was past.



And he is gone, Tlatzeca now,  
The depth is pass'd again,  
And the boatman is in his skiff once more,  
And bounding o'er the main.

And time roll'd on in ceaseless course ;  
But aye, at ev'ning tide,  
A gilded skiff, with a plumed chief,  
Was seen o'er the wave to glide.

And none could tell its destin'd port,  
Or its path on the wat'ry way ;  
But ever at morn that chief return'd,  
Wet with the Ocean spray.

And Time roll'd on—and Right had burst  
The tyrant's hated chain ;  
And Vict'ry shouted long and high,  
And Freedom rose again.

Tlatzeca drew the first his sword,  
First dealt the godlike blow,  
That loos'd the bonds of slavery,  
That dash'd the murd'rer low.

And now a grateful nation brought  
To him their love and fame ;  
And fondly call'd on Heav'n to shed  
Its blessings on his name.

And where is he ? On the deck he stands  
Of the gilded galley now ;  
And marks the green wave flashing fast  
Before the coming prow.



*The Bride of the Cave.*

On goes the galley before the gale,  
And Ocean foams behind ;  
And rattling cords, and streamers gay,  
Are fluttering in the wind.

On goes the galley before the gale,  
And the seaman's song is sung ;  
And friends and slaves, together met,  
Around Tlatzeca hung.

On goes the galley before the gale,  
And the dearest of them said,  
" Why seeks not the Youth, who is brave and young,  
The love of a lovely Maid ? "

On goes the galley before the gale,  
Till under the rock 'tis moor'd ;  
" Now seek I my bride ! "—he said, and sprung  
Like lightning overboard.

A space they stood, in fearful guise,  
All gazing silently,  
With beating hearts, and eager glance,  
On the blue tumbling sea.

Mute gaze they, as each flashing wave  
Just burst, and for aye is gone ;  
And broken flings back its rippling foam  
On the wave that is coming on.

And now they despair for their drowned Chief ;  
But under the stern—see ! see !  
Out of the surge comes their Chief, and a Maid  
Beautiful exceedingly !



Again he stands on the crowded deck,  
With the maiden by his side ;  
Whose long loose locks, and garments green,  
Bright sparkled from the tide.

And all fell down in a ring around  
The Youth and the Maiden fair ;  
For she, they thought, was an Ocean Nymph,  
Or Angel sprung from air.

But none of the Nymphs, on their sea-shells borne,  
That boast of the Ocean race,  
Might vie by their hair and their dark green eyes  
With the blush upon Hilla's face.

And her smile around was a ray of Heaven,  
And she hung on Tlatzeca's arm ;  
And the glance of her eye has fix'd them there,  
As it were with an elfin charm.

"Rise, dear ones, rise," the Chieftain cried,  
"And up with the swelling sail ;  
And on with the galley to our home,  
Before the rising gale.

"You bade me seek a lovely Maid,—  
I saw her beneath the waves ;  
And here is my bride that I have found  
In the green Ocean's caves."

And a chorus wild arose around,—  
"Hail to the Maid of the Wave !  
Hail to her whom Tlatzeca loves—  
The Bride of the Ocean Cave !"

H. N. C.



## NUGÆ AMATORIÆ.

"Aliter non fit, Avite, liber."—MARTIAL.

"Tis thus, old boy, a book is made."—ELPHINSTONE.

CERTAIN Members of the Club, who are desperately in love, take this the last opportunity of addressing their sweethearts, under cover of "The Etonian," and of leaving a memorial of their passion inscribed on the pages of a work that bids fair to be illustrious when Homer and Virgil are forgotten. The ladies, to whom the following letters are directed, are particularly requested to make every thing that is said in them in the sense most flattering to themselves; and, if there be more than one sister, when no Christian name is prefixed, each sister is conjured not to doubt but that *she* is the *one* meant: above all, they are cautioned hereby not to tell their fathers and mothers the important secret; but, on the other hand, to do all in their power to prevent it spreading further: to which end they are recommended to buy up all the copies that can be met with for sale, at Mr. Warren's, Old Bond-street; Mr. Knight's, Castle-street; Messrs. Deighton's, Trinity-street; and Messrs. Munday and Slatter's, High-street.

R. HODGSON, *Secretary.*

## I.

TO MISS T——S.

MISS T——S,—I was told the other day by St. B—b, but I have now quite forgotten, where it is that you live at present; however, I don't question your acuteness in discovering who is meant by the consonants at the top of this letter, without my designating you more particularly. I was never introduced to you; and, indeed, the only time I ever remember to have seen you was when I figured in an English speech at Election, 18—. You recollect, to be sure, that, although you sat on my left hand, I contrived, with no little skill, to shoot a sentence about "her awe-commanding grace" point blank at you; whereon the whole company, with the Provosts twain, turned half round and stared upon you. This, you must be aware, was very generous in me, because it would have been more graceful to have fired to the right; and there was no lack of excellent marks on that side for my aim. I hope you have not forgotten this proof of my regard; at the time you were romantically grateful. You sent to me through C—— H—— (and nothing could be more piquant and



delightful, for the world then gave him to you for your husband;) and though no doubt the message lost a little of its original sweetness in its passage, yet you know there was enough left to make me almost crazy with wonder and joy at it. You sent me your love. Nay, but you really did, Miss T——s: and I was no chicken then, for I had succeeded in whiskers ever since Christmas. Now I am a man; a young one, but still a man; and can feel as deeply, as acutely, though more calmly, than before.

My object in this letter is twofold. Firstly, as you sent me your love, I hereby send you mine; and add, withal, that I think you are a very smart dashing girl, with good eyes and an excellent conceit at a bonnet. I am told you dance well too; but this is only hearsay. You are rather too much of a coquet, though I don't dispute but that it becomes you very well just now; but remember thirty will come——. Secondly, are you engaged? This is a point which I have much at heart. The case is this:—I am naturally amorous; and, as you must have seen in "The Etonian," a great Poet. Now I always make a practice of worshipping but one nymph at a time; and I hate breaking the Seventh Commandment even in thought. I have just taken leave of a young maiden, to whom I wrote some Sonnets, because I got tired of her;—the place is vacant—speak the word—and you shall be enshrined in the temple of my affections, and shall have a necklace of Sonnets and bracelets of Canzonets in a week's time. If you refuse, I shall run the risk of becoming foolish about some country beauty at the next Exeter Assizes; and I am anxious to preserve the integrity of the empire, which I am proud to feel that accomplished woman maintains within my heart.

My dear Miss T——s,  
thine ever; (that is to say,  
as long as you like it,)

To Miss T——s.

G. M.

## II.

TO MISS A. H.

DEAR A.,—My acquaintance with you is so slight, that I know but little either of your temper or usual pursuits; but there is a depth about your fine black eye that speaks volumes of feeling and tenderness, if properly drawn forth by an object worthy of you. You remarked, I think, that I was somewhat dejected on the Thursday on which I left you: the truth is,—that is—you are not really in love with that dull ——! are you? I will certainly see you at Hampstead.

C. B.

To Miss A. H.



## III.

TO MISS R. S.

MY DEAR LITTLE R.—You sing remarkably well ; but don't attempt that elaborate thing of Rossini's again ;—you lose in grace what you may think you gain in praise for skilful execution. I wish you would take to simpler music ;—Italian, if you like. For instance, Paesiello, or Cimarosa ; any thing is better than that Neapolitan jackall. I shall meet you at Mrs. M——'s *soirée* on Tuesday. Good-bye.

F. G.

*To Miss R. S.*

P. S. Don't forget the pencil-case ; I have been so plagued about it.

## IV.

TO E. P.

MY DEAREST, SWEETEST GIRL,—Will you forgive me for using even your initials in print ? I feel I am doing wrong, and yet I know not how to refuse myself the pleasure of thus writing to her whom I love so passionately. You only can possibly know who I am, and you only will feel the truth and earnestness of the heart of him who addresses you. Oh ! Emily, have you ever thought upon me since last we parted at ——— ? Do you ever, in your solitary ramble down in that pretty shady walk to your own little garden and arbour—do you ever recollect our walks, our rambles ? Is my tree growing still, or hath it faded away, almost like the youthful hopes which were then the portion of him who planted it ? When I saw you in tears upon that melancholy account about your poor ———, and I ventured to sit down by you and take your hand into mine—how I trembled ! for you did not withdraw it, but seemed (was it only seeming ?) to cling to me, as to one whom, under all circumstances, you would not fear to call your friend ; and upon whose fidelity and affection you could implicitly rely. I forget whether I have ever told you formally that I love you :—I believe not ;—I am sure, to you, with your susceptibility, with your native intuition of truth, it was unnecessary. You must have seen my ardent solicitude for your health ; you must have seen my anguish at your sorrow ; you must remember my tears at your coldness—my transports at your kindness. Do you think my conduct was common and ordinary ? It was only to be explained by one cause,—and that cause was a deep, a soulfelt love.



Emily, you may perhaps never read this ;—it will matter not : I have poured forth my soul to an image which rests within me, and the words of my offering have their meaning to me, and such like me, though they be couched in the dark speech which the melancholy spirit loves. Farewell, my dear girl.

Ever affectionately, &c.

G. M.

To E. P.

V.

TO MISS M. B.

DEAR MARY,—Will you dance with me the first set on the Tuesday's ball, at the Assizes? I have much to tell you. I have almost entirely recovered the use of my knee; and you, little hard-hearted thing, not once to ask after me. Wear the pink skirt I gave you.

Yours,

F. G.

To Miss M. B.

SONNET, TO ———

I SAW thee for a moment ! and again  
 Haply I ne'er shall see thee ; yet, sweet Maid,  
 Thine image is for evermore uplaid  
 In my heart's sanctuary ! There remain,  
 Young Idol of passionate love, and reign,  
 Fountain of Hope and Joy, in the drear shade  
 Of early disappointment, where doth fade  
 Each flower of Spring and Youth, and sullen Pain  
 Rankles in secret still ! with thee to live,  
 And gaze for ever on those angel eyes,  
 I would become thy bondsman ! oh, forgive !  
 Fair as the starlight on the Alpine snows,  
 Gentle as summer west-wind when it dies,  
 Joyous as hill-stream, singing as it flows.

G. M.



## LETTERS FROM OXFORD.

NO. V.

TO FREDERICK GOLIGHTLY, ESQ.

*M—— College, Tuesday Evening.*

YOUR praises, my dear fellow, quite overwhelm me; however, since you appear to have derived some amusement from my late communication, I will take up my pen at the point where I laid it down, and extract for you the remaining pages of the Diary, so as to complete the week. In the meanwhile, accept my warm thanks for your lively and humorous description of last Sunday Evening's Promenade. I assure you it has been a subject of no small regret among your friends, that you have never favoured "The Etonian" with those "Sketches on Windsor Terrace" which you gave notice of at one of the Club meetings. What a bustle would there have been among the Old Maids and Young Coquets. Why the mere alarm has produced no trifling consequences. The perfumer positively told me that his trade in rouge had much fallen off; and I could not help observing, as I took my last turn with you up town before I left for Oxford, that the Misses C—— had taken down at least two flounces and a furbelow. Indeed I expect this summer that you will see several of the tradesmen's wives going with their children into the fields for a little fresh air, instead of sending the little dears to bed out of the way, and dressing themselves for the Terrace. *En passant*, let me know whether that flaming red bonnet is out this season. Portentous comet! But I had forgot the *Diary*.

*Thursday Morning, Nine o'clock.*—Breakfast party at Sterling's room; rather frightened at first, for I found three or four B. A.'s; among whom I recognized two class-men. Conversation found its level after the first cup of coffee. There was an animated discussion on the Peterborough Questions and a certain article in the "British Critic." I quite shuddered with horror at an idea which was broached in several quarters. Mercy upon us! that any one at Oxford should venture to hint that a Bishop might be fallible. The question was being debated with temper, when our attention was suddenly directed to a short fat personage, who had been hitherto hid behind the tea-pot on our Host's right head, and seemed too much occupied by a leg of a chicken to take any part in the discussion. This gentleman, to



my great relief, argued vehemently on the side of orthodoxy, and stated his opinion on the degree of power which it was but reasonable should be left to the discretion of the Bishop. "I thought," said he, "this controversy had been finally set to rest by that admirable work of the learned Tomline against Calvinism. The book appeared to be decidedly directed against the Evangelical party in our Church, and was unanswerable in its arguments." Here there was an interruption from another gentleman, whose name I could not learn:—"You cannot, sir, be aware that Mr. Scott, the Author of an edition of the Bible with comments, has long ago answered his Diocesan. It must, however, be regretted by all those who are anxious for the welfare of the Church, that any thing like party spirit should be excited in her bosom by the impudence of misguided zeal. I have heard that when the Bishop of Peterborough wished to induce the other prelates to adopt the test which he had introduced, one of them sent back word, 'that he thought the Church had left a door open for Calvinism, and he would not be one of the first to shut it.' God forbid! that, while we have so many enemies without, any thing should arise to disturb the harmony which ought to exist within the pale. A house divided against itself can never stand." It was now that I ventured to interpose a word, by suggesting that Bishop Tomline had been of late much occupied with his, "*Life of Mr. Pitt.*" Sterling observed that the polemics were getting warm, and turned the conversation by asking me several questions about Mr. Sumner.—*Mem.* Commission Martin to procure "*Records of the Creation*" and the "*Apostolic Preaching*" for his brother.

*Quarter to Eleven.*—Walked, after Hall Lecture, to Talboy's, to make up a few deficiencies in my book-shelves. Fell in love with a "*Pole's Synopsis*;" and, having heard that one of the present Examining Masters had read through the whole five volumes folio, Latin, previous to going up for his *Great Go*, was seized with a sudden fit of emulative ardour, and dropped the five guineas for the work. Was examining a "*Theodore Beza*," when somebody gave me a smart slap on the back. I started, and my friend Williams of E—— stood confest. "What, in the name of wonder, Mr. Bookworm,"—that was the salutation,—"*are you doing here among these musty gentry? My eyes ache at the very sight of them. Don't you know that Eton is playing the University to-day on the Boulingdon ground? Come along, I insist upon it, or I shall have no opinion of your patriotism.* Away he dragged me, and a delightful walk it was to the Cricket-field, along Cowley Marsh. [You have of course long ago heard of the events of this glorious day; and have seen, no doubt, various despatches on the subject. To proceed then as



concisely as possible.] The day was beautiful, the match interesting; and it was past *Three* when I recollected that I ought to have been at private lecture at *One*. "Never mind," says Williams, who marked my consternation, "You won't be flogged." "I am sorry," I rejoined,—

'non tamen irritum  
Quodcumque retro est, efficiam,' &c.

"I will bear the brunt." We did not get off the ground till past *Five*. Of course it was too late for Hall dinner; and we made up a party of six or seven old Eton men to take a snack at Jubber's, the pastrycook's. We were strutting up High-street in detached parties, when Williams and myself were stopped by a stout-looking M. A., in velvet sleeves, whom I soon recognized for the Proctor. "Gentlemen, are you members of this University?" We assented. "I must insist on your going to your College and putting on your Academicals." Williams stated that we had come in from the country, and we were suffered to pass on. A snug dinner party;—good soup. The company became rather riotous even before the cloth was removed, and I observed Betty (our waiting girl) whisper something in Williams's ear, as she changed our plates: my curiosity was roused, and my friend informed me, in a low voice, that we were likely to have a disagreeable visitant, for the Proctor had been under the windows and had noticed the party. The cloth, however, was removed in peace, and I took the opportunity to slip away, as I had promised M'Lennox to accompany him to a Subscription Concert at the Music Room. He had been kind enough to procure us tickets from an acquaintance at St. John's; from which College I understood the band of amateurs are chiefly enrolled. This engagement was a lucky one, for I heard next morning that the Proctor had actually made his appearance, and turned the party out into the streets.

On my return home to dress I found a pleasant billet-doux on my table:—

"Mr. Le Blanc to write out 250 lines of the Second Georgic of Virgil, for non-attendance at Lecture."

My scout happened to be in the way, and I desired him to step to the Barber's and order this imposition for me against the morrow morning. It was done accordingly, at the moderate charge of sixpence for every hundred lines. So much for the imposition.

*At half-past Seven.*—I made my *debut* at the Music-Room. The company was rather thin. There were no more than a dozen Gownsmen, all full dressed. The orchestra did not deceive my expectation. The selection from Mozart was good, and the performance (as far as an enthusiastic admirer of music without



science can pass judgment) was spirited and correct. The building is most admirably suited to the purpose; light and elegant, *simplex munditiis*, and well proportioned. There was one craving void, however;—a little female vanity would have relieved the melancholy sameness of our black gowns. But it is not customary for the dear creatures to attend these select meetings.

Left at *Ten o'clock*, highly satisfied and delighted with my evening's entertainment.

*Friday Morning, Seven o'clock.*—Bathed in the Cherwell with Sterling. Couldn't for the life of me hit the knack of lying on my back and floating with the stream. At every attempt went to the bottom like a stone.

*Nine.*—Sterling condescended to take his cup of hyson with me; and, at my request, gave me a lecture on Logic; including several most useful hints for opening the campaign. "I would not have you," said he, "trouble your head with any commentators, or the like. Stick to the text of Aldrich; and if you get that by heart you will do very well. You must not, however, fall to work as a certain person I have heard of, who, being desirous of acquiring the art of reasoning closely, was advised by a friend to study Euclid. Some time after, our philosopher was asked how he liked mathematics, and got on with his problems? 'Oh!' replied he, 'I have read my Euclid through, but I don't see the good of him.' 'Read him *through* already?' interrupted his friend; 'and pray *how* did you read him?' 'Just as I would a Newspaper,' was the reply. 'Have you any idea, Le Blanc, of the practical use of logic? I assure you, that when you can once catch an insight into the scope and aim of the science, a great obstacle has been removed. What pamphlet have you got by your side there?' I handed him No. V. of "The Etonian." He opened the work, and proceeded. "You must know that every argument is resolvable into three sentences or propositions, and every sentence into as many logical words. For instance, take the passage in page 396:—

'He (Mr. Bellamy) is not much afraid, for he can hit George to a nicety.'

Here we have an assertion and the reason on which it is grounded. Now for the three sentences:—

He who can hit George to a nicety is not much afraid.  
Mr. Bellamy can hit George to a nicety.  
Mr. Bellamy is not much afraid.

The art of logic, as you must be well aware, teaches us to detect errors in argument; and that portion which you are expected to bring forward in the *Little Go*, is divided into three parts. The first guards you against mistakes and fallacies in the use of the words of each separate sentence, by teaching you to classify them



under their proper heads : the second is occupied in arranging and digesting the sentences, or propositions, after the same principle : and the third brings all the knowledge you have acquired into practice. Since you are now come to the syllogism, or form of argument exhibited to you in the first instance, this must stand or fall, according to certain fixed and determinate rules, which you are to have as ready at your fingers' ends as your A B C. Do not look so grave. Believe me, you will find logic little better than a bugbear. The very sound at present frightens you out of your wits ; but when you have once mastered the task, you will be inclined to laugh at your former fears, and wonder at your simplicity for once harbouring them. I never shall forget the dreadful day when I went up for my first examination. I was trembling and shivering at the prospect of being called upon, when one of the Masters set us all in a titter by requiring a third proposition (what we technically term a *conclusion*) to the following :—

Jack and Jill went up the hill.  
Jack and Jill came tumbling down.

Now our mighty difficulty is to discover what we can conclude, or draw by way of argument, from these two propositions, which have been premised or conceded to us. The answer was—

Something that came tumbling down went up the hill.

But I fear I fatigue your attention. Give me another cup of tea."

*Ten till Twelve.*—Read some Herodotus for *collections*. {N. B. This is our denomination for a certain College examination, which takes place at the end of term, before the Warden and Tutor.] Took it into my head to analyze the Persian revenues under Darius, and became so puzzle-pated over my investigations into the relative value of gold and silver, and the Babylonian and Euboic talent, that I threw my book aside in disgust. As I could not settle the account, either Herodotus or I had made a blunder, and I don't like to think it was the former.

Started about *One o'clock* from the Christ-Church Meadows, on a water excursion to Nuneham. We were a party of two six-oars, and had sent on our *scouts*, in a two-oared boat, with the provisions and crockery-hamper, for it was our intention to take dinner at the lovely Cottage in Lord Harcourt's grounds. As I profess to state plain unvarnished facts, you will excuse all description of the clear blue vault of heaven, and the slight fleecy specks of clouds, which made use of the Isis for their mirror, as they flitted slowly above our heads, and were soon lost in vacancy. You can very well imagine the groves of sedge shrinking from



the courtship of Zephyr, like a parcel of coy maidens ; the beautiful and pure lily reposing on the bosom of the limpid waters ; the equal dash of the oars, and the lightning speed with which our πολυκωπες οχημα, (or the *oary car*, as it was construed the other day,) shot on its way. Let it be sufficient to notice, that we found good cider at Sandford, and then forwards to Nuneham Park. We came to anchor after a voyage of near an hour. The baggage and sutlers were safely arrived, and our party dispersed itself over the neighbouring woods and lawns. Some threw themselves, with a book, at the root of some ancestral elm ; and others had brought their fishing-rods. I was fortunate enough in attaching myself to a most intelligent companion ; who took me by the arm, and requested me to stroll with him about the grounds. We visited the various spots which commanded views of the country, but did not reach the mansion. I was suddenly roused from a fit of meditation in which I was indulging, no matter about what, by a quotation, which I could not help observing was pronounced by my companion with peculiar feeling and emphasis :—

“ Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;  
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
And desolation saddens all thy green ;  
One only master grasps the whole domain,  
And half a tillage stints thy smiling-plain.”

Mr. Willis noticed my surprise. “ I suspect,” said he, “ you are not aware of the classical neighbourhood you are in. ‘ The Deserted Village ’ was situated in this park ; and, as the Poem describes the story, one of the predecessors of the present Lord Harcourt caused the cottages to be taken down, and the busy haunts of life and joy to be removed, as a nuisance, and make way for a solitude. Only one hut was suffered to remain during the few declining years of its tenant ; who was no doubt

—‘ The widow'd solitary thing  
That feebly bent beside the plashy spring ;  
The wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,  
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread.’

I am told that there are some individuals who can point out to you the site of the modest mansion of the village Preacher, and other objects mentioned by Goldsmith in that delicious composition. But I find by my watch it is high time for us to return to the Cottage. The scouts have by this time spread our repast, and the men will not stand on ceremony.” The event answered our expectation. The party had already fallen-to ; so, without waiting for an exchange of apologies, we took our seats, and did justice to the cold collation. The evening was passed in the true convivial spirit ; and it was not till some time after the great



luminary of day had sunk behind the Cumnor hills, and the shades of night were gathering about us, that we recollected there were four good miles against stream to row home again. Our boats were manned in the twinkling of an eye, and we bade fair to work off the exuberance of our animal spirits by our increased exertions at the oar. We got home without any serious accident; only the hinder crew had taken us at a disadvantage and bumped us; by which our helm was completely shattered, and a couple of their oars were broken in an attempt to pass us between narrow banks. The baggage-boat was not so fortunate. They were in the *pound*; and, by some mismanagement, the prow hitched in to the breast-work of bricks; the consequence was, the vessel filled and went to the bottom with the whole cargo. There was no danger, however; the locksman let down the sluices, and the poor sufferers were extricated from the watery element after a good ducking and a little fright;—that was all. The crockery, knives and forks, and other articles, were not taken up till the next morning; and it cannot but be remarked, that ever since that fatal evening there has been a sad deficiency in our tea-services at home.

*Saturday.*—Wet morning.

*Eight o'clock.*—Found myself rather stiff;—my back bone aching, and hands very sore. Thought I would lay by for the day, and dine comfortably in my rooms. Therefore desired my scout to go with my compliments to the Tutor, and say I was *ager*. [*Observe*—this is our term for *staying out*.]

*Five minutes past Eight.*—Turned and went to sleep again.

During breakfast read the Treatise which Carmarthen had lent me. Took it into my head that I wished to consult a passage in “*Erasmus*.” Went to ask Sterling how to gain admittance to the Library for an hour’s study, not dreaming of any difficulty. “My dear fellow,” said Mr. S. “you would introduce a new era in our college annals. To my certain knowledge nobody ever goes up stairs except the Under Butler, at break of day, to open the windows, and at fall of night to shut them; now and then, perhaps, Mr. Jackson takes a party of ladies to show them “a curious old place,” as he calls it, or otherwise I assure you I do not hear a footfall above me for months together. One might fancy that the room was haunted by the Ghost of Dun Scotus; and it would require but a trifling stretch of the imagination to picture to yourself the old codger, with his lantern jaws, seated in a corner of this gothic apartment, scribbling away, as fast as his wasted fingers would allow him, at his translation of the Bible. How he must have quickened his pace when he got to “*Timothy*.” Peace to his *manes*; I should have thought that the term of his wanderings had been long since



over, were I not visited every night by him, to my no small annoyance, just above my pillow, up and down the wainscot, over head, and under the bed. I have made of late serious efforts to lay this troubled spirit, by means of a famous rat-trap; no less than a dozen victims in less than a week—but to no purpose: this Pythagorean slips into another skin, and the old work comes over again. To be serious, Le Blanc, you may send for the Under Butler, if you please, and visit the library *as a stranger*; but if you make any application to the College, you will be told that it is not *customary* to allow the Junior Members of the Establishment to make use of the Library. There's monopoly for you! The collection appears to be most valuable, but nobody knows what there is upon the shelves, and the worms have the chief profit." "Oh! very well," I replied; "the College need not expect any more Dun Scotuses or Wickliffes, since this is the system; and we Under-graduates are furnished with a good excuse on our part. Let's have a game at battledoor and shuttlecock."

*One o'clock.*—Went to return a call of M'Lennox's;—the oak shut;—stuck my card in the key-hole, as is the etiquette, and went on to E—— College. Found Williams holding gymnastic games;—boxing, single-stick, and the foils. Took a turn at fencing;—got poked under the armpit, and made a hole in my best blue coat. On my return home found a levee in my room. They assured me there was nothing like a lark in the Port-Meadow to cure *agritude*, and insisted on my taking horse with them, or I should catch the putrid fever.

*Two.*—Equipped myself. Mounted ourselves at the stables near Oriel, and set off in a party of six, headed by a hot Irishman. You know I don't stick as close on horseback as the Centaurs used, and therefore when my mare had run away with me across the meadow, she found little difficulty in discharging her burthen into a ditch, which unfortunately crossed our way. No other harm than a slight bruise;—dimmed the Day and Martin of my top-boots, and splashed my white leathers a little. My comrades exerted themselves in recovering my steed, who was independently scouring the country; and a proposition was then made for setting off to Woodstock.

*Five o'Clock.*—Ordered dinner to be got ready at the inn, and took a gentle ride in Blenheim Park.—*Mem.* To go some other day to Stonesfield in that neighbourhood, and examine the Roman tessellated pavement which has lately been discovered there.

*Six till Eight.*—Made a capital dinner from an excellent bill of fare;—tried the wine there;—broke the bell-ropes;—kissed the maids;—and galloped home with two or three others by a decent



hour. The rest of the party were not in College till after midnight; they went to the dramatic performances in the barn, and were *all but* put in the watch-box for creating a disturbance.

*Twelve.*—Sound asleep. Startled by a noise at my *oak*, which was not fastened. A party of Bacchanals rushed in; upset my chairs and tables, and then piled them against my bedroom door; knocked off the head of my Eamese Hercules, and got off with impunity. There was no time to make my poker red hot for defensive operations.

*Sunday Morning, Eight till Nine.*—Divine Service in Chapel. Breakfasted at Carmarthen's room. Sterling made up the trio. Discussed the characters of the great pillars of our Church. By the way, talking of pillars, thought Carmarthen happy in comparing Jeremy Taylor to the Corinthian, and the compilers of the Homilies to the Doric Order. Begin to suspect him of the Hutchinsonian mania. *Mem.* To read "the Divine Legation," but not to be converted by its arguments.

*Half-past Ten.*—Adjourned to St. Mary's Church for the Bampton Lecture. Took our seats in the gallery just as the organ struck up the voluntary at the entrance of the Vice-Chancellor. While the Doctors were robing, had time to make my observations. The M.A.'s were congregating beneath us. Sterling pointed out those who were most known to fame—Examining Masters, College Tutors, Ex-Proctors, &c. "Observe that stout man," said he, "who has just taken his place at the end of a form: his spare locks are combed straight down over his forehead with rustic carefulness, and the *tout ensemble* of his face is something like the features of the plump little cherubim which we often see carved in old cloisters." "Oh! I see the individual you mean; he has just put on his spectacles;—who is he? Somebody who has been fattening upon a good fellowship this thirty years?" "Hush!" interrupted Mr. S. "you have before you the great scholiast, the Scaliger of his day, of whom our university is so justly proud. There he is, Sir, and he has well deserved

'Digito monstrari, et diciet Hic est.'

Let Cambridge boast her Monck and Blomfield, we have our E——y." "But where is Mr. G——, to whom classic literature is also so highly indebted, and who has established our reputation on so firm a footing abroad, that even German envy is turned into admiration?" My companion could not distinguish him among the assembly, but began apostrophizing:—"Such an eye!" said he, "so expressive and penetrating! I often meet him in my walks, and imagine to myself that that glance is an index of the searching genius which displays itself in his works. How must the clouds and darkness which absurdity and ignorance have raised, fly before it. But look again, *Le Blanc*," continued



Mr. S. "there is our best Aristotelian making his way along the benches. He has got his glass up, and is reconnoitring our ranks: and see that short figure who has just appeared at the corner of the pews, with rather of a brow of Egypt about him;—he has obtained the highest name in the Mathematics. Poor fellow, he is killing himself by inches. What think you of two College Lectures in the morning—from Ten till Five in the Schools—another Lecture in the evening, and then hard reading till past midnight? Now mark that ponderous figure who has taken his seat by the last-mentioned individual. They look like Ajax and Teucer together. I must take you some day to the Schools, on purpose to hear him operate on a chorus of Æschylus. He is a most beautiful scholar, I assure you." Here Sterling fell off into a meditative humour, and Carmarthen called my attention to the side pews, which were full of dashing females. "One would think," said my satirical neighbour, "those girls made very little difference between the promenade, ball-room, and St. Mary's, in the use which they put them to. At any rate, they will all come under the genus of market-places for their charms. We cannot be simple enough to suppose that they are here to be edified by our Lectures, which you may easily perceive, by their inattention, they are not ambitious of understanding. Do pray notice those two sisters in the Mary Stuart bonnets, with the flashing wreaths of carnations. There is one of them taking an oblique survey of the rank and file of M.A.'s, with a cast of countenance that puts me in mind of the old song—

'Nobody coming to marry me,  
Nobody coming to woo.'

Sterling was roused from his reverie by this breach of decorum, and called Mr. C. to order. And at the moment the organ struck up a louder key, and the awful Sanhedrim of the Vice-Chancellor, supported by his D.D.'s, and the Proctors, were presently in their places. When we came to the address which bade the congregation return thanks, in their prayers, for our Founders and Benefactors, and more especially, upon the present occasion, for John Bampton, M.A. Canon of Salisbury, the pious and munificent Founder of the Lectures, I could not help recalling to mind that fastidious paper in "The Spectator," which decries this formulary as ridiculous and absurd. In me the circumstance only excited reverence and admiration. I reflected on those really good and great men who have such a claim upon our gratitude for the liberal and enlightened views with which they have provided for the education of posterity. I shall not venture any remarks upon the discourse which followed. If you wish to see a candid and clear digest of the arguments by which our doctrine of Election is modified and supported, I would refer you at once.



to the octavo which has since emanated from the press, and contains the whole series of the present year. Suffice it to say, that I expected to hear from that pulpit some doughty polemic thundering, anathematizing every schismatic who hesitated upon a single point, and fighting shadows of his own creation :—when on the contrary, I found a Christian preacher, zealous for the cause of truth, but, at the same time, mild and pitiful toward the stray sheep of the flock. I looked for the denunciation "*Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus*;" but I heard the mild voice of persuasion, which would rather woo conviction, than drive a mistake judgment into obstinacy of error, by ill-advised violence and bigotry.

*Twelve o'clock.*—Shut my *oak*; took up my Thirty-nine Articles, and read a dozen pages in Bishop Tomline. Am determined to learn the articles by heart, as well as the texts of proof or it is no use to dabble in Theology. I shall then have some sort of gauge or compass, which, under the Bible, may keep me clear of hidden rocks in controversial writings.

*Two o'clock.*—Somebody rapped at my *oak*; Sterling's voice was persuaded to accompany him to Evening Sermon, at St Mary's; heard a most ingenious disquisition, by a very clever theologian, upon the degree of criminality evinced by Cain's sacrifice of the fruits of the earth, and Nimrod's man-hunting. In the midst of the discourse an old monumental tablet casually attracted my eye; a thought flashed across me—I was under the same roof with the grave of Amy Robsart. I ventured to whisper a question to my companion. He replied, there is no stone to mark the spot, and we have but the tradition that the body was removed from Cumnor, and deposited in this Church, with pompous obsequies. "Peace be with thee, lovely one!" I mentally exclaimed; "we know not what were thy faults and follies—but thou wert unfortunate, and we cannot deny thee the tear of pity. We know not the circumstances of your first connexion with that monster, Leicester, who, if we may believe the records of substantial history, had not a single virtue in counterpoise to his thousand crimes; but we are too sure that your end was cruel and untimely—not indeed as the facts have been perverted, for purposes of fiction, by the glowing pen of the mighty Magician." The village legends inform us that Lady Dudley died the death of Sisera, the captain of the host of Jabin :—

"The murderer put his hand to the nail, and his right hand to the workman's hammer, and with the hammer he smote her. He has pierced and stricken through her temples. At his feet she bowed, she fell, she lay down; at his feet she bowed, she fell: where she bowed, there she fell down dead."

Observed a nuisance which had escaped my notice in the morning. The side aisles were thronged by several loungers, who evidently did not think small beer of themselves or their neck-



cloths. They seemed to have come in to use their eyes, and not their ears, for their glasses were very busy, and the smile of self-complacency, or vacant stare, with which they gazed about them, only served me as a contrast to the anxious fixation of look, and contracted brows, of many of the Gownsmen in the gallery. Oh Raphael! hadst thou but seen these originals, thou mightst have introduced them to advantage in the "Preaching at Athens," by way of the vain and self-sufficient Epicureans.

*Five o'clock.*—Hall dinner. Was *sconced* in a quart of ale for quoting Latin, a passage from Juvenal; murmured, and the fine was doubled.

*Seven till Eight.*—Took a turn with Tomline, down the fashionable promenade in High-street, or Vanity Fair, as it may be truly called. Such a show of bonnets, pelisses, and shawls! Every colour in the rainbow. Strings of girls, from forty years and upwards to fourteen. Found Mr. T. a perfect nomenclature. Learnt an infallible method of distinguishing the different females in the streets of Oxford. The Lady may be known by her firm step—indifferent look, which seems to say, "I see plenty of Gownsmen every day, and therefore don't think you, or you, Sir, particularly worthy of my notice"—cheeks not flushed at your gaze, and eyes cold as the snows upon Mount Hecla. The Commonalty are quickly discovered by the flauntiness of their dress, and their impudent ogle, or affected demureness, which has something too arch in it for the merest novice in observation to mistake for modesty. Lastly, the Stranger is recognised by her timid glance, quickly withdrawn as soon as met, sudden blush, and somewhat of a falter in her carriage, for she knows we are criticising her, from the colour of her eyes to the turn of her ankle.

*Eight o'clock.*—Mended my pen, and sat down with half a dozen letters before me, to be answered before the post went out. Wrote home, and informed the Squire that every thing was very high at the University; we were cheated sadly; and ended this effusion of honest indignation, by hinting that the author's purse was rather low. Suggested that my sisters might as well make me some card-racks, fire-screens, and other ornaments for my mantle-piece.

*Ten o'clock.*—Reviewed my Diary for the week, and made a resolution of reform. Intend to read six hours in the day regularly, and to cut loungers.

You have now, my dear Golightly, a specimen of our life, at this hearty place. You will, however, please to remember, that it is the journal of an individual, a most unworthy member of this noble Society, and therefore will not prove so bad a logician as to reason from particulars to universals. I remain, yours, &c.  
A. L. B.



## THE HALL OF MY FATHERS.\*

*(From "The Poetry of the College Magazine.")*

"I went to the place of my birth, and I said—The friends of my childhood,  
where are they?—and an echo answered, Where are they?"

*Arabic MS.—from Lord Byron.*

"Seek we thy once-loved home?  
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers!  
Unheard their clock repeats its hours!  
Cold is the hearth within their bowers!  
And, should we thither roam,  
Its echoes, and its empty tread,  
Would sound like voices from the dead."  
CAMPBELL.

## I.

THE spirit of my soul is chang'd,  
My thoughts have ta'en a sadder hue,  
Since last thy verdant lawns I rang'd,  
And bade them, with a tear, adieu!  
And adverse fortune hath pursued  
With gloomiest hatred thine and thee,  
Forsaken mansion, since I stood  
With *them*, where they no more shall be.  
And they who smiled have learnt to weep,  
And they who loved are rent asunder;  
Between them roars the angry deep—  
Above them fate is black with thunder:  
And moss and weeds grow on thy wall;  
Deserted is my Father's Hall.

## II.

Oh! my young heart danc'd to liveliest measures,  
And my ardent pulse beat high;  
And boyish joys, and hopes, and pleasures,  
Flash'd merrily in my eye:

\* The subject of these lines is not a fictitious one. The "Hall" was the residence of a relation, now dead; and many of my happiest hours were spent under its roof.  
M.



And smiling faces beam'd around me,  
And all was mirth and glee,  
And friendship's golden fetters bound me,  
When last I look'd on thee.  
But the dream of bliss is for ever fled,  
And the friends of my childhood are absent or dead.

III.

Yet oft, in solitary hours,  
Thine image floats across my brain,  
And all thy beauteous woods and bowers  
Rush on my soul again :  
And I roam on the banks of thy old canal,  
And I hear the roar of thy waterfall,  
And well-known forms to my eyes appear,  
And the voice of friends is in my ear ;  
And I view, by the light of the trembling moon,  
The painted glass of thy old saloon,  
On which, in childhood's artless days,  
My wond'ring eyes were wont to gaze ;  
While oft, with fond and pious care,  
My mother traced each semblance there,  
And bade me mark the red drops flow,  
In holy stains on my Saviour's brow,  
And the crown of thorns that encircled his head,  
And the cross that bore the Deathless Dead.  
Long shall these hours my thoughts control,  
So deep they sunk into my soul.

IV.

And oft I roved, with ardour young,  
Through gothic arch and gallery long ;  
And view'd, emboss'd in panels high,  
The scutcheons of my ancestry ;



And portraits, rang'd in order grave,  
 Of statesmen proud and warriors brave ;  
 And dames who graced the festive sport  
 Of good King Charles's gallant court.\*  
 How reverend in my eyes appear'd  
 Each hoary head and flowing beard !  
 And how would fancy frame a tale  
 For ev'ry antique coat of mail,  
 And ev'ry scarf of lady bright,  
 Guerdon most meet for gallant knight,  
 Which painters' art had handed down  
 From distant ages of renown !

## V.

But proudest was my bosom's swell,  
 And most my boyish soul was fir'd,  
 When gaily would my grandame tell,  
 How thither, with his court, retir'd  
 From realms by civil discord rent,  
 And fury of the Parliament,  
 That Prince of heart misled, but good,  
 Who stain'd the scaffold with his blood ;  
 And how, from that old gothic door,  
 He heard the hostile cannon roar,  
 And caught afar the foeman's tramp,  
 And view'd the smoke of the rebel camp,  
 And sigh'd at each cannon that threaten'd the town,  
 And wept for his people, though not for his crown.  
 How oft I gaz'd, with anxious care,  
 On good King Charles's oaken chair ;  
 And proudly laid my humble head  
 On good King Charles's royal bed ;

\* I do not wish to speak disrespectfully of my ancestors, but I most frankly confess that I do not know that the said portraits are *theirs*: in fact, for great part of this stanza I am as much indebted to imagination as to memory.—M.



And joy'd to see the nook revealed,  
Where *good King Charles* had lain concealed,  
And tasted calm and safe repose  
Surrounded by a thousand foes !

VI.

It soothes me now to think on days  
When grief and I were strangers yet,  
And feed, in thought, a frequent gaze  
On scenes the heart can ne'er forget.  
The friends who made those scenes so bright  
Are torn for ever from my sight ;  
Their halls are falling to decay,  
Or own an unknown master's sway :  
But still upon my pensive soul,  
The feelings of my younger day,  
The hour of mirth, the party gay, .  
In blissful visions roll.

Oh ! welcome, then, was December's blast,  
As it drove on the snow-storm thick and fast,  
And welcome the gloom of December's sky,  
For they told of approaching revelry ;  
And gave the signal old and sweet,  
For dearest friends in one Hall to meet,  
Where jest, and song, and gallant cheer,  
Proclaim'd the Christmas of the year.

VII.

Oh ! then was many a mirthful scene,  
And many a smiling face ;  
And many a meeting glad was seen,  
And many a warm embrace ;  
And oft around the blazing hearth  
Flew happy sounds of joy and mirth ;



And laughter loud and sprightly joke,  
Shook fretted roof and wall of oak :  
And gaily flow'd each prattling tongue,  
And all were merry—old and young ;  
And souls were knit in union blest  
And every bosom was at rest.

## VIII.

I may not view that Hall again,  
I may not hear those sounds of gladness,  
But their echoes linger in my brain—  
A secret source of pleasing sadness.  
Friends of my young and sinless years,  
The long long ocean's waves divide us,  
But memory still your names endears—  
Still glows, whatever ills betide us.  
Oh ! oft on India's burning shore,  
Ye will think on the home ye shall see no more,  
And wish your heated limbs were laid  
Beneath your own dear forest shade,  
Where murmurs, in its cool retreat,  
The well at which we used to meet,  
When the setting sun of autumn stood  
On the verge of the hill of Robin Hood,  
And shed the mellow tints of even  
O'er the dewy Earth and the silent Heaven.  
Oh ! when shall eve return again,  
So sweet as those which blest us then ?

## IX.

But I must wake from this sweet dream,  
Whose spells, perchance, too long have found me ;  
For manhood's prospects dimly gleam,  
And manhood's cares are gathering round me.



I've made me new and cherish'd friends,  
I've bound congenial bosoms to me ;  
But o'er the waves remembrance sends  
A prayer for those who ne'er shall view me.  
And oft I breathe a silent sigh  
For hours and pleasures long gone by ;  
And each familiar face recall,  
That smil'd within that ancient Hall.

*January, 1819.*

M.

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[We have received the following Poetry from an Author, whose talents are already known and respected by most of our readers. At the close of our career we feel much gratified in being allowed to add to the list of our contributors the name of CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSHEND.—ED.]

STANZAS TO ———

ACROSS my troubled path of life,  
One moment glanced thine Angel-form,  
Ev'n as the moonbeam 'mid the strife  
Of severing clouds, and mingling storm.

I heard thee speak ; the gentle tone  
Did more than melody impart ;  
It fell not on my ear alone,  
But—oh, too deeply!—reach'd my heart.

I saw thee smile ; thy lovely face  
Was lighted from a spark within,  
And more than beauty I could trace ;  
'Twas soul, of Heav'n's own origin.



And now from Albion's lessening shore  
The winds thy distant bark convey,  
While I the orison still pour,  
The joy be thine, where'er it stray.

Oh, might I deem that thou wouldst deign  
To spend one transient thought on me,  
'Twould lighten half my bosom's pain ;—  
But no ! it may not—cannot be !

Why shouldst thou muse on one, whose sighs  
Have never met thy gentle ear ;  
On whom thy timid downcast eyes  
Have scarcely gazed, when he was near ?

Whose heart but marr'd his anxious tongue,  
And, when he faltering strove to speak,  
Upon his lips the accents hung,  
For, ah, he gazed upon thy cheek !

This—this my anguish—to have seen  
That face, I never more may see,  
And thou shalt be as thou hast been,  
As though thou ne'er hadst look'd on me.

While I—but hence with idle words,  
Which mock what they can ne'er impart ;  
Their art with woe but ill accords,  
But, oh, 'tis written on my heart !

What pang—what torture more severe  
Than that which marks my lonely lot ?  
To sigh for one, who cannot hear,  
To live—to love—and be forgot !



So, having hurl'd a random dart,  
The archer takes his onward way,  
Regardless of the stricken hart,  
That bleeds its lingering life away.

---

A SISTER'S LOVE.

When o'er my dark and wayward soul,  
The clouds of nameless Sorrow roll ;  
When Hope no more her wreath will twine,  
And Memory sits at Sorrow's shrine ;  
Nor aught to joy my soul can move,  
I muse upon a Sister's Love.

When, tired with study's graver toil,  
I pant for sweet Affection's smile,  
And, sick with reckless hopes of fame,  
Would half forego the panting aim ;  
I drop the book,—and thought will rove,  
To greet a Sister's priceless Love.

When all the world seems cold and stern,  
And bids the bosom vainly yearn ;  
When woman's heart is lightly chang'd,  
And Friendship weeps o'er looks estrang'd ;  
I turn from all the pangs I prove,  
To hail a Sister's changeless Love.

And oh ! at shadowy close of even,  
When quiet wings the soul to Heaven ;  
When the long toils of lingering day,  
And all its cares, are swept away ;  
Then—while my thoughts are rapt above—  
Then most I prize my Sister's Love.



## SONNET TO ADA.

The touching pathos of thy low sweet voice  
 Fell on my heart, like dew on wither'd flowers,  
 And brought such memory of departed hours  
 As made me weep—yet in my tears rejoice.  
 For one I loved—now lost to me for ever—  
 Breathed even so the soul of melody,  
 And—since that voice has perish'd—never, never,  
 Till I heard thine, such sounds had greeted me.  
 Ev'n now thy tones, recall'd by night, and day,  
 Linger in Memory's echo-haunted cell,  
 Thrilling sweet agony :—nor know I well  
 Whether to chide them, or to bid them stay.  
 At times I scarce can bear the pain'd regret  
 Which they excite—then cry, O do not leave me yet !

## ON COUNTRY CHURCHYARD EPITAPHS.

“ Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,  
 The place of Fame and Elegy supply :  
 And many a holy text around she strews,  
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.”

GRAY'S ELEGY.

IT is an incident worthy of remark, that the love of Fame, which so powerfully actuates our hearts, and predominates in our words and actions during life, does not even desert us, when the prospect of dissolution is so immediately before our eyes, and we cannot deny that all our labours for the acquisition of worldly glory are at an end. Human nature is still desirous of attracting the attention and admiration of survivors, although she is conscious of her own impotency in witnessing it. We may, indeed, have heard many exclaiming against expense and ostentation in the performance of their obsequies ; but we shall rarely meet with the man, who would willingly dispense with a plain stone to mark the resting-place of his ashes, or a short inscription to attest his existence. Few—very few, can brook the idea of a stranger



treading upon the sod beneath which they repose, unless it is in their power to inform him of their names and their ages ;—unless they can remind him that they were once, as he is, living ;—that they have passed the barrier which he must pass—mortality. The origin of this weakness,—this desire of posthumous fame, must be traced to the same principle which actuates us, and excites all our bodily and mental powers during life—which impels one to grasp the pike, and another the pen—which urges some to shine in divinity, and others in driving—some to study slang, and others to study sonnetteering : the very same which invites the Etonian to inscribe his name on the oaken panels of our venerable School-room, and persuades the Churchwarden to adorn the newly-painted Commandments with his own important initials. But I am rambling in a most strange manner from my subject ;—I will, therefore (*missis ambugibus*), return to my original topic.

The boast of heraldry and the pomp of phraseology, which so repeatedly and disgustingly obtrude themselves upon my view, in many of the sepulchral monuments of cities, are, in my opinion, calculated to inspire no feeling, save that of derision and contempt. But the uncouth, though not always unpleasing, Epitaphs, which we generally meet with in country churchyards, are by no means undeserving of our attention. They have a peculiarity of expression, which is strikingly opposite to the polished and elaborately elegant phrases, which designate the tombs of courtiers and citizens ; and although we cannot always, upon perusing their awkward rhymes and measures, repress our laughter, their simplicity often merits and often obtains the tribute of a sigh.

Having sometimes amused myself during my rambles, by compiling (*more Peregrini*) a sort of Scrap-book, in which I have inserted most of the Epitaphs remarkable for their uncouth phraseology, or their elegant simplicity, I will make a few extracts from it of both species. Take the following, Reader :—

“ He died of a quinsey,  
And was buried at Binsey.”

This I selected from a village churchyard in Nottinghamshire, during my last Easter Vacation, and added it to my collection, as an admirable instance of the observance of that Horatian canon, “ *In medias res.*” Analyze it, Reader. How could the author have better shown his talent for brevity ? A more poetical composer of Epitaphs, if he had been desired to work up a tribute of respect to the manes of poor John Doley, the above-mentioned victim of a quinsey, would have been seized with a fit of inspiration—would have flown off in a tangent, and at length started a rhapsody, four times as pathetic, six times as flowery, and ten



times as long, as the foregoing distich. He would have mentioned "Elysian fields," "applauding seraphs," "morbidity destruction," "fatal messengers," "sepulchral bands," and Heaven knows what beside! But he would never, when at the end of his flight, inform us what a reader would most probably wish to know; the cause of poor John's fate, and the spot of his interment. Rhyme could never have handled the subject in such a manner;—Reason goes straight to work, and develops the whole catastrophe. And I question whether the shade of John Dole receives not full as much consolation, from this plain, unsophisticated Epitaph, as if his death were recounted at a greater length, together with all the aid of flowery diction and poetic hyperbole. I will select another:—

"Gentle Reader, who standest by, my grave to view,  
I was on earth, much the same as you:  
And as I am, so you must be;  
Therefore, I say, prepare to follow me."

We shall have some difficulty in resolving such a metre as this, as I believe we cannot meet with it in any of the British Poets. There are, you see, in the first line, twelve feet;—in the second, nine;—in the third, eight;—in the last, ten. A most unwarrantable license of version! Let me see—I believe I can do it by the Antispastus.\* Yes—the first line comes right. Now for the second. Pish! I can make nothing of the second! Is it dactylic? Is it tetrameter catalectic? Is it—by Jove! I must give it up, and console myself with that most infallible resource of all,—Poetic License. But observe, Reader, how civilly, and yet how forcibly, he admonishes you of your end. Mark, how he informs you that he has lived, as you do; that he has died, as you will. In these four lines a string of moral precepts is contained, which many elegiac writers would have dilated into a long, uninteresting, unintelligible composition, and dignified with the name of an Epitaph. Mark also the force of the words, "I say." They speak volumes—they banish every shade of doubt from our minds. Scepticism itself would do well to listen to them. Take another extract:—

"Here I, the son of John and Mary Bown,  
(Who liv'd until Death's scythe did cut I down),  
Do lie. But when the trumpet last shall sound,  
Then shall I rise above the ground."

\* I must here inform such of my fair Readers who belong not to the legion of the Blues, that the Antispastus is a figure containing 61 forms—that it is eminently useful in solving all difficulties in metre, and that it enables us to scan Prose itself. I would, however, by no means recommend it in English Poetry.



Here again appears that amiable brevity, which designates a Country Churchyard Epitaph. It is evident, that the author of it was not a little proud of his family, and was determined that the passing traveller should know who he was. We can plainly perceive that he was in some measure infected with that most exuberant species of insanity, Genealogical Pride. Nor can we blame him. He tells us at once his origin:—he spares us those efforts of Patience and Labour which we so often must exert, if we take upon ourselves to peruse the inscriptions beneath which the bones of many a more illustrious Personage repose. How often do we, after having laboured to no purpose in discovering the various ancestors and various intermarriages which such an inscription records, give up our task in disgust! But the son of John and Mary Brown obtains a patient reading from all. Despise not his example, ye Epitaph-Writers. Let us, after a few more specimens of the quaint, proceed to the other branch of our subject.

“ Here lies a much-lov’d Son, for whom we cried ;  
He only griev’d his parents when he died.”

---

“ To the memory of a faithful Wife, a friend sincere ;  
Who died at Kew, and with her Child lies sleeping here.”

---

“ My Parents dear, shed not the tear,  
Although I am dead and buried ;  
Give up your sorrows and your fear,  
To happier shores I am ferried.”

---

“ Death smote me hard ; but, though in earth I lie,  
Some day he will be conquer’d, just as I.”

---

“ To the memory of Father, Mother, and I,  
Who all of us died in one year ;  
Father lies at Salisbury—  
And Mother and I lies here.”

---

“ Her temper mild, her manners such :  
Her language good, but not too much.”

---

What a variety of sentiment and expression is breathed in these lines ! could Longinus, Scaliger, or Toup, live again, how many beauties would they not discover in them—how many dissertations would they not enter into, respecting them ? Their inequality of measure, their freedom of system, their multitudinous combination of ideas, are equally entitled to the disquisitions and labours of the most eminent Commentators.

The more elegant Epitaphs which I have met with, and which I truly admire for their sweetness and simplicity, I will present



to my readers without further observation. What comment is needed for such as the following?—

## ON TWO INFANTS.

“The storm that sweeps the wintry sky,  
No more disturbs their deep repose,  
The Summer Ev’ning’s latest sigh  
That shuts the rose.”

“Just to her lips the cup of life she prest;  
Found the taste bitter, and refus’d the rest:  
She felt averse to life’s returning day,  
And softly sigh’d her little soul away.”

“Ere Sin could blight or Sorrow fade,  
Death came with friendly care;  
The op’ning bud to Heav’n convey’d,  
And bade it blossom there.”

“How sweet a thing is Death, to all who know  
That all on Earth is vanity and woe?  
Who, taught by sickness, long have ceas’d to dread  
The stroke that bears them to this peaceful bed?  
Few are our days: yet, while those days remain,  
Our Joy must yield to grief; our ease to pain:  
Then tell me, weary Pilgrim, which is best,  
The toilsome journey, or the Trav’ler’s rest!”

I will conclude these extracts with a few beautiful lines which I picked up at an obscure village in the North of England. They are inscribed by a husband to the memory of a beloved wife.

“A tender Plant, borne from the foet’ring gales  
That breathe on Avon’s margin, droop’d and died.  
Yet Time shall be, sweet Plant, a gale divine—  
Shall Thee restore. And Thou, in health and youth,  
By the pure streams of peace shall ever live,  
And flourish in the Paradise of God!”

My latest wish will be, that whenever I am no more of this world, my remains may be deposited in a Country Churchyard, and that my eulogy may be entrusted to a village poet. I care not whether my epitaph be short or long; whether it be elegant or quaint, so that it be divested of those pompous ornaments of language, those gross effusions of adulation, which too often disgrace the marble upon which they are engraved. Who can forget that our worldly glory must end with our life;—that the Sculptor’s art and the Panegyrist’s abilities are alike unable to preserve our ashes from annihilation, or our fame from oblivion?

J. H.



**SURLY HALL.**

"Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here !  
They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,  
As if we kept a fair here !"—SHAKESPEARE.

THE Sun hath shed a mellow beam,  
Fair Thames, upon thy silver stream,  
And Air and Water, Earth and Heaven,  
Lie in the calm repose of Even.  
How silently the breeze moves on,  
Flutters and whispers, and is gone ;  
How calmly does the quiet sky  
Sleep in its cold serenity !  
Alas ! how sweet a scene were here  
For Shepherd or for Sonneteer ;  
How fit the place, how fit the time,  
For making love, or making rhyme !  
But though the sun's descending ray  
Smiles warmly on the close of day,  
'Tis not to gaze upon his light  
That Eton's sons are here to-night ;  
And though the river, calm and clear,  
Makes music to the poet's ear,  
'Tis not to listen to the sound  
That Eton's sons are thronging round.  
The sun unheeded may decline,  
Blue eyes send out a brighter shine ;  
The wave may cease its gurgling moan,  
Glad voices have a sweeter tone ;  
For, in our Calendar of Bliss,  
We have no hour so gay as this,



When the kind hearts and brilliant eyes  
Of those we know, and love, and prize,  
Are come to cheer the Captive's thrall,  
And smile upon his festival.

Stay, Pegasus,—and let me ask,  
Ere I go onward in my task,  
Pray, Reader,—were you ever here  
Just at this season of the year?  
No?—then the end of next July  
Should bring you, with admiring eye,  
To hear us *row*, and see us *row*,  
And cry,—“ How fast them boys *does* go,  
For Father Thames beholds to-night  
A thousand visions of delight;  
Tearing, and swearing, jeering, cheering.  
Lame steeds to right and left careering,  
Displays, dismays, disputes, distresses,  
Ruffling of temper, and of dresses;  
Wounds on the heart,—and on the knuckles;  
Losing of patience,—and of buckles.  
An interdict is laid on Latin,  
And scholars smirk in silk and satin;  
And Dandies start their thinnest pumps,  
And Michael Oakley's in the dumps;  
And there is nought beneath the sun  
But dash, and splash, and falls, and fun.

Lord! what would be the Cynic's mirth,  
If Fate would lift him to the earth,  
And set his tub, with magic jump,  
Squat down beside the Brocas clump!  
What scoffs the sage would utter there,  
From his unpolish'd elbow chair,



To see the sempstress' handywork,  
 The Greek confounded with the Turk,  
 Parisian mix'd with Piedmontese,  
 And Persian join'd to Portuguese ;  
 And mantles short, and mantles long,  
 And mantles right, and mantles wrong,  
 Misshap'd, miscolour'd, and misplac'd,  
 With what the tailor calls—a *taste*.  
 And then the badges, and the boats,  
 The flags, the drums, the paint, the coats ;  
 But more than these, and more than all,  
 The pullers' intermitted call,  
 " Easy ! "—" Hard all ! "—" Now pick her up ! "  
 " Upon my life, how I shall sup ! "  
 Would be a fine and merry matter,  
 To wake the sage's powers of satire.  
 Kind Readers, at my laughing age,  
 I thank my stars, I'm not a sage ;  
 I, an unthinking, scribbling elf,  
 Love to please others,—and myself ;  
 Therefore I fly,—a *malo joco*,  
 But like—*desipere in loco*.  
 Excuse me, that I wander so ;  
 All modern pens digress, you know.

Now to my theme ! Thou Being gay,  
 Houri or goddess, nymph or fay,  
 Whoe'er, whate'er, where'er thou art,  
 Who, with thy warm and kindly heart,  
 Hast made these blest abodes thy care ;  
 Being of water, earth, or air,  
 Beneath the moonbeam hasten hither,  
 Enjoy thy blessings ere they wither,  
 And witness, with thy gladdest face,  
 The glories of thy dwelling-place !



The boats put off;—throughout the crowd  
 The tumult thickens : wide and loud  
 The din re-echoes ; man and horse  
 Plunge onward in their mingled course.  
 Look at the troop : I love to see  
 Our real Etonian cavalry ;  
 They start in such a pretty trim,  
 And such sweet scorn of life and limb.  
 I must confess I never found  
 A horse much worse for being sound ;  
 I wish my nag not wholly blind,  
 And like to have a tail behind ;  
 And though he certainly may hear  
 Correctly with a single ear,  
 I think, to look genteel and neat,  
 He ought to have his two complete.  
 But these are trifles ! off they go  
 Beside the wondering river's flow ;  
 And if, by dint of spur and whip,  
 They shamble on, without a trip,  
 Well have they done ! I make no question  
 They're shaken into good digestion.

I and my Muse,—my Muse and I,  
 Will follow with the company,  
 And get to Surly Hall in time  
 To make a supper, and a rhyme.  
 Yes ! while the animating crowd,  
 The gay, and fair, and kind, and proud,  
 With eager voice and eager glance  
 Wait till the pageantry advance,  
 We'll throw around a hasty view,  
 And try to get a sketch or two.

First in the race is William Tag,  
 Thalia's most industrious fag ;



Whate'er the subject he essays,  
To dress in never-dying lays,  
A chief, a cheese, a dearth, a dinner,  
A cot, a castle, cards, Corinna;  
Hibernia, Baffin's Bay, Parnassus,  
Beef, Bonaparte, Beer, Bonassus—  
Will hath his order'd words and rhymes,  
For various scenes and various times;  
Which suit alike for this or that,  
And come, like volunteers, quite *pat*.  
He hath his Elegy, or Sonnet,  
For Lucy's bier, or Lucy's bonnet;  
And celebrates, with equal ardour,  
A Monarch's sceptre, or his larder.  
Poor William! when he wants a hint,  
All other Poets are his mint;  
He coins his epic or his lyric,  
His satire, or his panegyric,  
From all the gravity and wit  
Of what the ancients thought and writ.  
Arm'd with his Ovid and his Flaccus,  
He comes like thunder to attack us;  
In pilfer'd mail he bursts to view  
The cleverest thief I ever knew.  
Thou noble Bard! at any time  
Borrow my measure and my rhyme;  
Borrow (I'll cancel all the debt),  
An epigram, or epithet;  
Borrow my mountains, or my trees,  
My paintings, or my similes;  
Nay, borrow all my pretty names,  
My real or my fancied flames;  
Eliza, Alice, Leonora,  
Mary, Melissa, and Medora;



And borrow all my "mutual vows,"  
 My "ruby lips," and "cruel brows;"  
 And all my stupors, and my startings,  
 And all my meetings, and my partings;  
 Thus far, my friend, you'll find me willing;  
 Borrow all things save one—a shilling!

Drunken, and loud, and mad, and rash,  
 Joe Tarrell wields his ceaseless lash;  
 The would-be sportsman; o'er the sides  
 Of the lank charger he bestrides,  
 The foam lies painfully; and blood  
 Is trickling in a ruddier flood,  
 Beneath the fury of the steel  
 Projecting from his armed heel.  
 E'en from his childhood's earliest bloom,  
 All studies that become a groom,  
 Eton's *spes gregis*, honest Joe,  
 Or knows, or would be thought to know;  
 He picks a hunter's hoof quite finely,  
 And spells a horse's teeth divinely.  
 Prime terror of molesting duns,  
 Sole judge of greyhounds and of guns,  
 A skilful whip, a steady shot,  
 Joe swears he is!—who says he's not?  
 And then he has such knowing faces  
 For all the week of Ascot races,  
 And talks with such a mystic speech,  
 Untangible to vulgar reach,  
 Of Sultan, Highflyer, and Ranter,  
 Potatoes, Quiz, and Tam O'Shanter;  
 Bay colts, and brown colts, sires and dams,  
 Bribings and bullyings, bets and bams;  
 And how the favourite *should* have won,  
 And how the little Earl was *done*;



And how the filly fail'd in strength,  
And how some faces grew in length ;  
And how some people,—if they'd show,  
Know something more than others know.  
Such is his talk ; and while we wonder  
At that interminable thunder,  
The indiscriminating snarler  
Astounds the ladies in the parlour,  
And broaches, at his mother's table,  
The slang of kennel and of stable.  
And when he's drunk, he roars before ye  
One excellent, unfailing story,  
About a gun, Lord knows how long,  
With a discharge, Lord knows how strong ;  
Which always needs an oath and frown  
To make the monstrous dose go down.  
Oh ! oft and oft the Muses pray  
That wondrous tube may burst one day,  
And then the world will ascertain  
Whether its Master hath a brain.  
Then, on the stone that hides his sleep,  
These accents shall be graven deep ;  
Or, " Upton " and " C. B. " \* between,  
Shine in the " Sporting Magazine ;"  
" Civil to none, except his brutes,  
Polish'd in nought, except his boots ;  
Here lie the relics of Joe Tarrell ;  
Also—Joe Tarrell's double-barrel ! "

Ho !—by the mutter'd sounds that slip,  
Unwilling, from his curling lip ;  
By the grey glimmer of his eye,  
That shines so unrelentingly ;

\* Two constant supporters of that instructive Miscellany.



By the stern sneer upon his snout,  
 I know the Critic, Andrew Crout !  
 The Boy-reviler ! amply fill'd  
 With venom'd virulence, and skill'd  
 To look on what is good and fair,  
 And find, or make, a blemish there.  
 For Fortune to his cradle sent  
 Self-satisfying Discontent ;  
 And he hath caught, from cold Reviews,  
 The one great talent, to abuse ;  
 And so he sallies sternly forth,  
 Like the cold Genius of the North,  
 To check the heart's exuberant fullness,  
 And chill good-humour into dullness.  
 Where'er he comes, his fellows shrink  
 Before his awful nod and wink ;  
 And whensoever these features plastic  
 Assume the savage or sarcastic,  
 Mirth stands abash'd, and Laughter flies,  
 And Humour faints, and Quibble dies.  
 How sour he seems ! and, hark ! he spoke ;  
 We'll stop and listen to the croak ;  
 'Twill charm us, if these happy lays  
 Are honour'd by a fool's dispraise !—  
 “ You think the boats well-mann'd this year !  
 To you they may perhaps appear !—  
 I, who have seen those frames of steel,  
 Tuckfield, and Dixon, and Bulteel,  
 Can swear !—no matter what I swear !  
 Only—things are not as they were !  
 And then our Cricket !—think of that !  
 We ha'n't a tolerable Bat ;  
 It's very true that Mr. Tucker,  
 Who puts the Field in such a pucker,



Contrives to make his fifty Runs ;—  
 What then ?—we had a Hardinge once !  
 As for our talents, where are they ?  
 Griffin and Grildrig had their day ;  
 And who's the Star of modern time ?  
 —Octosyllabic Peregrine ;  
 Who pirates, puns, and talks sedition,  
 Without a moment's intermission !  
 And if he did not get a lift,  
 Sometimes, from *me*, and Doctor Swift,  
 I can't tell what the deuce he'd do !—  
 But this, you know, is *entre nous* !  
 I've tried to talk him into taste,  
 But found my labour quite misplac'd ;  
 He nibs his pen, and twists his ear,  
 And says he's deaf, and cannot hear ;  
 And if I mention right or rule,—  
 Egad, he takes me for a fool !”

Who is the youth, with stare confounded,  
 And tender arms so neatly rounded ;  
 And moveless eyes, and glowing face,  
 And attitude of studied grace ?  
 Now Venus, pour your lustre o'er us !  
 Your would-be Servant stands before us.  
 Hail, Corydon ! let others blame  
 The fury of his fiction'd flame ;  
 I love to hear the beardless youth  
 Talking of constancy and truth ;  
 Swearing more darts are in his liver  
 Than ever gleam'd in Cupid's quiver ;  
 And wondering at those hearts of stone,  
 Which never melted like his own.  
 Oh ! when I look on Fashion's Moth,  
 Wrapt in his visions, and his cloth,



I would not, for a Nation's Gold,  
Disturb the dream, or spoil the fold!

Gazing upon this varied scene  
With a new Artist's absent mien,  
I see thee, silent and alone,  
My Friend, ingenious Hamilton.  
I see thee there—(nay, do not blush,)  
Knight of the Pallet and the Brush,  
Dreaming of straight and crooked lines,  
And planning Portraits, and Designs.  
I like him hugely!—well I wis  
No despicable skill is his,  
Whether his sportive canvass shows  
Arabia's sands, or Zembla's snows,  
A lion, or a bed of lilies,  
Fair Caroline, or fierce Achilles;  
I love to see him taking down  
A Schoolfellow's unconscious frown,  
Descibing twist, grimace, contortion,  
In most becoming disproportion,  
While o'er his merry paper glide  
Rivers of wit; and by his side  
Caricatura takes her stand,  
Inspires the thought, and guides the hand;  
I love to see his honoured Books  
Adorned with rivulets and brooks;  
Troy frowning with her ancient towers,  
Or Ida gay with fruits and flowers;  
I love to see fantastic shapes,  
Dragons and Griffins, Birds and Apes,  
And Pigmy Forms, and Forms Gigantic,  
Forms Natural, and Forms Romantic,  
Of Dwarfs and Ogres, Dames and Knights,  
Scrawl'd by the side of Homer's fights,



And Portraits daub'd on Maro's Poems,  
 And Profiles pinn'd to Tully's Proems ;  
 In short, I view with partial eyes  
 Whate'er my Brother-Painter tries.  
 To each belongs his own utensil ;  
 I sketch with Pen, as he with Pencil ;  
 And each, with Pencil or with Pen,  
 Hits off a likeness now and then.  
 He drew *me* once—the spiteful creature !  
 'Twas voted “ like,” in every feature ;  
 It might have been so !—('t was lopsided,  
 And squinted worse than ever I did.)  
 However, from that hapless day,  
 I owed the debt, which here I pay ;  
 And now I'll give my friend a hint ;—  
 “ Unless you want to shine in print,  
 Paint Lords and Ladies, Nymphs and Fairies,  
 And Demi-gods, and Dromedaries ;  
 But never be an Author's Creditor,  
 Nor paint a Picture of an Editor !”

And who the maid, whose gilded chain  
 Hath bound the heart of such a swain ?  
 Oh ! look on those surrounding Graces !  
 There is no lack of pretty Faces ;  
 M——, the Goddess of the night,  
 Looks beautiful with all her might ;  
 And M——, in that simple dress,  
 Enthralls us more, by studying less ;  
 D——, in your becoming pride,  
 Ye march to conquest, side by side,  
 And A——, thou fleetest by,  
 Bright in thine arch simplicity ;  
 Slight are the links thy power hath wreath'd,  
 Yet, by the tone thy voice hath breath'd—



By thy glad smile, and ringlets curled,  
 I would not break them for the world!  
 But this is idle! Paying court  
 I know was never yet my *Forte*;  
 And all I say of Nymph and Queen,  
 To cut it short, can only mean  
 That when I throw my gaze around,  
 I see much Beauty on the ground.

Hark! hark! a mellow'd note  
 Over the water seem'd to float!

Hark! the note repeated!  
 A sweet, and soft, and soothing strain,  
 Echoed, and died, and rose again,  
 As if the Nymphs of Fairy reign  
 Were holding to-night their revel rout,  
 And pouring their fragrant voices out,  
 On the blue water seated.

Hark to the tremulous tones that flow,  
 And the voice of the boatmen, as they row!  
 Cheerfully to the heart they go,

And touch a thousand pleasant strings,  
 Of Triumph, and Pride, and Hope, and Joy;  
 And Thoughts that are only known to Boy,  
 And young Imaginings!

The Note is near, the Voice comes clear,  
 And we catch its echo on the ear,

With a feeling of delight;  
 And as the gladdening sounds we hear,  
 There's many an eager listener here,  
 And many a straining sight.

One moment,—and ye see  
 Where, fluttering quick, as the breezes blow,  
 Backwards, and forwards, to and fro;



Bright with the beam of retiring day,  
Old Eton's flag, on its watery way,  
    Moves on triumphantly !  
But what, that Ancient Poets have told,  
Of Amphitrite's Car of Gold,  
With the Nymphs behind, and the Nymphs before,  
And the Nereid's song, and the Triton's roar,  
    Could equal half the pride,  
That heralds the Monarch's plashing oar  
    Over the swelling tide ?  
And look !—they land, those gallant crews,  
With their jackets light, and their bellying trews ;  
And Ashley walks, applauded, by,  
With a world's talent in his eye ;  
And Kinglake, dear to Poetry,  
    And dearer to his Friends ;  
Hibernian Roberts, you are there,  
With that unthinking, merry stare,  
    Which still its influence lends,  
To make us drown our Devils blue,  
In laughing at ourselves,—and you !  
Still I could lengthen out the tale,  
And sing Sir Thomas with his Ale,  
    To all that like to read ;  
Still I could choose to linger long,  
Where Friendship bids the willing Song  
    Flow out for honest Meade !

Yet e'en on this triumphant day  
    One thought of grief will rise ;  
And though I bid my Fancy play,  
And jest, and laugh through all the lay,  
Yet Sadness still will have her way,  
    And burst the vain disguise !  
Yes ! when the Pageant shall have past,  
I shall have look'd upon my last ;



I shall not e'er behold again  
 Our pullers' unremitted strain;  
 Nor listen to the charming cry  
 Of contest or of victory,  
 That speaks what those young bosoms feel,  
 As keel is pressing fast on keel;  
 Oh! bright these glories still shall be,  
 But they shall never dawn for me!

E'en when a Realm's Congratulation  
 Sang Pæans for the Coronation;  
 Amidst the pleasure that was round me,  
 A melancholy Spirit found me;  
 And while all else were singing "Io!"  
 I couldn't speak a word but "Heigh-ho!"  
 And so, instead of laughing gaily,  
 I dropped a tear,—and wrote

MY VALE.

ETON, the Monarch of thy prayers  
 E'en now receives his load of cares,  
 Thron'd in the consecrated choir,  
 He takes the sceptre of his Sire;  
 And wears the crown his Father bore,  
 And swears the oath his Father swore;  
 And therefore sounds of joy resound,  
 Fair Eton, on thy classic ground.  
 A gladder gale is round thee breath'd,  
 And on thy mansions thou hast wreath'd  
 A thousand lamps, whose various hue  
 Waits but the night to burst to view.  
 Woe to the Poets that refuse  
 To wake and woo their idle Muse,  
 When those glad notes, "God save the King,"  
 From hill, and vale, and hamlet ring!



Hark how the lov'd inspiring tune  
Peals forth from every loyal loon,  
Who loves his country, and excels  
In drinking beer, or ringing bells!  
It is a day of shouts and greeting,  
A day of idleness and eating;  
And triumph swells in every soul,  
And mighty beeves are roasted whole;  
And Ale, unbought, is set a-running,  
And Pleasure's Hymn grows rather stunning;  
And children roll upon the green,  
And cry "Confusion to the Queen!"  
And Sorrow flies, and Labour slumbers,  
And Clio pours her loudest numbers;  
And hundreds of that joyous throng,  
With whom my life hath linger'd long,  
Give their gay raptures to the gale,  
In one united echoing "Hail!"

I took the Harp, I smote the string,  
I strove to soar on Fancy's wing;  
And murmur in my Sovereign's praise  
The latest of my Boyhood's lays.  
Alas! the theme was too divine  
To suit so weak a Muse as mine;  
I saw, I felt it could not be;  
No song of triumph flows from me;  
The harp, from which those sounds ye ask,  
Is all unfit for such a task;  
And the last echo of its tone,  
Dear Eton, must be thine alone!

A few short hours, and I am borne  
Far from the fetters I have worn;



A few short hours, and I am free !—  
And yet I shrink from liberty,  
And look, and long to give my soul  
Back to thy cherishing control.  
Control ! ah ! no ! thy chain was meant  
Far less for bond than ornament ;  
And though 'its links be firmly set,  
I never found them gall me yet.  
Oh ! still, through many chequer'd years,  
'Mid anxious toils, and hopes, and fears,  
Still I have doted on thy fame,  
And only gloried in thy name.  
How I have lov'd thee ! Thou hast been  
My Hope, my Mistress, and my Queen ;  
I always found thee kind, and thou  
Hast never seen me weep—till now.  
I knew that Time was fleeting fast,  
I knew thy pleasures could not last ;  
I knew too well that riper age  
Must step upon a busier stage ;  
Yet when around thine ancient towers  
I pass'd secure my tranquil hours,  
Or heard beneath thine aged trees  
The drowsy humming of the bees,  
Or wander'd by thy winding stream,  
I would not check my fancy's dream ;  
Glad in my transitory bliss,  
I reck'd not of an hour like this ;  
And now the Truth comes swiftly on,  
The truth I would not think upon ;  
The last sad thought, so oft delay'd,  
" These joys are only born to fade."

Ye Guardians of my earliest days,  
Ye Patrons of my earliest lays,



Custom reminds me, that to you  
Thanks and Farewell to-day are due.  
Thanks and farewell, I give you,—not  
(As some that leave this holy spot),  
In labour'd phrase, and polish'd lie,  
Wrought by the forge of flattery,  
But with a heart, that cannot tell  
The half of what it feels so well.  
If I am backward to express,  
Believe my love is not the less;  
Be kind as you are wont, and view  
A thousand thanks in one "Adieu!"  
My future life shall strive to show  
I wish to pay the debt I owe;  
The labours that ye give to May,  
September's fruits shall best repay.

And you, my friends, who lov'd to share  
Whate'er was mine, of sport or care;  
Antagonists at Fines or Chess,  
Friends in the Play-ground or the Press,  
I leave ye now; and all that rests  
Of mutual tastes, and loving breasts,  
Is the lone Vision, that shall come,  
Where'er my studies, and my home,  
To cheer my labour and my pain,  
And make me feel a boy again.

Yes! when at last I sit me down,  
A scholar, in my cap and gown;  
When learned Doctrines, dark and deep,  
Move me to passion or to sleep,  
When Clio yields to Logic's wrangles,  
And Long and Short give place to Angles,



When stern Mathesis makes it treason  
To like a Rhyme, or scorn a Reason,  
With aching head, and weary wit,  
Your parted friend shall often sit,  
Till Fancy's magic spell hath bound him,  
And lonely musings flit around him ;  
Then shall ye come, with all your wiles,  
Of gladdening sounds, and warming smiles ;  
And nought shall meet his eye or ear,  
Yet shall he deem your souls are near.

Others may clothe their Valediction  
With all the tinsel charms of fiction ;  
And one may sing of Father Thames,  
And Naiads, with a hundred names ;  
And find a Pindus here, and own  
The College pump a Helicon ;  
And search for Gods about the College,  
Of which old Homer had no knowledge.  
And one may eloquently tell  
The triumphs of his Windsor belle,  
And sing of Mira's lips and eyes,  
In oft-repeated ecstasies ;  
Oh ! he hath much and wondrous skill,  
To paint the looks that wound and kill,  
As the poor maid is doom'd to brook,  
Unconsciously, her lover's look,  
And smiles, and talks, until the Poet  
Hears the band play, and does not know it.  
To speak the plain and simple truth,  
I always was a jesting youth ;  
A friend to merriment and fun,  
No foe to quibble and to pun ;  
Therefore I cannot feign a tear ;  
And, now that I have utter'd here



A few unrounded accents, bred  
More from the heart than from the head,  
Honestly felt, and plainly told,  
My lyre is still, my fancy cold.

RHAPSODIES.

Πη σὺ χηνίδιον ἀλαινεις.\*

"Some like the verse that like ———'s flows."

"Which read, and read, we roll our eyes in doubt,  
And gravely wonder what it is about."—

BAVIAR.

I.

I AM a great admirer of flowers.

In my childish days my predilection for these little toys of Nature amounted to an absolute passion. They seemed to me vested with a mysterious and unearthly beauty, "the glory and the freshness of a dream." But those days are gone; boyhood is past, and the enchanted atmosphere which boyhood carries about with it,

\* These words, which, in the first edition, were quoted as a fragment of Anacreon, form part of a Greek version of a well-known nursery song, by a gentleman of distinguished classical attainments in the University of Cambridge. As this circumstance has been misunderstood, or misrepresented, so as to fix a charge of intentional plagiarism on the writer of the article, he has thought it worth while to make the above statement. He has also obtained permission to publish the whole of the translation.

Ποῖ σὺ, Χηνίδιον, ἀλαινεις;  
Βάβρα κλιμάκων ἀμείβω.  
Παρθενῶνας ἐμβατεύω.  
Σὸς πατὴρ μακροσκελὴς  
Εἰς θεοὺς οὐκ ἐνσεβεῖ.  
Θατέρου σκέλους λαβὼν νιν,  
Τὸν ἀσεβέστατον γέροντα,  
'Ῥίπτε κλιμάκων ἄκας.  
Εἰ δέ, καταπεσὼν, λιταῖσι  
Θεοκλυτῶν οὐ κείσεται,  
Θατέρου σκέλους λαβὼν νιν,  
'Ῥίπτ' ἐς αὐτὸν οὐρανόν.



and through which it beholds all things arrayed in colours not their own, is vanished likewise.

“ ——— Nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendor in the grass, or glory in the flower.”

They are now mere terrestrial objects — and yet how passing beautiful!—Since my flower-loving days, a period of many years has elapsed, during which I have had few opportunities of access to my early favourites; it is only within the last month or two that I have resumed my acquaintance with them, and they now wear the charm of novelty combined with that of early recollections. I love them all, from the piony to the heart'sease—from the sublime hollyhock to the unpretending laburnum.

It was but the other day, that, tired out with doubts and dochmiacs, I immersed myself in my friend ———'s garden. What a delightful renewal of old acquaintance! There was the glowing marigold, breathing forth its rich oriental fragrance; the pretty rustic honeysuckle, fitly named; the laburnum, with its profusion of minute sweetnesses; the royal sunflower, in its amplitude of charms, resembling that noble creature of Nature's handywork, Mrs. ———; the genial wall-flower, reminding me of my cordial cousin, Fanny H——; the virgin lily, towering in stately meekness, like my dear kinswoman, M. F——, the most matronly of maidens, and the most maidenly of matrons; and the gallantly-attired sweet-pea, and the spruce sweet-william; and the rose, the queen of them all, in her many forms, all beautiful; the red rose, and the Austrian rose, with its luxurious purple leaves; and the white rose, as Cowper describes it, throwing up into the gloom of the neighbouring yew or cypress

“ Its silver globes, light as the foamy surf  
Which the wind severs from the broken wave.”

Even the yellow Dutch rose pleases me for its name's sake. There is something really superior in the pleasure you derive from a rose. One feasts one's eyes on the colour of a tulip, with the same sensations one experiences in reading Darwin's Poems—pleased with the gaudy hues, and nothing more; and the fragrance of the jonquil is, after all, but a mechanical sort of enjoyment; but there is something of sentiment in a rose. It is beautiful, too, at all stages of its existence—whether in the bud, or full-blown, or newly opening—like Caroline Mowbray, already exquisitely fair, yet giving promise of a rich arrear of beauties, hid one within the other, fold behind fold.—But I am losing myself.

I have compared sundry flowers to sundry women—and, indeed, there appears to be an analogy between women and flower



kind,—both beautiful, and delicate, and weak—gay in attire, and requiring assiduous care and fostering. Surely flowers are the womankind of inanimate nature. Man may take the trees and shrubs for his emblems;—the venerable elm may signify wisdom; and the pine, warring with the storm, be the type of courage—

“ The manly oak, the pensive yew,  
To warrior and to sage be due ;”

but flowers—dear flowers ! they were made for Woman.

My cousin Catharine—alas, my Cousin !—she is gone ; but none who have seen her can forget her ;—so enchantingly graceful in her person and manners, and yet so dignified ; she was like one of the Graces enthroned. My cousin Catherine, I remember, was passionately fond of flowers, and she had an eloquent tongue to praise them withal. I cannot conclude better than with an extract from a letter of hers to myself. She had just before been employing a metaphor drawn from her favourites.

\* \* \* \*

[The remainder of this Rhapsody, together with the whole of the fifteen which were to follow, is lost.]

FLORUS.

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TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR PEREGRINE,

I SEND you a critique on the worthy C. H. TOWNSEND'S Poems. I am perfectly ashamed of it, for it was written *currente calamo* ; and I shall be obliged to you to make this acknowledgment public, for without such a confession I could not bring myself to appear before your Readers. If, however, it will serve to fill up the interstices of your Work, you are welcome to it. Should your Readers find it dry, I recommend them, by way of refreshment, to resort to the Poems themselves, which they ought to read in the evening, over a well-tempered bowl of congenial tea.

M. S.

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ON THE POEMS OF C. H. TOWNSEND.

There are some who deny the name of Poet to any writer whose genius is not of the highest order. We confess we see no reason for this penury of honour. The republic of Poetry is not like the ancient democracies, in which a small part only of the



population were citizens, and the rest slaves. Whosoever has a spark of minstrel-fire within him—whosoever has beheld, although as it were through a mist, the

———“forms that glitter in the Muse's ray  
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun—”

whoever looks on the beauties of Nature, the sublimities of Truth, and the graces and sweetnesses of Domestic Life, with the eye of a Poet—and has given tangible and legible proofs of such faculty, is, we conceive, entitled by courtesy, if not by right, to that envied appellation. The truth is, that there is a great deal more Poetry in the world than most people imagine. Nature, liberal in this as in other respects, seems to have sown the seed wherever there is a soil prepared to receive it. The circumstances of the present age are favourable to the development of this species of talent; and accordingly we find, that, while those who would have been great Poets at any period, have attained a height of excellence, of which, in another situation, they would themselves have had no conception; many of smaller note, whose faculties, under the influence of a more ungenial season, would probably have remained torpid, are now coming forth, beneath the cheering beams of the new-risen Sun of Poetry, to disport themselves in flight, and show their gay plumes to the sunshine, and chaunt to the listening air their songs of various measure.—But we must have done with metaphor.

The elegant volume before us is the work of a *quondam* Etonian, and therefore entitled to honourable remembrance in our Journal. The Author has placed at the threshold of his Collection a Poem on the subject of “Jerusalem,” which gained the Chancellor's prize at Cambridge; and the work concludes with an unsuccessful attempt of the same description, entitled “Waterloo;” neither of them worthy of association with the rest of the volume. He seems to have placed them in these situations for the purpose of warning off from his work those two classes of readers, who, before they enter upon the perusal of a book, are in the habit of exploring its merits, by opening at the beginning or at the end. He has fenced in his little garden with a high and heavy brick wall on either side, to exclude frivolous visitors. We ought in justice, however, to observe, that “Waterloo” is decidedly superior to “Jerusalem.” The latter, indeed, labours under peculiar disadvantage, on account of its subject reminding the reader of Heber's Palestine, the most beautiful artificial flower that ever appeared in the shape of a prize poem.

The body of the work is composed of miscellaneous Poems—Songs and Lyrical Pieces—Devotional Poems—and Sonnets. Of these, we consider the first-mentioned class as altogether the



best. It consists of short pieces, principally sentimental, but sometimes descriptive. In his delineations of scenery, our Author frequently follows Warton as a model; and it is no exaggeration to say, that in the particular style of painting which he adopts, and in the management of the Wartonian octosyllabic couplet (a modification of that of the *Penseroso*), he is sometimes little inferior to his master. We allude chiefly to the Ode on the First of December, from which we extract the following lines:—

Mute is every tuneful strain,  
That warbled from the woodland train.  
No more, on dewy pinions borne,  
The lark gives morrow to the morn;  
No more, its fitful shadow seen,  
Skimming the sunshine of the green,  
The vanish'd swallow, twittering, leaves  
Its nest of clay beneath the eaves.  
No more resound from bush to bush  
The gay notes of the sprightly thrush.  
In other climes, the nightingale  
Tells to the moon his tender tale:  
Of all the tribes, whose music sweet  
Lov'd answering Echo to repeat,  
The robin only to the dell  
Yet falters forth his weak farewell.

Lingers the long and dreary night;  
Scarce the dim and dubious light  
Peeps through the severing mists that chill,  
Coldly blue, yon eastern hill.  
Yet the wan moon, amid the west,  
On twilight's bosom loves to rest;  
Yet from each tree her pale beams throw  
A branching shadow o'er the snow:  
Yet, here and there, a feeble star  
Gleams, scarcely glimmering, from afar;  
Or, struggling thro' the vapour's damp,  
Twinkles the cotter's early lamp.

Cheerless is the gloomy day;  
Scarce a single, sickly, ray  
Can pierce aslant the watery clouds,  
Where the sad sun his radiance shrouds.  
Slow as their heavy volume moves,  
O'er the hill-side the dim light roves;  
With a pale gleam of radiance falls  
On the white villa's distant walls;  
And, glancing on the fair cascade,  
Where, as it moans along the glade,  
The transitory gale no more  
Can catch the sullen, deep'ning roar,  
Back reflects upon the sight  
Prismatic hues of frozen light.

On the river's margin troop  
The thirsty herds in gather'd group;  
And eye, with drooping aspect, there  
The wave, they see, but cannot share.



Hark! the rude hind, with sturdy blow,  
 Gives the imprison'd streams to flow!  
 Loud rings round, from rock to rock,  
 In long repeat, the crackling shock;  
 O'er the wide forest echoes still,  
 And dies to silence on the hill.

The Ode to Memory is in parts poetical; of the other Odes (so called) we will say nothing. The Weaver's Boy is a painfully interesting tale, but not adapted for poetry.

It is in the representation of delicate and tender feelings, operating on an amiable and sensitive mind, that our Author particularly excels. There is a chaste refinement spread around all his delineations, which constitutes their characteristic charm. Solitude—the gentle influence of Nature—the delights of Friendship—the pleasures and pains of delicate Love—Retrospection of the past—and Moral Reflection, are his favourite topics.

His faculty indeed is a confined one; he cannot search out the full sweetness of natural objects; or penetrate far into the recesses of the human mind: but what he feels he describes naturally and affectingly. A strong tinge of melancholy pervades most of his writings, on which we may hereafter make some observations: there is more, however, of sorrow in them than repining; and frequent gleams of religious thought are visible. On the whole, with the exception of a few indifferent pieces, we have seldom met with a more agreeable little volume of Poetry. We shall quote a few of the pieces which pleased us best.

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TO A FRIEND.

The world does not know me: to that I appear,  
 As rapture, or grief wakes the smile, or the tear,  
 Now light—now reflective—now mournful—now gay,  
 Like the gleams and the clouds of a wild April-day.

The wise oft will frown, the contemptuous will smile,  
 The good oft reprove, yet look kindly the while;  
 Indifferent to those, I am thankful to them,  
 But ev'n they do not know what it is they condemn.

For it is not the faults, which the multitude see,  
 That are wept o'er in secret so wildly by me,  
 These scarcely a thought from my sorrows can win;  
 Oh, would they were all!—but the worst is within.

Thou only dost know me; to thee is reveal'd  
 The spring of my thoughts, from all others conceal'd:  
 Th' enigma is solved, as thou readest my soul,  
 They view but a part, thou beholdest the whole.

Thou know'st me, above, yet below what I seem,  
 Both better and worse than the multitude deem;  
 From my wild wayward heart thou hast lifted the pall,  
 From its faults, and its failings; yet lov'st me with all!



THE LONELY HEART.

There is a joy in loneliness,  
Which lonely minds alone can know,  
Such as to none can e'er express  
The secrets of their joy or woe ;

Souls, wild, and various as the lyre  
That ne'er to mortal touch will yield,  
Mysterious as the tomb's deep fire,  
Never to mortal eye reveal'd :

Who feel within them deathless powers,  
That pant and struggle to be free ;  
That would outstrip Time's lazy hours,  
And launch upon Eternity.

Ah, little deems the blind dull crowd,  
When gazing on a tranquil brow,  
What thoughts and feelings unavow'd,  
What fiery passions lurk below !

That, while the tongue performs its part,  
And custom's trivial phrase will say,  
On Fancy's wings the truant heart  
Fleets to some region far away ;

Feeds sweetly on some chosen theme,  
Holds converse with the dearly-lov'd,  
Weaves the light tissue of a dream,  
Or wanders, where we once have rov'd.

All is not as it seems : that eye,  
Tho' bright, may oft be quench'd in tears,  
And oft that bosom heave the sigh,  
Unheeding as it now appears.

Then, oh, the rapture, none can tame,  
To think the soul at least is free,  
And view who may the outward frame,  
No eye, save One, the heart can see !

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AMID THE WEST, THE LIGHT DECAYING.

Amid the west, the light decaying,  
Like joy, looks loveliest ere it dies,  
On ocean's breast, the small waves playing,  
Catch the last lustre, as they rise.

Scarce the blue curling tide displaces  
One pebble in its gentle ebb ;  
Scarce on the smooth sand leaves its traces,  
In meshes, fine as fairy's web.

From many a stone the sea-weed streaming,  
Now floats—now falls—the waves between,  
Its yellow berries brighter seeming  
Amid the wreaths of dusky green.



This is the hour the lov'd are dearest,  
 This is the hour the sever'd meet;  
 The dead—the distant, now are nearest,  
 And joy is soft, and sorrow sweet.

We would willingly quote the lines entitled "Childhood," p. 196; but our limits constrain us to be brief, and we shall therefore conclude our extracts from this part of the book with what we consider the most powerfully-written piece in the whole collection. We think our Readers will agree with us in calling it exquisite:—

ANASTASIOS TO HIS CHILD, ALEXIS, SLEEPING.

Sleep, oh, sleep, my dearest one,  
 While I watch thy placid slumbers,  
 And pour, in low and pensive tone,  
 To lull thee, wild and plaintive numbers.  
 If my tears thy pillows steep,  
 Sleep—thou canst not see me weep!

Thy cheek is pillow'd on mine arm,  
 As if secure that thee it shielded,  
 And there a flush more deeply warm  
 The pressure to its tint hath yielded:  
 Thy hand, which mine did lately clasp,  
 Dwells there, relaxing in its grasp.

I love to view thy beauteous face,  
 To cheer me thro' the day's long toiling;—  
 I love its every change to trace,  
 Shaded by thought—in pleasure smiling:—  
 Amid the world, with pride I see  
 All eyes do homage unto thee.

But, oh, this hour is most—most dear,  
 When even from the friendly stealing,  
 I seek my only pleasures here,  
 And fix on thee my every feeling;  
 When thou dost seem all—all mine own;—  
 To live—breathe—smile—for me alone.

And oh, to guard thee thus from ill,  
 No other joy can rank before it;  
 When ev'n thy sleep seems conscious still  
 How true a love is watching o'er it!  
 Such perfect confidence is shown  
 In this defenceless hour alone.

Sleep, thou canst not know the love,  
 Which passes all of outward showing;  
 Much may my looks, words, actions, prove,  
 But how much more untold is glowing!  
 And now, in silent loneliness,  
 It passes all I most express.



A tender sadness melts my soul,  
And Memory, with her train attending,  
Seems all her pages to unroll,  
While Hope her airy dreams is blending.  
My tears are sweet; yet see not thou,  
Lest thou mistake their drops for woe.

I think of all I am, the while,  
Of guilt's dark hours, and life all blasted,  
And thou the only thing to smile  
Upon the heart, so widely wasted:  
Oh, what can tell the rush of thought,  
With joy, grief, rapture, anguish, fraught!

But with a thrill of keener pain,  
A shuddering dread has now o'ercome me,  
That dries those kindly tears again,—  
Oh, should the future tear thee from me!  
Ah me, ah me! I hold thee now—  
Shall I ask ever—where art thou?

I cannot call thee back again,  
Nor o'er again these joys be living,  
And thousand worlds were pledg'd in vain,  
To give what now this hour is giving;  
But I shall writhe in fruitless woe,  
With pangs which—no, I do not know.

Yet wherefore thus perversely run  
To boded ill from present pleasure?  
I know not why; but lives there one,  
Who binds his life in one rich treasure,  
Whom the wild thought has never crost,  
“What should I feel, were this but lost?”

Should he now wake, and see my face  
So chang'd by passions, fiercely blending,  
Would he not deem that in my place  
Some fiend was o'er his pillow bending?  
I speak too loud—he seems disturb'd—  
My wild emotion must be curb'd.

Hark, his lips move; and gently frame,  
In dreamy slumber, words half-broken,  
Ah! was not that?—it is my name,  
Which by those cherub lips is spoken!  
I feel a thrill of vivid joy,  
To know that I his thoughts employ.

He fear'd, that, ere his eyes could close,  
A weary vigil mine should number,  
Dear innocent! he little knows  
How quickly youth shakes hands with slumber;  
E'en ere my voice had soften'd, thou  
Wert in oblivion, deep as now.

Now gently I withdraw my arm,  
Fearful thy quiet sleep of breaking;  
Thou giv'st no token of alarm,  
And pleas'd I see thee not awaking;  
The taper shaded with my hand,  
Gazing on thee a while I stand.



How beautiful in his repose!  
 The long dark lash the white lid fringing,  
 The rich hair clustering on his brows,  
 And the blue vein his forehead tinging:  
 What childish innocence display'd,  
 E'en in that hand so careless laid!

When to my own near couch I steal,  
 I'll listen still to hear thee breathing,  
 Till with that lullaby I feel  
 Sleep's dowy mantle o'er me wreathing!  
 How sweet the sound, how welcome—dear,  
 Which tells me what I love is near!

But first, ere I can calm recline,  
 In silent prayer I kneel beside thee,  
 And sue each blessing may be thine,  
 Long forfeited, or still denied me.  
 Now one last kiss with caution given,  
 And I resign my watch to Heav'n.

The Sonnets are in general more or less good. The following is in the spirit of Cowper:—

TO PEACE.

While rapt I lie near this lone waterfall,  
 Gazing upon it, 'till at every gush  
 The waters seem with wilder force to rush,  
 And whiter foam, adown their rocky wall,  
 While o'er me, high in air, yon cedars tall  
 Wave their wide arms; come, gentlest Peace! and hush  
 Each thought, at which thy virgin cheek might blush,  
 And, if thou canst, thy empire past recal  
 Within my breast. Ah, wherefore shouldst thou fly?  
 I do not love the world's turmoiling sphere;  
 Ambition never hur'd me from on high,  
 No dreams of wealth excite my hope or fear;  
 Then why to me thy soothing voice deny?  
 Ah, wherefore vainly do I woo thee here?

The following is tender:—

THE LOVE, THAT CANNOT DIE.

Oh, dearer than the dearest, through this sea  
 Of doubts, and troubles, and perplexing fears,  
 Where my frail bark, with trembling dattion, steers,  
 What is't, that guides me, but the love of thee?  
 'Tis said, that love, with time, will cease to be,  
 But mine has stood the silent lapse of years,  
 Undimm'd by absence—unfaded by tears,  
 Yea, deeper graved by all my misery!  
 They said I should forget thee—did they know  
 The depth and nature of a love like mine?  
 That there are streams, which cannot cease to flow,  
 That there are rays, which must for ever shine?  
 Alas, their eyes are ever fix'd below!  
 What should they reck, or ken of things divine?

There are likewise a few religious pieces, containing mor



dévotion than poetry. It is a common, and, to a considerable extent, a just remark, that religious poetry seldom succeeds. To what is this failure, so far as it exists, to be attributed? Are we to ascribe it to the overawing nature of the subject? or is it that poets set themselves formally down to write on religious subjects, and that constraint is fatal to genius? or that those who have made the attempt were for the most part deficient in ability? or that their abilities lay in another direction? It is a delicate and a difficult subject; nor is this, perhaps, the place for its discussion. We wish, however, that it were otherwise. The disunion between moral and intellectual beauty is surely an unnatural one. We wish to see all the rays of excellence converge to one point. We wish to see its various branches prove their relationship by a kindly coalition.

We had intended to make some remarks on the melancholy spirit which prevails throughout the present volume, with a reference to the religious sentiments of the writer; but as we are not invested in the judicial robe of the "British Review," or the "Christian Observer," and as besides "The Etonian" is but a novice in such matters, we can only venture a word or two. Mr. Townsend must be well aware that many persons object to Christianity (we speak not of any particular system, but to religion in the abstract,) as inspiring gloom; or, at least, as not affording the consolations which its votaries ascribe to it; and they ground their opinion on the lives and writings of many of its followers. It is easy to reply, that melancholy, arising from constitutional or other causes, has been erroneously attributed to religion; that Cowper's mind was naturally disordered; and that Young and Johnson would have been happier if they had been *more* religious. This may be very true; but will it satisfy the objectors? or is it to be expected that they will take the trouble to investigate all the individual cases? Mr. Townsend has doubtless the promotion of Christian piety at heart; but did it never occur to him, that the publication of a work, in which its power to comfort the afflicted is so little displayed, was so far calculated to prejudice the cause, by adding another to the list of discouraging examples? The authority of Cowper will probably be canonical with our writer.

" True Piety is cheerful as the day :  
Can weep, indeed, and have a suffering groan  
For others' woes—but smiles upon her own."

But we are advancing beyond our depth; and shall therefore conclude with apologizing to Mr. Townsend for our hasty criticism, and with assuring him that we shall be happy to meet him again.



## A WHIMSEY:

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

———"When thought is warm, and fancy flows,  
What will not argument sometimes suppose?"

COWPER.

SHOULD chance send down to distant time  
This motley thing of prose and rhyme,  
Which friendly hands have thickly sown  
With others' wisdom—or their own ;  
How will the men of future days,  
(When this one age, with all its blaze  
Of science, war, and minstrel lay,  
Has vanish'd like a cloud away)  
How will they ponder o'er this page,  
The little minor of an age,  
Reflecting, as it onward winds,  
The outline of departed minds !  
How will they scan with eye intent  
The sparks of song and sentiment,  
Like floating clouds of many a hue,  
Strown o'er the welkin's surface blue !  
To them the record shall unfold  
What their grave fathers were of old ;  
What they disliked, and what approved,  
And how they thought and how they loved.  
—There shall the mingled forms appear,  
Of timid Joy, and tender Fear ;  
Wisdom, with calm looks fix'd above ;  
The spectre of departed Love ;  
Ambition's bright and restless eye,  
Still chasing Immortality ;



And downcast Sorrow, in her shroud ;  
And young Hope, laughing through the cloud  
And Nature, in her robe of green,  
Shall 'midst the varied group be seen.

• Their hearts, as o'er the page they stray,  
Shall feel its sympathetic sway ;  
For the same summer-breeze that blew  
In days of yore, delights us too ;  
And the same loves, and joys, and fears,  
Are still man's lot through endless years.  
And Hope's full blood shall mantle high,  
And Pity weep o'er woes gone by,  
And Worth shall kindle at the lays  
That flow in truth's and virtue's praise ;  
And youthful Love shall blush, when told  
How youthful lovers felt of old ;  
And Beauty heave the half-heard sigh  
For unrequited constancy.  
—And they shall think upon the lot  
Of those who liv'd when they were not,  
Whose being yet with theirs was twined,  
With that sweet feeling, undefined,  
Wherewith we view the days gone by  
Of unremember'd infancy.  
—And while delighted they survey  
These relics of an earlier day,  
They'll think well pleas'd of her, whose hand  
Combined them in one fragrant band,  
And bade them bloom in endless prime,  
Like flow'rets on the tomb of Time.

G. M.



## ESSAY ON LIONS.

" *This. This is old Ninny's tomb.*

*Lion. Oh!—(The Lion rears.)*

*Dem. Well roared, Lion.*

*Thea. Well run, Thisbe.*

*Dem. And then came Pyramus.*

*Lys. And so the lion vanished."*

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

IT is not a little remarkable, that among the many eminent Naturalists, ancient and modern, with whose writings we are acquainted, no one, as far as we know, has made any mention of that extraordinary species, the British Lion. Juvenal says, that the English whale or shark was the largest of its kind; and common experience will teach us, that although since his time this animal has taken to a land life, yet even still he retains many traits of his original character, and can drink and duck, bite and spout, better than any Frenchman or gudgeon of them all. But no poet has celebrated, or philosopher described, the much more astonishing creature of British growth which we first mentioned. The silence of foreigners we shall attribute to envy; but the silence of our own countrymen is to us quite inexplicable, seeing that this famous island has not wanted most able heralds of her fame, in all its parts; and even Goldsmith has devoted sundry pages of accurate English to so common an object as a cow. Every one has heard of the African Lion, and of the Asiatic Lion, and of the American Lion: there are Black Lions, White Lions, and Red Lions; there are Lions *rampant*, Lions *couchant*, and Lions *regardant*; there are the Lion and the Unicorn under the King's crown; there are the Lions in the Tower, and Lions in Exeter 'Change; and finally, there is Mr. Kean's Lion. But with these we have nothing to do; we have nothing to say against them; but after all, the most they can do is, to shake a mane, if they have one, grovel on four feet, give a roar, and go to sleep. But the Lion we have our eyes upon is a Lion indeed, worthy of being called, as in reality he is, the King of Beasts; and not only so, but of men also; and what is more, of the inanimate creation to boot.

" *Quale potentum neque militaris  
Danna in latis alit esculetis;  
Nec Jukes tellus generat, leonum  
Arida Nutrix."*



We, being raw and inexperienced striplings, know but little of nature and the world, and therefore will not presume to offer any thing in the shape of a complete account of this noble animal; all that we can manage with ease and certainty is, to note down some of his prominent peculiarities, and to quote instances of his appearance and reality, as they have chanced to fall under our own inspection. 1stly—He can at pleasure be of either sex, of any shape, of all ranks, and of all ages. 2dly—He can be a thousand things at once, and yet be one indivisible Lion, with various Lionets within himself. 3dly—He can die when he likes, and be any inanimate substance; or he can resolve himself into thin air, and revive again. And lastly—He can be and not be at the same moment (which is just the secret Hamlet might have learnt, if he had proceeded on his voyage to England); and, what is more, he will not unfrequently change himself into the person who denies his existence; or, in other words, a man may become a Lion when himself gazing upon a Lion.

No part of England is without this universal creature. Far from partaking in the sulky solitary spirit of his forest namesake, he affects society, and the most crowded walks of public life; and, though there is no difficulty in finding them at the Lakes in Cumberland, or the Mountains in Wales, yet I question if a stranger will ever see more Lions, full grown, and of greater beauty, than in London itself. There is a fine menagerie of active Lions in the Park, especially on a Sunday; and, what is well worthy of remark, they are constantly seen taking their airing in chariots, landaus, coaches, gigs, curricles, and tandems; nay, hundreds literally ride about on horseback, their steeds being so well trained as not to be frightened at the approach of this animal. Bond-street maintains a very respectable number; and vast numbers of well-dressed Lions walk up and down St. James's-street every day, from three to five. But the grandest collection seen in this country for many years was shown on the 19th of this month at Westminster, where the Lion of England appeared under all his shapes, underwent all his modifications, and displayed all his wonderful properties, active, passive, and neuter. A friend of ours walked down from the Temple to see the Coronation, and his account is as follows:—"The first Lion I heard only, viz. the roaring of the guns from the brig moored between the Bridges, which made the Strand shake again; then there was a moderate Lion, in the shape of a string of coaches, from Temple-Bar to the barrier in Charing-Cross, at four in the morning; at eight a most remarkable Lion, in a coach and six, attended by a Lord and two Ladies, made its appearance, and caused a great disturbance amongst the multitude, some applauding the Lion's splendid dress and gay demeanour, and others



complaining that the Keepers were to blame in letting it loose on such an occasion, and some few thought the Lion itself should have known better than to attempt to force a passage where there was no room, and persist in going up Parliament-street, whereas the Lord Chamberlain had appointed Little George-street for the exit of all carriages, whether hackneys or not. I waited till the procession passed, and then there arose wonders on wonders, in the transformations and legerdemain tricks of this animal. I heard many people around me say, Miss Fellowes, with her fair companions, was a Lion; some seemed to think the Herald Kings at Arms were Lions; and, indeed, it is agreed by all that one of them *was* a *Lyon*. There were some good folks who thought they discovered a Lion in the shape of a certain Alderman; but this was strenuously denied by others, who declared they saw nothing lionlike in the said Alderman at all. There were few who did not allow the Judges and Bishops to be Lions in their way; and I heard a young Templar say, with a grin, that he wished he had a good *lien* upon the Lord Chancellor. This I did not understand, for I have not met with it in the first volume of Blackstone. But, without any dispute, and I hope I may say it without being guilty of treason, His Most Excellent Majesty, King George, was by far the greatest Lion there: every one seemed to recognise him as they would have done a friend in the crowd; the whole vast mass of the multitude rose and shouted with a feeling that made the blood start and dance; and the women waved their handkerchiefs, and the trumpets blew the notes of gratulation, and the bells rung merrily and fast, and the cannons rolled their thunders round this indescribable scene. The object of this unequalled enthusiasm was evidently affected, and in this instance, as always, the Lion of England bowed from his high estate, and returned an answer to thousands, which every individual felt to be his own.

“I had become so familiarized to these great Lions, that walking home in the evening through the Park, with a friend who had been a Page to a Peer, I was at a loss to understand the meaning of the crowd’s stopping and forming round us, and gazing and laughing, until, upon a little reflection, I found out the cause—I was arm-in-arm with a young Lion. I forgot to say that Prince Esterhazy’s coat was the greatest Lion in the Abbey before the procession entered, and that the Duke de Grammont’s glass coach and running *basques* have become a most prodigious Lion in the West End.”

This is our friend’s account, and we shall only remark upon it, that even foreigners, however they may be secure from such *transfiguration* in their own countries, seldom escape becoming Lions when they display themselves and their attendants within the in-



fluence of the atmosphere of England. After the Lions of the Coronation it would be flat and unprofitable to descend into further particulars, and detail the infinitely-varied species of this animal which show themselves in the Universities, at Brighton, and at Eton; lately, indeed, we have been informed that some Tigers were seen in the Senate House at Cambridge, but, upon accurate investigation by competent judges, it was fully ascertained that the said Tigers, although rather differently spotted, were in fact nothing more or less than common Lions of the country. For this important fact we have Dr. Clarke's word, who presided at the Committee appointed to examine these Tigers, and who having seen more Lions, Foreign and English, dead and alive, existing and not existing, than most other men, will, we are quite sure, be held sufficient authority for us to acquiesce in.

We had intended originally to have written a longer and a wittier article; we had prepared many jests, many pleasant conceits, many delicate *double entendres*; but we know not how it is, but we feel heavy and listless,—and a kind of gloominess, settling fast round our hearts, clogs up the passages of the animal spirits, and puts us out of temper with the very joke which totters upon the point of our pens. Can this be death? or are these the foretokens of immediate dissolution? Is this the last time we shall see ourselves in print?—Yes, the very last time! This is the sea-mark of our utmost sail. Hereafter never shall poor Gerard dogmatize about subjects of which he knows just nothing at all; neither shall the gentle Frederick sport pleasingly, or the gentler Bellamy simper soothingly, in the handywork of Mr. Charles Knight. We have been for this last year—that is, “the Etonian,” in whom we live and breathe, has been unquestionably the greatest Lion of Eton: we appeal to all parties with confidence, whether he has not behaved himself very orderly, and like a quiet beast as he is; and when he roared, did he not “roar you as sweet as ’twere any nightingale?” The complex body and soul of the Eton Lion is about to die;—when the world reads this, on Election Saturday, he, in his corporate capacity, will be dead, and those, who contributed to form his existence, and who partook in his importance, will themselves be reduced again to plain human nature, and restored once more to the use of two feet. Yet a moment—we would fain say something to the excellent Person who rules this royal menagerie: he has been, to us at least, a kind and an instructive Keeper, and he may with perfect security put his arm, or even his head, into our mouth, and we here engage, *foi de Lion*, not to bite it off. To the Fair Ones;—if they have frowned upon us, we say that never came frowns from so sweet a



quarter:—if they have smiled, we say—or rather we will say no more; for what saith the discreet *Bottom*?—

“Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves; to bring in, God shield us! a Lion among Ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wildfowl than your Lion living; and we ought to look to it.

“*Snout*. Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a Lion.

“*Bot*. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the Lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a Lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is——”

G. M.

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ELLEN:

A SIMPLE TALE.

———“A mermaid on a dolphin's back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song.”

SHAKESPEARE.

ABOUT six years ago I was staying at ———, a watering-place on the Sussex coast. It was one of the fine mornings in July, when the Sun had just risen above the top of the wave, and was scattering around his bright, warm rays; that having taken my customary dipping, I had wandered unthinkingly along the shore, admiring the impending grandeur of those tall cliffs, which, in the language of our great tragic bard,

———“Beat back the envious siege  
Of wat'ry Neptune.”

I had trodden the same path the evening before, and it was my amusement in these marine perambulations to inspect the crevices of the rocks, and to carry home with me the most beautiful shells that chance threw in my way. I had rather a taste for conchology, and had made no inconsiderable collection of the specimens of our own shores;—one group of rocks I had found particularly fertile in rarities, and these I had very nearly approached. A peculiar jutting out of the cliff at that place hid them from the sight till you were close upon them; I had nearly, in the marine phrase, doubled this promontory, when my progress was arrested by the sound of a female voice, chaunting some beautiful air in a



very plaintive tone. I stood to listen—the words, as far as I can remember, were these :—

“ Edward is gone—and I know not whether  
His spirit may rest on land or sea ;  
O would that, love, we had sailed together,  
Or thou hadst never been torn from me !

Ellen is sighing, but nought is nigh,  
To pity her moan but the wind and wave ;—  
The gull shall soon, from her roost on high,  
Sing a lullaby dirge over Ellen's grave.”

The voice ceased. I advanced a few steps to the other side of the cliff, and the figure of the lovely warbler, reclining on one of the tallest of the rocks, was before my sight. Her long black ringlets were streaming down her neck, and her eye was fixed steadfastly on the horizon. She had her back towards me, which prevented her observing my approach. I thought I perceived her lips moving, as if muttering something to herself ; and on a sudden giving a glance over the sea, she resumed her song :—

“ I'll recline on this rock, and the wave shall bear  
My paly form to that favoured shore  
Where Edward is breathing a distant air,  
'Mid the fury of war and the cannons' roar.”

I had been gradually advancing towards her ;—as she uttered the last words her voice faltered, and she seemed falling. I rushed forward and supported her. She started at finding some one by her side, and, looking up with a listless air, “ You are not Edward,” she said, “ Edward sailed last week.” Her dark black eye was turned upon me as she spoke ; but there was a languor in her gaze, that seemed to say her thoughts were not on what she was about : her countenance was interesting, and had been beautiful, but sickness or sorrow had spread a pallid hue over her features ; and though at times a transient hectic would flush her cheek, it soon passed away.—“ Edward sailed last week,” she cried ;—“ Ellen buckled on his sword,—and Edward smiled on Ellen ;—but he is gone to the wars—I shall never see him more.” I was still supporting her, and, as she uttered these words, a hot tear fell upon my hand. I cannot describe my feelings at that moment ; there was a thrill through my frame ; and I began to feel a lively interest for the lovely stranger and her misfortunes. She observed what had happened ; and pulling out a white pocket-handkerchief, with an air of the greatest simplicity, gently wiped my hand. “ Edward will come back,” said I, scarcely knowing what I uttered : “ Come back !” she cried, start-



ing from her seat, and staring full in my face ; “ Ah, no ! you’re joking with poor Ellen ;—but you’re a kind man, and you are kind to Ellen—Edward shall think you.” She put her hand into her bosom, and pulling out an amulet cross, which was suspended by a purple ribbon from her neck, “ Look,” she said, “ this is what Edward gave me—‘ Good-bye, Ellen ! ’ said he ; but Ellen could not say ‘ good-bye ’—and he flung this round me—(she gave a wild stare).—‘ There is a mist over the rest—I often harass this poor head, but I cannot remember any more.’ ” It was easily to be perceived that her intellects were deranged, and I was unwilling to leave the unfortunate girl in that situation. I gently raised her ; and, seemingly unconscious of what she was doing, she walked on by my side. We had not proceeded far along the shore, when a man and woman came running towards us, in breathless anxiety, who appeared to be searching for something they had lost. On recognising the poor girl, who was hanging in listless apathy on my arm, I saw a sudden flush of joy pass over the countenance of the old woman, and they both gazed alternately on me and her :—the old man was the first to break silence, and asked me, in rather an angry tone, “ What I was doing with his daughter ? ” I related to him the circumstances of our meeting, and what had since happened. They thanked me in very affectionate terms for my kindness, and then, turning to their daughter, loaded her with caresses and questions ; but she seemed lost in thought, and not at all to understand their meaning. On the way home they related to me her history ; they informed me, that they themselves were attendants on the bathing-machines, and for the last twenty years had gained, by their joint endeavours, in that occupation, a comfortable livelihood ;—their only daughter, the unfortunate heroine of my tale, had a few months back fixed her affections on a young man of a neighbouring village ; their attachment was reciprocal ; and the day had been appointed for their marriage—but her love some time before had enlisted in the \*\*\* regiment, and the whole corps had been suddenly ordered off to the Continent : the poor girl had been inconsolable from the time she first heard the news ; they continually found her in tears, and all attempts to comfort her were in vain ; she attended him on board the ship that was to convey him away, and clinging to his arms, was for a long time unable to be separated. When the vessel was under weigh, they were obliged to carry her off by force ; she fell into a swoon, and was conveyed home in a state of insensibility : being put to bed, in a short time she was in a high fever. They obtained for her what little medical assistance their means could afford, and were in hopes she had been gradually recovering—but her grief preyed upon her mind, and though the fever had left her, her intellects were materially in-



jured. Though they sat by her bedside, and paid her the most affectionate attentions that tenderness could dictate, she seemed not to recognise them, or to be conscious of their presence. Her Edward was always uppermost in her thoughts; and though lost to every thing else, she seemed to have a distant recollection of the scene she had been last engaged in. On the morning in question, they had gone out to their usual avocations, and had left her still lying in bed; on their return they were astonished and alarmed at finding the bed empty, and her clothes not in their place;—they inquired among the neighbours, but could find no intelligence of her: they at length heard that she had been seen pacing silently along the shore, and had accordingly proceeded in search of her, not without a fear that, in the deranged state of her mind, she might commit some act of desperation, before they would be able to prevent it. This simple narration of the poor girl's affection interested me extremely. While I remained at the place, I paid frequent visits to their cottage, and thought at last I could perceive a gradual amendment in poor Ellen's health; she at times exhibited signs of returning recollection, though her general discourse was of the little circumstances that had taken place during her last intercourses with Edward. I took an interest in her welfare, and rejoiced to think she was recovering; but, alas! how futile are human hopes! I was soon after called away from the place, and circumstances prevented my return during two years. I was then accidentally passing through, and stopped for a couple of hours, that I might inquire after Ellen. The path, that led to her cottage, was through the churchyard; and in going along my attention was attracted by a tombstone of rude sculpture, that seemed newly erected. I walked up to it to read the inscription—it was simply this:—

To the memory of  
Ellen Meston,  
This stone was erected by  
Edward Godalwin.  
She died in a deranged state of mind,  
April 3, 1817.  
Sleep on, sweet maid!  
Soon we shall meet again.

I stood for a moment steadfastly gazing on this stone, and unconscious of any thing around me. The recollections of my former adventure crowded on my mind—I remembered her interesting features—her affectionate simplicity. “Poor Ellen,” said I, “thy roses were nipped, when they were beginning to expand;—thine was an unhappy lot here, but thou art gone to a better world, where sorrow and care are not.” I felt a tear trickling down my cheek, which recalled me to myself. I took a last look on the stone, and proceeded on my way. “Is sensi-



bility a blessing?" thought I, as I walked pensively along. "Surely not. It may refine the passions—it may give a tone to the affections—but it makes us feel the thorns of life doubly acute: yet it is an amiable virtue, and one which we cannot refrain from admiring."

The gate of the little garden in the front of their cottage was open; the flower-beds, which I used formerly to admire for their neatness, were trampled on and in disorder. The old people were removing their furniture, preparatory to their departure for a neighbouring village. They were surprised to see me, but received me with cordiality. I perceived that my presence recalled unpleasant remembrances, and therefore determined that my visit should be short. I was informed that Edward had returned from the war, with a wooden leg and a pension. He was told of the affection and despondency of Ellen; but arrived only in time to see the first grass springing up on her grave. His grief is deep, but not violent; he has ordered that stone to be erected as a memorial of their loves—and his greatest pleasure is to visit at evening the green sod, which he allows not to be trampled on, or injured. The old woman opened a little work-box, and, producing a small net purse, placed it in my hand. My initials were on the side:—it was, she said, the work of her daughter during her illness, which she had desired, if ever I returned, should be given to me as a token of remembrance.

Poor Ellen! years have passed away, since the time I last gazed on your pale form—since the time I shed a tear of compassion on the turf that enshrouded it; but that purse—the last relic of your affection—the *memento* of your kindness, remains still whole and inviolate; it is treasured up amid the most precious of my earthly possessions;—and whenever I indulge myself with gazing on it, an involuntary tear starts to the eye of

CHARLES BELLAMY.

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MAIMOUNE;—A POEM.

CANTO I.

"Marriage is—Gad!—a cursed bore."—GOLSONTLY.

I.

In those fantastic days, when elves and fairies  
Held high command o'er sublunary things,  
And teased us mortals with as mad vagaries  
As ever sprung from bard's imaginings,  
Playing strange pranks in cellars and in dairies,  
Riding the Nightmare o'er the breasts of kings;  
Souring good beer, cow-milking, and cream-skimming,  
And thumping clowns by night, and pinching women :

II.

When madcap Oberon reigned in all his glory,  
Now holding Kinglike quarrels with his Queen;  
And now with Puck upon the promontory,  
Seeing such sights as since were never seen;  
There liv'd, renown'd in Oriental story,  
A mighty King—we'll call him Fadladeen,  
Because his name's not mention'd by the Lady  
Whose tale I borrow, Queen Scheherazade.

III.

Fame says he reign'd with wondrous approbation,  
(Especially of courtiers and bashaws ;)  
In times of peace was mild in his taxation,  
And made some very creditable laws ;  
Indeed, in their invidious situation,  
Few Monarchs ever gain'd so much applause ;  
In private life, a truth I can't evade is,  
He was a perfect devil with the Ladies.



## IV.

He had a most inveterate aversion  
 To matrimonial fetters ; and he swore,  
 In oaths befitting so sublime a person,  
 That 'twas unworthy of the crown he wore,  
 And inconsistent with the State's exertion,  
 To wed a number that exceeded four ;  
 And so, to give his royal conscience ease,  
 He had four Wives, and sixty Mistresses.

## V.

It seems that this arrangement was ill-made, for  
 He had no issue, save an only son,  
 Whom twelve long years he had devoutly pray'd for,  
 To all his country's Gods ;—when all was done  
 This single boy would have been cheaply paid for  
 By the oblation of his Father's throne ;  
 For in all lands, from Araby to Arragon,  
 The Sun ne'er saw so wonderful a paragon.

## VI.

I don't intend to give a long narration  
 Of his surpassing beauty, for I hate  
 Your curst, detail'd, minute enumeration  
 Of cheeks, eyes, noses, lips, hair, shape, and gait.  
 It is enough that he became his station,  
 He look'd, and walk'd, and spoke, and drank, and ate,  
 As for a Hero of Romance 'tis meet  
 To look, and walk, and speak, and drink, and eat.

## VII.

You may suppose the youngster was a pet,  
 E'en from his cradle, a spoil'd child indeed ;  
 The self-will'd tyrant of the Haram ; yet  
 It seem'd no spoiling could with him succeed.  
 'Twas very rarely he was known to fret,  
 And very quickly did he learn to read ;  
 At four years old, I've heard, he wrote some verses  
 To a lame, humpback'd daughter of his Nurse's.



## VIII.

And years pass'd swiftly o'er him, and he grew  
In stature and in strength; his Tutors swore  
(And I believe that it was strictly true)  
His Royal Highness knew a vast deal more  
Than the most erudite of all their crew;  
In fact, they found it an exceeding bore,  
Whether for pleasure or for pride he task'd them,  
To answer half the questions that he ask'd them.

## IX.

He was a great proficient in Astrology;  
The best Accomptant in his sire's dominions;  
Had dipp'd in Mathematics; in Theology  
'Twas thought he held heretical opinions;  
But this was doubtful:—in all sorts of knowledge he  
Was an adept, but on the Muse's pinions  
'Twas his delight to soar; when mounted on 'em, he  
Cared little for political economy.

## X.

An earnest lover of the Muse was he,  
And did her bidding for her own sweet sake;  
Nor Fame he sigh'd for, nor aspir'd to be  
A star among the great; but in the lake  
Which flows around the dome of Poesy  
He long'd the fever of his thirst to slake;  
And drink the Music in his soul, which springs  
From her deep, holy, lone imaginings.

## XI.

No proud intents, no purposes sublime  
Had he, nor care for glory not to die;  
No aspirations over Fate and Time,  
Nor longings after Immortality.  
He was no builder of the lofty rhyme,  
His own glad thoughts were all his Poesy;  
He call'd his Album, in quaint terms of praise,  
His "register of comfortable days."



## XII.

And thus, from all his bosom's best affections,  
 And sweet emotions, not unmix'd with pain,  
 From Childhood's hopes, and Boyhood's recollections,  
 And many a roving thought that cross'd his brain,  
 Season'd with here and there some grave reflections,  
 He fram'd a sort of desultory strain.  
 Of course at Court his rhyming gain'd much credit  
 From all who had, and some who hadn't read it.

## XIII.

And thus his boyhood slid in smiles away,  
 And he was nigh upon his sixteenth year,  
 When, as it fell upon a certain day,  
 He had a summons straightway to appear  
 Before his Father; as he went, they say,  
 His young limbs shook with an unusual fear;  
 He had a strange presentiment, no doubt,  
 That some infernal mischief was about.

## XIV.

His gracious Father had it seems discern'd  
 (He was a Prince of infinite sagacity;)   
 Or it may be, by long experience learn'd,  
 (Which much confirm'd him in his pertinacity,)   
 That youthful blood with headstrong passion burn'd,  
 And play'd the deuce with Princes; so, to dash it, he  
 Forgot his own antipathies, and swore  
 His son should marry, and run wild no more.

## XV.

He had moreover, as his subjects thought,  
 Some more conclusive reasons of his own;  
 The King of China would have dearly bought  
 Just then a close alliance with his Throne;  
 And had a most enchanting daughter, sought  
 By the East's proudest, yet the Maiden shone  
 Unmated still, and fancy-free, enshrin'd  
 In the pure brightness of her vestal mind.



## XVI.

She had seen fifteen summers; Youth had wrapt her  
 In its most radiant loveliness; no glance  
 Of her wild eyes ere shone without a capture,  
 E'en through her veil; and oh! to see her dance!  
 Why 'twould have kill'd our British beaux with rapture,  
 And caus'd a "great sensation" e'en in France.  
 Her voice of Music wander'd through men's ears,  
 And, when most mirthful; fill'd their eyes with tears.

## XVII.

Badoura! fair Badoura! would thy charms  
 Might float before my bliss-bewilder'd vision!  
 Would I might once enfold thee in my arms,  
 And fancy thou wert mine in dreams Elysian!  
 I think I then could laugh at Care's alarms,  
 And hold the bluest devils in derision;  
 For ever could we live (my Muse and I)  
 On the remembrance of that ecstasy.

## XVIII.

I own it has not been my boyhood's lot  
 To fall in love so often as is common;  
 My early flames were speedily forgot,  
 Replac'd but slowly; though the name of woman  
 Has always occupied a decent spot  
 In my affections, and I'm sure that no man  
 Can write more highly than I wrote of late  
 Of the enjoyments of the married state.\*

## XIX.

But, though I grieve extremely to declare it, I  
 Feel bound to tell what I esteem the truth;  
 That female beauty is, in fact, a rarity  
 E'en in the gay, unwrinkled cheeks of youth.  
 In number, as in charms, there's a disparity  
 Between the plain and pretty, and in sooth  
 I meet, at present, with few female eyes  
 Whose smiles remind me much of Paradise.

\* Godiva, stanza XLII.



## XX.

Yet have I dwelt, for many a pleasant week, in  
 A land whose women are the boast of fame ;  
 Hail to the peerless belles around the Wrekin !  
 Hail to each wedded and unwedded dame !  
 Though really (unpoetically speaking)  
 With *three* exceptions, whom I dare not name,  
 I would'nt give the value of a gooseberry  
 For all the beauty that I've found in S——.

## XXI.

Oh ! gentle Lady, with the dark-brown hair  
 Braided above thy melancholy eyes,  
 And pale thin cheek so delicately fair,  
 And voice so full of woman's sympathies ;  
 Woe for thy beauty ! the fell demon, Care,  
 Too soon hath made thy tender heart his prize ;  
 Too soon those smiles, which ever and anon  
 Threw sunshine o'er thy loveliness, are gone.

## XXII.

Lonely art thou amid the fluttering crowd  
 That throngs the gay and gilded drawing-room ;  
 For eye enwrapt and darken'd in a cloud  
 Of cheerless and impenetrable gloom.  
 The heartless glances of the gay and proud,  
 Which dwelt so rudely on thy beauty's bloom,  
 Pass thy pale cheek unheeding, and despise  
 The dimness of thy sorrow-speaking eyes.

## XXIII.

Yet when perchance a happier maid hath woken  
 The sweetness of some old-remember'd air,  
 Whose touching music to thy heart hath spoken  
 Of the old days that were so passing fair :  
 I've seen the spell that hangs around thee broken  
 By rising visions of the things that were ;  
 And thy faint blush and gushing tears have told  
 That crush'd affections have not yet grown cold.



## XXIV.

But oh ! to me most lovely and most lov'd,  
In thy calm hour of dreaming solitude ;  
When I have track'd thy footsteps as they rov'd  
Through the thick mazes of the tangled wood ;  
Or to sweet sadness by thy story mov'd,  
By thy fair side, in mute attention, stood,  
Still in thine eyes my lovesick bosom sunning—  
But where the devil is my fancy running ?

## XXV.

The fair Badoura had conceiv'd a whim in  
Her lovely head, of wisdom most profound ;  
Her brain in wild fantastic dreams was swimming,  
Such as with maidens now and then abound,  
But rarely vex the pates of married women—  
She fancied she might search the world around,  
And find no husband in its dreary waste,  
To suit her very reasonable taste.

## XXVI.

And she had sworn by every good Divinity  
That ever on Olympus had a throne,  
That, should her days be lengthened to infinity,  
No husband ever should unloose her zone,  
Nor steal the jewel of her bright virginity ;  
That treasure should, at least, remain her own.  
'Twas a strange whim, but what the stranger fact is,  
She seem'd resolv'd to put the whim in practice.

## XXVII.

She knelt before her sire, that gentle maid,  
Like young Diana at the feet of Jove,  
(As mention'd by Callimachus) and pray'd  
By all her peace on earth, and hopes above,  
That if she ever had his will obey'd,  
If he did ever his dear daughter love,  
He would permit her still to live and die  
In calm, unsullied, sinless chastity.



## XXVIII.

And much she argued on the wiles of men,  
 Their base deceit, their gross dissimulation,  
 Their falsehood and their cruelty ; and then  
 She prais'd the virtues of a single station :  
 And " if she should be married, when, oh ! when  
 Could she enjoy such mirth and recreation,  
 Such joyous freedom, such unbounded sport,  
 As she was used to at her father's court ? "

## XXIX.

Ah ! poor Badoura ! in a luckless hour  
 Thou com'st to urge thine innocent entreaty ;  
 No, though thy bright and eloquent eyes should shower  
 A sea of tears upon thy father's feet, he  
 Will never yield to their persuasive pow'r !—  
 He had, in fact, just ratified a treaty  
 By which his daughter was declar'd the Queen  
 Of the young hopeful heir of Fadladeen.

## XXX.

For six whole months the mischief had been brewing  
 With such sagacious secrecy, that few  
 Suspected half the plans that were pursuing,  
 And not a soul in all the kingdom knew  
 That his respected Monarch had been doing  
 What none but Monarchs have the face to do ;  
 And sign'd the contract which he felt would sever  
 His child from hope and happiness for ever.

## XXXI.

Alas ! poor Royalty ! how far remov'd  
 Art thou from all the blessedness of earth !  
 Is't not enough that thou hast never prov'd  
 The bliss of friendship, nor enjoy'd the mirth  
 Of happy spirits, loving and belov'd ?  
 Is't not enough that thou must feel the dearth  
 Of cheering looks, and languidly repress  
 The hollow smiles of palace heartlessness ?



## XXXII.

Is't not enough that tranquil sleep is driven  
From thy uneasy pillow?—that thy brain  
Must throb for ever, and thy heart be riven  
With weariness and care, and scarce retain  
A dream obscure, a wandering ray of heav'n,  
So closely fetter'd by the earth's dull chain?  
Is't not enough that Fancy's self hath left  
Thy broken slumber of her joys bereft?

## XXXIII.

Oh! is not this enough? but must thou link  
Thy care-worn heart to an unloving mate;  
And for the bliss of chaste affection, drink  
The bitter cup of carelessness or hate,  
Unsolac'd and unpitied?—Canst thou think  
There is on earth a thing so desolate  
As thou, who yieldest for thy tinsel prize  
Love's self, our last faint ray from Paradise?

## XXXIV.

So felt perchance Badoura, as she knelt  
Before her father with her strange petition:  
Oh! in her voice what sweet persuasion dwelt!  
How moving was her look of meek submission!  
I don't know how her gracious father felt,  
But he was far too great a politician  
To let absurd, intrusive feelings glance  
Through his profound and passionless countenance.

## XXXV.

He simply answer'd, that "he quite agreed  
In every single syllable she'd said;  
Such notions were most amiable indeed,  
And did much credit to her heart and head.  
He only griev'd that there was urgent need  
That she should set off instantly to wed  
The heir apparent of a distant State—  
Her resolution had been formed too late."



## XLIV.

And then for taste and feeling, sense and wit,  
With which this dainty creature must abound ;  
Again he search'd all Tales that e'er were writ,  
And chose the brightest models that he found ;  
Which blending with his dreamings, in a fit  
Of joy he swore that all the world around  
No living beauty could be found so bright  
As that which awam in his Quixottic sight.

## XLV.

'Twas ever with him, this imagin'd form,  
And as the wayward fancy stronger grew ;  
The bright creation shone in hues so warm,  
So palpably apparent to his view,  
That he grew quite enraptur'd, and a storm  
Of such wild passion on his bosom blew,  
That in his fits he deem'd the vision real,  
And fell in love with this bright shape ideal.

## XLVI.

It was a silly fancy—never mind ;  
It made him happy, if it made him mad :  
The worst on't was he couldn't feel resign'd  
To execute the orders of his Dad.  
But when he was, in consequence, confin'd,  
Wrapt in this vision, he was seldom sad.  
The King imagin'd that the boy was frantic,  
Though the fact was he only was romantic.

## XLVII.

The good old Monarch lov'd his headstrong son,  
(Though 'twas a cruel measure, I must say,  
A thing which no wise Father would have done,  
To lock him up in that outrageous way ;)  
And, fearing sorely that his wits were gone,  
He bled and dosed him every other day.  
'Twas all in vain,—no physic could remove  
His wild, ideal, solitary love.



## XLVIII.

Affairs bore now a most forlorn appearance,  
Both Monarchs were confoundedly afraid,  
That, spite of their parental interference,  
The marriage would be grievously delay'd.  
Though both had hopes, they said, "that in a year hence  
They might perhaps contrive to be obey'd."  
So in this state we'll leave them for the present.  
And turn to prospects rather less unpleasant.

## XLIX.

I don't know how, for many a weary line  
I've pros'd of courtship, wedlock, love, and fighting,  
Till I've arriv'd at Stanza forty-nine,  
And grown half-weary of the stuff I'm writing;  
And yet (confound this stupid head of mine)  
Ne'er thought, one single moment, of inditing  
A strain of soft and eulogistic flummery,  
On *your* approaching nuptials, Miss Montgomery.

## L.

A little while—a few short weeks—and thou  
Shalt go forth gaily in thy bridal dress;  
Serene, yet bearing on thy modest brow  
The timid blush of virgin bashfulness.  
And thou shalt pledge the irrevocable vow,  
And utter (if thou canst) the fatal "Yes"  
At which most ladies' lips are apt to falter,  
When they come fairly to the marriage altar.

## LI.

Thou hast done wisely—thy young eloquent eyes  
Long might with gentle victories have shone;  
Well dost thou choose, for many a fleeting prize,  
The better triumph of securing one.  
Well dost thou choose, for many a lover's sighs,  
A husband's smile; and since we can't but own  
That you were form'd for doing execution,  
The more praiseworthy is your resolution.



## LII:

But we shall miss, beside our quiet hearth,  
 The delicate form, the sunshine of thine eye,  
 The frankness of thy laughter-loving mirth,  
 Thy voice so rich in sweetest melody;  
 And when I seek this dearest spot of Earth,  
 From my world-weary roving, I shall sigh  
 To meet no longer in my Father's hall  
 The fairest face, the lightest step of all.

## LIII.

I'll write a fine description in the papers  
 Of the proceedings of your wedding-day;  
 And give old maids and bachelors the vapours,  
 Telling how bright your looks, your dress how gay;  
 And then I'll praise your milliners and drapers,  
 Beginning somewhat in the following way:  
 "Married last week, at —— in this Shire,  
 Miss H. Montgomery to T. S——, Esquire."

## LIV.

Fie on my giggling Muse, who can't be serious  
 For half a stanza on so grave a theme;  
 But 'tis in vain for me to be imperious,  
 When she's determin'd to rebel; I deem,  
 Most courteous readers, that this strain will weary us,  
 And I shall sadly sink in your esteem  
 If I pursue it longer; if you please  
 I'll breathe awhile, and give your Worships ease.

## LV.

Yet, ere I close my Canto, I must mention  
 What should have been declar'd some stanzas back—  
 That 'twas not my original intention  
 To follow so irregular a track;  
 And I must own I merit reprehension  
 And punishment for having been so slack  
 To introduce you to the sportive Dame,  
 From whom this wondrous story takes its name.



LVI.

I must implore your pardon, and will try  
    (If you get through this Canto) in my next  
To check the rovings of my Phantasy,  
    And stick a little closer to my text.  
“I’ve wander’d from my theme, yet scarce know why,”  
    As sings a friend of mine,—for I’m perplex  
For time ; could I but polish as I would,  
I’d make my Poem wonderfully good.

---

CANTO II.

“Oh! then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.”  
SHAKESPEARE.

I.

MY ink is mix’d with tears of deep vexation  
    To know what Mr. Courtenay has decreed ;  
That here no more our King shall fill his station,  
    That Club and Punchbowl all to fate must cede!  
What! can’t we have another Coronation  
    In the Fusticular Kingdom? I, indeed,  
Have half a mind—if it were not so late—  
For this same Crown to be a candidate.

II.

Ah! Gerard! Gerard! what wouldst thou be doing?  
    (Quoth my astonish’d Muse) is this thine high  
Commiseration of the cares pursuing  
    The unblest course of wretched Royalty?  
Why didst thou prate, last Canto, of the ruin  
    Of Royal spirits?—was it all a lie?  
And did you talk in that high-sounding way  
Only because you’d nothing else to say?



## III.

Gerard, I'm quite asham'd of you—take care—

I'll not be treated (trust me) in this sort ;

How can you hope to breathe poetic air

In the unhealthy climate of a court ?

Do you suppose you'll ever find me there ?

Pray have the voters promis'd you support ?

Poetic air, said I ?—your chance is small,

Just now, of breathing any air at all.

## IV.

Haven't you had an asthma all the spring ?

An't you, this moment, wheezing like a kettle ?

And yet, forsooth, you want to be a King ;

And, though you scarce can fetch your breath, to settle  
Affairs of State ?—'twould be a pretty thing—

I thought you'd been a man of different metal.

Reign if you will—but when by me forsaken,

You'll find that you're confoundedly mistaken.

## V.

Sweet Muse, have patience—trust me, I ne'er meant

In earnest to petition for the throne ;

Though thou dost smile but seldom, I'm content

With thy uncertain humours ; but I own

'Tis a sad bore to have thy fancies pent

Within my brain—all joys of printing flown—

No praise my dear anonymous state to sweeten,

And all because some folks are leaving Eton.

## VI.

But come once more, and kindly condescend.

To lend thine inspiration, dearest Muse ;

Look not so grave,—I ask you as a friend,

For, if you don't assist me, I shall lose

My way in long digressions without end,

And not a single reader will peruse

My tedious rhymes—I scarce could get a man to

Wade through my last interminable Canto.



## VII.

I said, just now, I'd introduce my reader  
To the fair Sprite who gives my Tale a name;  
And since, in a few stanzas, I shall need her  
For special purposes, 'twould be a shame,  
Should I delay into your view to lead her;  
So forth she steps, this visionary dame,  
Maimbune, a mad Fairy, gay and bright  
As any elf that e'er play'd pranks by night.

## VIII.

She came on Earth soon after the creation,  
And was akin to Oberon, 'tis said;  
In Faeryland receiv'd her education,  
But never yet had been induced to wed,  
Though she was woo'd by half the Elfin nation—  
But still a free and roving life she led;  
And sought diversion for her gentle mind  
Chiefly among the haunts of humankind.

## IX.

There was deep and solitary well in  
The palace where the Prince was now confin'd,  
Which serv'd this lovely Fairy for a dwelling.  
A spot just suited to a Fairy's mind;  
Much like the fountain where Narcissus fell in  
Love with her own fair face, and pin'd, and pin'd  
To death (the passion's not at all uncommon  
In Man, and very prevalent with Woman).

## X.

Beneath this fountain's fresh and bubbling water,  
Unfathomably deep, the livelong day,  
This wondrous Fairy, Time's most radiant daughter,  
In unimaginable visions lay;  
Where never earthly care or sorrow sought her,  
But o'er her head did the wild waters play,  
And flitting spirits of the Earth and Air,  
Scatter'd sweet dreams and lulling music there.



## XI.

For she was well belov'd by all th' immortal  
Beings that roam through Ocean, Earth, or Sky;  
And oft would blessed spirits pass the portal  
Of the vast Eden of Eternity  
To be her slaves, and to her did resort all  
Angelic thoughts, each heavenly phantasy,  
That mortals may not know—all came to bless  
This gentle Being's dreams of happiness.

## XII.

And all around that fountain, the pure air  
Breath'd of her presence; every leaf was hung  
With music, and each flow'r that blossom'd there  
A fine and supernatural fragrance flung  
On the glad sense; and thither did repair  
Garlanded maids, and lovers fond and young;  
And by the side of the low-murmuring stream  
Would youthful Poets lay them down to dream.

## XIII.

And ever on that spot the rays of Morning  
Fell thickest, and the Sun's meridian light  
Sparkled and danced amid the waves, adorning  
The crystal chamber of the sleeping Sprite.  
But when proud Dian walked, with maiden scorn in  
The Eastern skies, and the sweet dews of Night  
Lay heavy on the Earth, that Sprite arose  
Fresh from the visions of the day's repose.

## XIV.

And then, she gaily wander'd through the world,  
Where'er her fancy led her, and would stray  
(The sails of her bright meteor-wings unfurl'd)  
Through many a populous city, and survey  
The chambers of the sleeping; oft she curl'd  
The locks of young chaste maidens, as they lay,  
And lit new lustre in their sleeping eyes,  
And breath'd upon their cheeks the bloom of Paradise.



## XV.

And she would scatter o'er the Poet's brain  
    (As he lay smiling through swift-springing tears)  
A strange and unintelligible train  
    Of fancies, and ring loud into his ears  
A long, mysterious, and perplexing strain  
    Of music, or combine the joy of years  
In half an hour of slumber; till he started  
From such sweet visions, weeping and wild-hearted.

## XVI.

And, in her mirthful moments, would she seek  
    The bachelor's room, and spoil his lonely rest;  
Or with old maids play many a wicked freak;  
    Or rattle loudly at the miser's chest,  
Till he woke trembling; she would often wreak  
    Her vengeance on stern fathers who repress'd  
Their children's young and innocent loves, and sold  
(Like our two Kings) their happiness for gold.

## XVII.

I can't tell half the merry tricks she play'd  
    On earth, nor half the clamour and the fuss  
Old women made about her.—I'm afraid  
    No Sprite was ever half so mischievous.  
But so it happen'd that one night she stray'd  
    Into the Prince's chamber—(prying Puss!  
I wonder what the deuce she wanted there  
With a young man abed, so fresh and fair.)

## XVIII.

Tranquil and happy in his sleep he lay,  
    For he was dreaming of that vision bright;  
And o'er his flush'd cheek stole a wandering ray  
    Of silent but most passionate delight,  
As he was gazing his soul's eyes away  
    On some imagined form—he was a sight  
Of wondrous beauty, and Maimoune stood  
Gazing upon him long in solitude.



## XIX.

Oh! how she long'd to peep beneath the lid  
 That veil'd his eyes' dark azure, and espy  
 The sweet imaginations that it hid  
 Wandering beneath its fringed canopy.  
 Yet would she not awake him; all she did  
 Was but one instant on his breast to lie,  
 And kiss the lips which tremulously mov'd  
 As if to meet the lips of her he lov'd.

## XX.

Hark! a dull sound swings through the troubled air!  
 She hears the flapping of unholy wings—  
 Awhile she listens, mute, with finger fair  
 Rais'd to her delicate lips; then swiftly springs  
 Into the infinite sky—what meets she there?  
 Ha! a bad spirit in its wanderings  
 Darkens the face of the full moon; and mars  
 The pale-eyed beauty of the silent stars.

## XXI.

Up sprang Maimoune—winds are not so fleet—  
 Through the spell-troubled atmosphere,—and soon  
 You might behold those hostile Spirits meet  
 Within the circle of the full-orb'd moon.  
 Well knew the Fiend that battle or retreat  
 To him was hopeless—so he crav'd a boon;  
 That as her anger he was loth to stir,  
 She'd let him pass in peace—and he'd let her.

## XXII.

“Ho!” quoth the Fairy (and she laugh'd aloud);  
 “Kind Sir Rebellious, courteous terms are these:  
 But mine must first be thought on—Spirit proud,  
 Now whether thy sweet Spritehood doth it please,  
 That I should dash thee from thy murky cloud  
 Into yon deep uncomfortable seas;  
 Or shut those fair and dainty limbs of thine  
 In the dark trunk of that wind-shaken pine?”



XXIII.

" Or wilt thou shiver in the realm of Frost,  
Ten thousand years fast fetter'd to the Pole?  
Or, to the centre of the deep earth tost,  
There tumble, free from Gravity's control,  
In many an antic gambol?—to thy cost  
Curst Spirit thou hast dar'd me—for a soul  
More dark than thou, more mischievously wicked,  
Roams not the earth—at least with such a thick head.

XXIV.

" I've some old scores to pay you off, Sir, now :—  
Didn't I see you tap Tom Goddard's ale?  
Didn't you pull down Pocock's barley-mow?  
Didn't you nick the Parson's pony's tail?  
Didn't you milk John Squizzle's spotted cow?  
And thump his sister with the milking pail?  
Didn't I see you through the keyhole creep,  
And give Miss Bab the fidgets in her sleep?

XXV.

" Can you say any thing in your defence?  
Whate'er you will I'm ready, Sir, to hear—  
What! silent!—have you lost your little sense?  
Have you no means of making it appear  
That you possess a shadow of pretence  
To mercy?—are you quite struck dumb with fear?  
Come, I'll not wait—you stupid Spirit, speak—  
What mischief have you done, this many a week?"

XXVI.

The Spirit trembled as he made reply:

" Most beautiful Maimoune, I confess  
That I must owe, henceforth, my liberty  
(Which I deserve not) to your gentleness.  
Much mischief surely have I done, yet I  
May, with some reason, venture to express  
A hope that I've, for once, refrain'd from doing  
My poor endeavour to engender ruin.



## XXVII.

" There is a high and solitary tower  
 Near China's proud Metropolis, and there,  
 As I pass'd o'er it at the midnight hour,  
 Suspended in the vast and moon-lit air,—  
 Lying in soft Sleep's poppy-breathing bower,  
 I saw a maiden exquisitely fair!—  
 You may conceive what charms must be her lot,  
 When I assure you that I pinch'd her not !

## XXVIII.

" She quite disarm'd me of my old propensities ;  
 I had no thought of doing any harm  
 To her—I would not for the wealth of ten cities  
 Have thrill'd that bosom with the least alarm.  
 ' What beauty ! ' I exclaim'd, ' oh ! how intense it is !  
 How exquisite her neck—her hand—her arm !  
 Her lips !—oh ! might I with a kiss surprise  
 The slumbers hanging on those shrouded eyes.'

## XXIX.

" But I breath'd o'er her a profounder sleep,  
 And drove away all images of fear  
 From her repose ; then softly did I creep,  
 And whisper dreams of wonder in her ear.  
 Thus, many a night, did I my vigils keep  
 Beside her pillow, till she grew most dear  
 E'en to my nature—by her eyes I swear  
 The world holds not another thing so fair !"

## XXX.

" Now," quoth the nettled Fay, " mine own I'd wager  
 (Might I hold commerce with such things as thou,  
 And wouldst thou dare in such a strife to gage her),  
 That this thy beauty bears not such a brow  
 Of loveliness (I don't mean to enrage her)  
 As a young wonder whom I saw just now :  
 And (what would more her female nature vex)  
 My brighter beauty's of the other sex.



## XXXI.

“Nay, since you look incredulous, Sir Fiend,  
I must your senses by strong proof convince ;  
So beg that you'll this instant condescend  
To lay your sleeping Princess by my Prince  
In yon lone turret—back to China wend—  
Bring hither this fair paragon—and since  
You dare to stake your judgment against mine,  
We'll see which beauty is the more divine.”

## XXXII.

She spoke—upon the word his raven pinions  
The dark-brow'd Spirit for the voyage spread,  
And to the Chinese Monarch's far dominions,  
Swift, straight, and fearless, through mid air he sped ;  
Where (still unshaken in his old opinions)  
He bore Badoura, sleeping from her bed,  
And lodg'd her safely in the Prince's tower,  
Close by his side, in less than half an hour.

## XXXIII.

Had I but time I'd tell you how enchanting  
She look'd, when waving in the midnight breeze,  
As the strong Spirit bore her onward, panting  
With haste, o'er towns, and continents, and seas.  
In raiment her fair limbs were sadly wanting,  
For she wore nothing but a thin chemise ;  
And, as the moonbeams bath'd her in their light,  
She seem'd some wandering meteor of the night,

## XXXIV.

Or star dropp'd from the firmament ; but when  
She lay still sleeping, by the Prince's side—  
The fairest she of women—he of men—  
Both Spirits own'd, it could not be denied  
That Earth ne'er saw such beauty. Ne'er again  
Will such a bridegroom sleep by such a bride,  
And ne'er again, while we live—I'm afraid,  
Will pranks so pleasant be by Fairies play'd.



## XXXV.

Awhile the Fairies bent in silence o'er them,  
 Comparing lip with lip, and nose with nose ;  
 And for their beauty could almost adore them ;  
 But soon the old dispute again arose ;  
 And to such lengths their angry passion bore them,  
 That they had nearly come from words to blows,  
 But that the evil Spirit feared to fight  
 With so confounded passionate a Sprite.

## XXXVI.

At length 'twas settled, with the full consent  
 Of both, that the dispute should be referred  
 (Since neither to resign the contest meant)  
 To the unbiass'd judgment of a third :  
 And they both swore that they would be content,  
 When this their quarrel should be fairly heard,  
 With his decision. So Maimoune call'd  
 A Spirit whom her beauty had enthrall'd

## XXXVII.

For fifteen hundred years. The Spirit came—  
 A creature formed by nature for a lover ;  
 Blear-ey'd, and bow-legg'd, hump-back'd, horn'd, and lame  
 I wonder how such beauty fail'd to move her :  
 But she had never yet confess'd a flame,  
 Though she had made this dainty Knight a rover,  
 Since he first woo'd her, over seas and lands,  
 Ten times a-day, to do her mild commands.

## XXXVIII.

In this behaviour did my Sprite resemble  
 All mortal women whom I ever knew ;  
 Good Lord ! I'm now, while writing, in a tremble,  
 To think of all the labour I went through  
 When I was courting Miss Jemima Kemble ;  
 Never had galley-slave so much to do :  
 Never poor husband of a wife who chided  
 Could lead, in this world, such a life as I did.



## XXXIX.

Well! I'm still single!—but I can't forget  
 How oft I've trudg'd for many a dusty mile  
 On some ridiculous errand,—or got wet  
 In expectation of at least a smile;  
 And then, returning, found her in a pet  
 Because "*Pd* kept her waiting such a while."  
 And then the shawls and tippets that I carried;  
 The scrapes she led me into—till she married.

## XL.

Up rose the Spirit thus so deeply smitten,  
 And most politely fell upon his knees;  
 (His name can't be pronounc'd, and scarcely written,  
 And so we'll call him Cupid if you please :)  
 His mistress told him of the plan she'd hit on,  
 And begg'd his judgment would the strife appease:  
 And Cupid grinn'd, and look'd extremely proud,  
 To have his taste in beauty thus allow'd.

## XLI.

But when he very carefully had ey'd,  
 With spectacles on nose, the sleeping pair,  
 He gravely said it could not be denied—  
 That they were both superlatively fair.  
 He was extremely puzzled to decide  
 Which was the more so, and could not declare  
 To which his judgment would award the prize,  
 Unless he was allow'd to see their eyes.

## XLII.

So said, so done;—the magic spell was broken  
 Which hung upon the slumber-sealed eyes  
 Of the young Prince, and he was fairly woken  
 From his sweet dreams; then, oh! with what surprise  
 He saw the form beside him, a bright token  
 Of the Gods' favour, sent to realize  
 (As he suppos'd), the loveliest dreams that stole  
 Across the enchanted vision of his soul.



## XLIII.

How came she there?—he knew not, and car'd less ;  
 That she ~~was~~ there was quite enough for him ;—  
 Bewilder'd in her dazzling loveliness,  
 How did his eyes in giddy rapture swim !  
 As she lay by him still and motionless,  
 “ The cup of love was running o'er the brim  
 Within him ” (as I heard a speaker say  
 At a Salopian dinner yesterday.)

## XLIV.

I can't think how he took the joke so coolly,  
 As if the Gods had chosen to provide  
 And send him, as they ought, at midnight duly,  
 A beautiful young lady for a bride.  
 He never ask'd who brought her thither. Truly,  
 Had I found such a treasure by my side,  
 Nor of the trick been previously admonish'd,  
 I should have felt prodigiously astonish'd.

## XLV.

Long did he gaze in silence and deep joy,  
 And thoughts came o'er him which he ne'er had known ;  
 The dream which he had worshipp'd from a boy,  
 In one short instant from his brain had flown ;  
 And a new love which knew of no alloy,  
 Within his bosom had built up a throne.  
 The lady slept, he gaz'd, and gaz'd upon her,  
 But harbour'd not a thought against her honour.

## XLVI.

She slept on most amazingly—he thought  
 (And I'm not sure he wasn't in the right)  
 That she slept rather sounder than she ought,  
 It being, he *suppos'd*, her bridal night.  
 But though he deem'd it strange, he never sought  
 To force the slumbers from those orbs of light  
 He almost fear'd to view—he could not bear  
 To use such rudeness to a thing so fair.



## XLVII.

Yet did he print a most bewildering kiss  
On her fair cheek—another on her brow—  
(I should expatiate on that moment's bliss,  
But haven't time to dwell upon it now,)  
They would have waken'd any living Miss,  
Whose sleep was not enchanted ; but somehow  
This lady felt them not ; or, if she did,  
Sleep still weigh'd down each persevering lid.

## XLVIII.

'Twas all in vain ; he found he couldn't wake her  
By any gentle means ; so, having sworn  
That she was his, and he would ne'er forsake her—  
That she should never from his arms be torn,  
Even though Hell itself should yawn to take her,—  
He thought it would be best to doze till morn ;  
And, having kiss'd her lovely cheek once more,  
Soon fell asleep more soundly than before.

## XLIX.

Forthwith, releas'd from the strong spell that bound her  
In deepest slumber, fair Badoura sprung  
From her enchanted visions, and around her  
A glance of momentary wonder flung.  
Much did the aspect of the place confound her—  
Where are the pictures round her chamber hung ?  
Is this her bed ?—and ah !—what heavenly face  
Lies on the pillow, in her Nurse's place ?

## L.

She screams aloud !—is this a man beside her ?  
A Husband ?—Gracious ! is her Father mad ?  
She is resolv'd, whatever may betide her,  
To fly—and yet the face is not so bad.—  
She has seen worse complexions,—mouths much wider,—  
In fact the fellow is a pretty lad.  
She thought she'd take one peep at him, and bent  
Silently o'er his face in wonderment.



## LI.

Upon her delicate brow the dark hair braided,  
 Cloudlike hung o'er the starbeams of her eyes ;  
 Which, by that darkness soften'd and o'ershaded,  
 Fell in a gleam of tenderest ecstasies  
 Upon the sleeping boy ; that gleam pervaded  
 His cheek still glowing from his late surprise ;  
 And touch'd his brow, which in that radiance shone  
 With loveliness far brighter than its own.

## LII.

Thus (as 'tis said), Italian Beauty hung  
 Over the sleeping Milton, as at noon  
 Reclin'd he lay the forest trees among,  
 His thoughts to some unutterable tune  
 Of Heavenly Music wandering, till they sprung  
 Into his deep-flush'd countenance, and soon  
 Kindled within that gazer's breast the flame  
 Which Woman, who best feels it, dares not name.

## LIII.

But there's one trifling difference between  
 My Princess and the Dame who seem'd to ape her ;  
 That Milton's Beauty chose not to be seen,  
 And scarce declar'd her passion e'en on paper :  
 Whereas Badoura thought it would be mean  
 To let so delicate a Youth escape her ;  
 All her objections to a ring were over,  
 Since Fate had sent her such a handsome lover.

## LIV.

And she began to find it poor employment  
 To gaze so long upon a sleeping spouse,  
 And long'd for the more rational enjoyment  
 Of—conversation—and—exchanging vows ;  
 Of love—and—chaste caresses—ne'er to cloy meant ;—  
 And so she strove the sleeper to arouse,  
 At first by gentle kisses, and fond taps  
 With her small fingers,—then by ruder slaps.



LV.

He only slept the sounder, so she tried  
 At last the sweet allurement of her tongue;  
 " Sweet Prince !—Dear Husband !—am I not thy Bride ?  
 Am I not chaste, and beautiful, and young ?  
 Have I not air, and shape, and grace beside ?  
 Is not my voice the sweetest that e'er sung ?  
 Why Husband ! Husband ! Husband !—Sir ! Sir ! Sir !  
 Good Lord ! will nothing make this Blockhead stir ?

LVI.

" Now by mine eyes, fair Bridegroom, 'tis not right  
 To sleep so sound at such an hour as this ;  
 Pray tell me, is it not our bridal night,  
 Sacred to love, and harmony, and bliss ?  
 I've a great mind to quarrel with you quite,  
 Discourteous Sir—now by this rapturous kiss,  
 (Which I must steal, since you will not bestow,)  
 I never could have borne to slight you so.

LVII.

" Aid me, ye Gods, this odious sleep to drive hence ;  
 Sir, you've carous'd too freely at the wine—  
 No, no ; I now perceive the whole contrivance,  
 'Tis all a trick my kind papa, of thine.  
 I wonder at my Nurse's base connivance ;  
 But oh ! he looks so radiantly divine,  
 And smiles, in slumber with a smile so sweet,  
 I can't believe him guilty of deceit.

LVIII.

" Still sleep'st thou, dearest ? some malignant Demon  
 Hath o'er thy spirit cast this baneful spell ;  
 Else never couldst thou in this fashion dream on,  
 Nor against Love and Hymen so rebel,  
 As not to let those eyes of beauty beam on  
 The gentle Lady who loves *thee* so well :  
 By Heav'n thou smil'st—I know it's all a sham ;  
 Love grant me patience !—what a wretch I am !



## LIX.

“Thou lov’st me not ; dost thou suspect my fame ?  
 My parents, Sir, are noble as thine own ;  
 My aunt Haiatelnefous was a Dame  
 As chaste, and coy, as ever wore a gown :  
 Ne’er have I felt,—till now, Love’s pleasing flame ;  
 My Father shall defend his Child’s renown.  
 Do as you please, Sir—you shall shortly know  
 That I’ll have vengeance if you use me so.

## LX.

“By the hot tears which I am shedding o’er thee ;  
 By my poor heart which doth so fondly ache ;  
 By these most chaste embraces ; I implore thee,  
 My Husband, if thou sleepest, to awake.  
 Oh !—didst thou know how madly I adore thee,  
 Thou wouldst not thus persist my heart to break.  
 Oh ! hear the plaint my wounded Spirit pours,  
 And heal my sorrow !—Lord, how loud he snores !”

## LXI.

She spoke ; the tears fell fast, as she was speaking,  
 Yet did they yield her anguish small relief ;  
 And (what was shocking), in her flight from Pekin,  
 She’d dropp’d her muslin pocket-handkerchief,  
 So that she couldn’t stop her eyes from leaking ;  
 Maimoune felt much pity for her grief,  
 And soon, in order to assuage her pain,  
 Sent Magic slumber to those eyes again.

## LXII.

By this the silver Moon had drawn her horn in,  
 While Cupid still more undecided grew ;  
 And puzzled on, unmindful of the warning.  
 Till, while he pored and doubted, the cock crew,  
 And at the sound, before the breath of Morning,  
 Back to their haunts, the three mad Spirits flew,  
 Leaving, in rather an unusual place,  
 The Prince and Princess lying face to face.



LXIII.

The spells fell from their eyelids, and together  
These two fond lovers from their dreams awoke,  
And met each other's eyes—'twas long ere either  
(Lost as they were in love and wonder) spoke.  
I don't know (and it matters not a feather),  
Which of the two the blissful silence broke—  
'Twas a strange introduction—I'm afraid  
The breakfast hour that morning was delay'd.

LXIV.

Of course the thing in matrimony ended ;  
The Kings were much astonish'd at the way  
In which the Fairies had their schemes befriended,  
For how it happen'd not a soul could say.  
Maimoune and her Lover both attended,  
In high good-humour, on the wedding-day ;  
And brought fine gifts from Fairyland, and shed  
All sorts of blessings on the Nuptial Bed.

LXV.

" Now strike your sails, ye jolly Mariners,"  
For I have come unto my story's end,  
With a few alterations, worthy Sirs—  
To make it aptly to my purpose bend.  
I've used some freedom with the characters,  
But hope the Reader 'll kindly condescend  
To recollect my hurry—and excuse  
The rambling nonsense of a heedless Muse.

G. M.

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## PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

## V.

## PEREGRINE COURTENAY TO THE PUBLIC.

MY DEAR PUBLIC,

How rejoiced I feel in being able to rid myself of all weighty affairs, for a few minutes, and sit down to a little private conversation with you : I am going as usual, to be very silly, and very talkative, and I have so much to say that I hardly know where to begin.

Allow me to congratulate you upon the flourishing state of your affairs. There has been a Coronation, and you have had lighting of lamps, and drinking of ale, and breaking of heads, to your heart's content ; and there are two new Novels coming from Sir Walter ; and the King is going to Ireland ; and Mr. Kean is come from America ; and—here is No. X. of " The Etonian ! " How happy you must be !

But you will have to pay an extra shilling for it. I hope you will not be angry. The fact is, that the approaching conclusion of our Work has put into our Contributors such a spirit of goodwill and exertion, that we found it quite impossible to comprise their benefactions within our usual limits, although I myself gave up to them many of my own pages, and burned several first-rate articles, especially one " On the Digamma," which would have had a surprising effect. For, to parody the Poet,

" Those write now, who never wrote before,  
And those who always wrote, now write the more."

And you will be satisfied, I think, with the augmentation of bulk, and of price, when you consider what you would have lost if such a step had not been adopted. Perhaps you might not have had " The Bride of the Cave ; " perhaps you might not have had " The Hall of my Fathers ; " perhaps you might not have had—Oh, yes ! you certainly should have had " Maimoune," though it had filled our whole Number. But you would not have had my " Private Correspondence," which I should have regretted extremely, although my modesty hints to me that you would not have cared a rush about the matter.

I used to promise, you will remember, that in all and in each of our Numbers, twenty pages only should be devoted to our



Foreign Correspondents. This resolution was, I believe, rigidly adhered to, during the existence of "the Saltbearer;" but since his exit I have grown more idle and less scrupulous. In our present Number you will find a much greater proportion of matter from the Universities. I tell you so fearlessly, because you are, in no small degree, a gainer by the fraud.

When I look back on my life, my dear Public, I cannot help thinking what a life of impudence,—what a life of hoaxing,—what a life of singularity, I have led. If all the Brass I have shown in my writings could be transferred to my Monument, my memory would be immortal. I have told, *in print*, more lies than ever Munchausen did; and, in the sphere of my existence, have been guilty of as much deceit as the Fortunate Youth. As for the "Letter to the King," however, I can't, for the life of me, see a grain of impertinence in its composition; all I wonder at is, that it did not procure a Holiday for Eton, nor Knighthood for Sir Thomas, nor a thousand a-year for myself. Nevertheless, in spite of the mortifying silence with which my communication was received, I am happy to observe that our Etonians continue very loyal. On the night of the Coronation, when the Mob said "Queen!" the Boys said "King!" and many, forthwith, risked their own crowns in behalf of his Majesty's. But whether this proceeded from the love of Loyalty, or the love of Blows, must remain a question.

Howbeit, I am not naturally addicted to impudence, or hoaxing, or singularity. To convince you of this, I had at one time an intention of drawing up a Memoir of my own Life, containing an accurate detail of my thoughts, and words, and actions, during the whole period which my memory comprehends. I found it very difficult to settle the title of my Book. Should it be the stately "Life of Peregrine Courtenay, Esq. of the College of Eton, Foolscape Octavo?" or should it be the quaint "Notice of a Gentleman who has left Long Chamber?" or should it be the concise and attractive "Peregriniana?" It was a weighty affair; and I abandoned the design before I could settle the point. For I at last began to believe, my Public, that this is all of which you ought to be informed,—that I have lived long at Eton, and that I have edited "The Etonian;" that I am now bidding farewell to the first, and writing the Epilogue of the other.

I leave Eton at a peculiarly auspicious time. Her Cricket is very good this year! (I wish we could have had a meeting with Harrow, but *Diis aliter visum est*,) and her Boats are unusually well manned, and there are in her ranks more youths of five-feet-ten, than I have seen for a long time. She has also just effected the establishment of a Public Library; which has been so spirit-edly supported by our *Alumni* themselves, and by the Friends of



the School, that it is already rising into importance. And, thanks to the exertions of many who have been our Friends, and a few of our Correspondents, she maintains a high ground at the Universities. I am bound for Cambridge myself; but this is nothing at all to concern you, inasmuch as I do not mean to Edite a "Cantab."

I resign my office too at a propitious moment, before time has quelled the enthusiasm with which it was entered upon,—before warmth and impetuosity have yielded to weariness and disgust. My Spirits are still unabated, my Friends are still untired, and you, my Public, are still kind! I might have waited to experience the sinking of the first, the anger of the second, and alas! the fickleness of the third. It is well that I stop in time.

I have two drawers of my bureau filled, almost to bursting, with divers Manuscripts; I am afraid to open either of them, lest somebody passionate, or somebody stupid, or somebody wearisome, should stare me in the face. Of these compositions, my pages witness against me that I have promised insertion to many, and my conscience witnesses against me that I ought to have given insertion to many more. I don't know what to do with them. I have some thoughts of sending them to my Publisher's in a lump, or bequeathing them as a Legacy to my successors. I believe, however, my better plan may be to put them up to Auction. Amongst the numerous Authors, great and small, good and bad, who are at the present day wasting their pen, ink, paper, and time, in "doing honour to Eton," I cannot but think that some of my Literary Treasures would fetch a pretty good price. There are all the articles, of which we have at various times given notice; some of which I know our Readers are dying to see. But these form but a trifling part of the heap; I will subjoin a few specimens of my wares, but Catalogues shall, of course, be printed previous to the Sale.

Several "Reminiscences"—very useful for writers who wish to recollect what never occurred.

A few "Visions," "Musings," "Odes," &c.—a great bargain to any young person who wants to be interesting, or unintelligible.

"Edmund Ironside," an Old English Tale, in the style of "The Knight and the Knave," very valuable,—in consequence of "The Quarterly's" hint about "Ivanhoe."

"Thoughts on the Coronation," to be had for a trifle, as the article is a common one, and will not keep.

A great many "Classical Tales," strongly recommended to those Authors who are not learned, and wish to be thought so.

A large bundle of "Notices to Correspondents," admirably adapted to the use of those who have none.



A Portfolio of Cursory Hints, Remarks, Puns, Introductory Observations, Windings-up, &c. &c. &c. capable of serving any purpose to which the Purchaser likes to put them.

With such a Repository, it will be evident, that, if the Fates were willing that I should proceed in my undertaking, I should be in no want of support. This, however, is not the decree of the Destinies; I must go, and like him who

“ Oft fitted the halter, oft traversed the cart,  
And often took leave, but seemed loth to depart,”

I continue to say to you, I am “going, going, going,” while you methinks are waiting with the uplifted hammer, impatient to pronounce me “gone!”

Every body, who wishes to do any thing worthy of record, is anxious to know what will be said of him after his decease. I am thinking what will be said of *me*, after *my* literary death.

I fancy to myself a knot of Ladies, busy with their Loo and Scandal. The Tenth, the last Number of “The Etonian” is brought upon the carpet, and every one flies at Peregrine in the flirting of a fan. “So he’s gone, is he? Well, it’s time he should; he was getting sadly tiresome;”—“and so satirical;”—“and so learned;”—“as for all his Greek, I’m sure it must be very bad, for Lord St. Luke can’t construe me a word of it, and he was three years at Oxford;”—“and that abominable ‘Certain Age!’”—“and that odious ‘Windsor Ball!’”—“Oh! positively we can never forgive the ‘Windsor Ball!’ I have not bought a copy since!”—Pray be quiet, Ladies; I never meant one of you,—never, on the word of an Editor! Howbeit, if the cap fits—you know what I would say, though politeness shall leave it unsaid.

Then I picture to my mind a set of sober critics taking my reputation to pieces, as easily as you would crack a walnut. “Peregrine Courtenay?—ay! he was a silly, laughing fellow; he had some spirit; yes, and a tolerable rhyme now and then;—but he had no sense, no solidity; he was all froth, all evaporation. He was like the wine we are drinking—he had no *body*!”—“where did you get this wine, Mr. Matthew?”—and so I am dismissed.

Then I begin to think of what is much more interesting to me. What will be the talk of my schoolfellows? I fancy that I hear their censures, and their praises not sparingly bestowed. I fancy that I am already taken up with kindness, or laid down with a shrug!—“‘The Etonian!’ oh! the last Number is out, is it? How does it sell? Some of it was good, but I wish they had had less of their *balaam*, as they call it! and then all the punch was low,—horribly low; and all that slang about the Club!—and that foolish picture on the cover!—and then the puffing, and the puns! For my part, I never saw a grain of wit in it,—and the



sense was in a still less proportion! In short it was bad, oh! very bad! but, I don't know how, it certainly did amuse one, too!"

Such are the sounds which haunt my imagination in my leave-taking. And ever and anon, I put my prayer to the Goddess with the brazen trumpet, who proclaims the titles and the exploits of great men. "Fame, Fame, when I am removed from the scene of my exertions, let me not be quite forgotten! let me be talked of with praise, or let me be talked of with censure; but let me, at all events, be talked of! Whether I be remembered with pardon, or with condemnation, I care little,—so that I be only remembered."

I wish all manner of success and prosperity to the members of the Club, my affectionate coadjutors. Mr. Sterling, I have no doubt, will make an exemplary Vicar, and Mr. Lozell will do excellent well, to say his Amen. Mr. Musgrave will be a capital whip, unless he breaks his neck in the training; and Sir Francis Wentworth will probably rise to great honours and emoluments—when the Whigs come in. Golightly will die with a jest in his mouth, and a glass in his hand. Bellamy will live with elegance in his manners, and love in his eye. Oakley will be a spiteful critic; and Swinburne an erudite commentator. As for Gerard, he will go forward on his own path to eminence, destined to shine in a nobler arena than that of a Schoolboy's Periodical and to enjoy more worthy applauses than those of Peregrin Courtenay.

And I, my dear Public, shall walk up the hill of life as steadily as I can, and as prosperously as I may. For the present I have wiped my pen, and given a holiday to the devils; but if, at any future period, I should, in my bounty, give to you in inspection a Political Pamphlet, or a Treatise on Law, a Farce or a Tragedy, a Speech or a Sermon, I trust that you will have respect for the name of Peregrine Courtenay, and be as ready with your pounds, shillings, and pence, as I have always hitherto found you.

One word more. I have been much solicited to have my own effigies stuck in the front of my work, done in an editorial attitude with a writing-desk before me, and a pen behind my ear: and I am aware that this is the custom of many gentlemen whom I might be proud to imitate. Mr. Canning figures in front of "The Microcosm," and Dr. Peter Morris presents his goodly physiognomy in the vanguard of "Peter's Letters." And I know what has often before been remarked, that when the public sit down to the perusal of a work, it imports them much to be convinced whether the writer thereof be plump or spare, fair or dark, of an open or a meditative countenance. Would any one feel an inter-



rest in the fate of Tom Thumb, who did not see a representation of the hero courting inspection, and claiming, as it were, in *propria persona*, the applause to which his exploits entitle him? Would any one shudder with horror at the perilous adventures of Munchausen, who could not count the scars with which they are engraven on the Baron's physiognomy? In opposition to these weighty considerations, I have two motives which forcibly impel me to adopt a contrary line of conduct. In the first place, I am, as is known to all my acquaintance, most outrageously modest. I have been so from my cradle. Before I ever entered upon a public capacity, a few copies of a Caricature came down to our Eton Bookseller, one of which contained a figure of a starved Poet. One of my friends carelessly discovered a resemblance between the said starved Poet and your humble Servant, the consequence of which was that your humble Servant bought up, at no inconsiderable expense, all the copies of the said print, and committed them to the flames. And now, if I were to see my own features prefixed to my own writings;—if I were to imagine to myself your curiosity, my Public, criticising expression of countenance, as well as expression of thought, and lines of face as well as lines of metre, I could not endure it—I should faint!—Yes! I should positively faint!

I have another reason—another very momentous one! I once heard a Lady criticising the “Lines to —.” How beautiful were the Criticisms! and how beautiful was the Critic! I would have given the riches of Mexico for such a Review, and such a Reviewer! But to proceed with my story;—thus were the remarks wound up:—“Now do, Mr. Courtenay, tell me who is the author!—what an interesting looking man he must be!”

From that moment I have been enwapt in most delightful day-dreams. I have constantly said to myself, Peregrine, perhaps at this moment bright eyes are looking on your effusion; and sweet voices are saying, “What a pretty young man Mr. Courtenay must be!”—And shall I publish my picture, and give them the lie?—Oh, no! I will preserve to them the charity of their conjectures, and to myself the comfort of their opinion.

And now what rests for me, but to express my gratitude to all, who have assisted me by their advice or their support, and to beg, that if, in discharging my part to the best of my abilities, it has been my misfortune to give offence to any one of them, he will believe that I sinned not intentionally, and forgive me as well as he can?

I have also to return thanks to many Gentlemen who have honoured me by marks of individual kindness. It would be painful to me to leave this spot without assuring them, that in all places, and under all circumstances, I shall have a lively recollection of



the attention they have shown me, and the interest they have expressed in my success.

But most of all, I have to speak my feelings to him, who, at my earnest solicitations, undertook to bear an equal portion of my fatigues and my responsibility,—to him, who has performed so diligently the labours which he entered upon so reluctantly,—to him who has been the constant companion of my hopes and fears—my good and ill fortune,—to him, who, by the assiduity of his own attention, and the genius of the contributors whose good offices he secured, has ensured the success of “*The Etonian*!”

I began this letter in a light and jesting vein, but I find that I cannot keep it up. My departure from Eton and “*The Etonian*” is really too serious a business for a jest or a gibe. I have felt my spirits sinking by little and little, until I have become downright melancholy. I shall make haste, therefore, to come to a conclusion. I have done, and I subscribe myself (for the last time),

My dear Public,

Your obliged and devoted Servant,  
**PEREGRINE COURTENAY.**





CONTRIBUTORS

TO

THE ETONIAN.

ASHLEY, HON. WILLIAM.

VOL. I.

Petition from Jeremy Gubbins, *page* 237.

BEALES, EDMUND.

VOL. I.

Ode to Despair, 113.  
A Night Adventure, 263.  
What shall I do? 272.  
A Saturday Evening in the Country,  
399.

VOL. II.

The Death of Alexander, 10.  
A Visit to a Country Fair, 67.  
A Country Sabbath, 150.  
Mr. Bellamy's Stanzas, 168.

CHRICHTON, WILLIAM.

VOL. I.

Lines to Ellen, 244, 398.

VOL. II.

The Serenade, 75.  
Ellen (*a Simple Tale*), 440.

COLERIDGE, HENRY NELSON,

(*King's College, Cambridge.*)

VOL. I.

Lines to Mary, 52.  
Sonnets, 61.  
On Wordsworth's Poetry, 99.  
Lines on leaving Llandogo, 213.  
On Wordsworth's Poetry, 209.  
Girolamo and Sylvestra, 255.  
I was a Boy, 278.  
On Coleridge's Poetry, 315.  
On Charles Lamb's Poetry, 344.

VOL. II.

Southey's March to Moscow, 57.  
Sonnet (*To —*), 66.  
Tancred and Sigismunda, 105.  
Song, 155.  
The Bride of the Cave (*from "The  
Poetry of the College Magazine,"*)  
364.  
Nugæ Amatoriæ, 376.  
Sonnet (*To —*), 379.  
Essay on Lions, 436.

CURZON, HON. FRANCIS.

VOL. I.

The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, 67.  
A Lapland Sacrifice, 111.

VOL. II.

21



## DURNFORD, RICHARD.

## VOL. I.

- A Visit to Eton, 43.  
 Miseries of Christmas Holidays in the  
 Country, 120.  
 The latter part of "Sir Thomas Nes-  
 bit's Definition of a Good Fellow,"  
 142.  
 On Signs, 184.  
 A Peep into Rawsdon Court, 197.

Golightly's Letter of Condolence, 309.

## VOL. II.

- A Party at the Pelican, 45.  
 Letter from the Rev. Marmaduke  
 Bradshaw to Mr. Matthew Swin-  
 burne, inclosing an Article, 243.  
 The Rashleigh Letter-Bag, 227, 297,  
 329.

## FURSDON, CHARLES,

(*Downing College, Cambridge.*)

## VOL. I.

- On Youthful Friendship, 48.  
 Lines on the Coliseum, 214.

## MOULTRIE, JOHN,

(*Trinity College, Cambridge.*)

## VOL. I.

- Lines to —, 46.  
 My Brother's Grave, 75.  
 Godiva (*a Tale*), 146.  
 Christmas (*an Eclogue*), 173.  
 Elegy, 232.  
 A Country Wedding, 271.  
 Lines to Miss F. Harrison, 313.  
 Somnia Montgomeriana, 388.

## VOL. II.

- Sonnet to Mr. Bellamy, 5.

- Sonnets (for Young Ladies), 114.  
 Sonnets (for Young Gentlemen), 116.  
 Extract from a terrible long MS. Poem,  
 117.  
 Song to the Spring Breeze, 189.  
 Further Extracts from a terrible long  
 MS. Poem, 290.  
 The Hall of my Fathers (*from "The  
 Poetry of the College Magazine,"*  
 392.  
 Maimoune, (*a Poem*), 445.

## NEECH, HENRY,

(*Merton College, Oxford.*)

## VOL. I.

- Part of the King of Clubs; compre-  
 hending the Introduction, Sketch of  
 the first Six Characters, the Latin  
 Note, &c. 3.  
 The Characters of the Candidates, 336.  
 Le Blanc's Sober Essay on Love, 355.

## VOL. II.

- Letter to H. U. Tighe, Esq. 148.  
 Characters of Two more Candidates,  
 178.  
 Translation of Tasso, 257.  
 Pæstum, 268.  
 Letters from Oxford, 214, 217, 220,  
 284, 380.

## ORD, WILLIAM HENRY.

## VOL. I.

- Reflections on Winter, 239.  
 Castles in the Air, 267.

## VOL. II.

- Le Blanc on Interest, 100.  
 Tomb of Psammis, 184.



## OUTRAM, THOMAS POWYS.

## VOL. I.

Biography of a Boy's Room, 216.  
Eulogium on Tobacco, 248.

On Prejudice, 238.

Michael Oakley's Objections to Wit,  
269.

On a Clerical Life, 361.

## VOL. II.

On Calumny, 157.

On Country Churchyard Epitaphs,  
400.

PETIT, JOHN LOUIS,  
(Trinity College, Cambridge.)

## VOL. I.

Greek Song in the Musæ O'Connorianæ, 354.

## VOL. II.

Extracts from Evening, 86.

## PRAED, WINTHROP MACKWORTH.

The King of Clubs, excepting the  
parts assigned to Contributors.  
Peregrine's Scrap-Book, excepting the  
parts assigned to Contributors.

Reminiscences of my Youth, No. I.  
291.

Musæ O'Connorianæ, 351.

The Knight and the Knave, 360.

Mad—quite Mad, 394.

## VOL. I.

Rhyme and Reason, 27.

The Eve of Battle, 30.

Laura, 53.

On the Practical Bathos, 63.

Remarks on Nicknames, 69.

Lozell's Essay on the Art of saying  
"Yes" and "No," 105.

Turn Out, 115.

Confession of Don Carlos, 125.

Solitude in a Crowd, 129.

Politeness and Politesse, 132.

A Windsor Ball, 137.

Lovers' Vows, 144.

On the Practical Asyndeton, 178.

Lines to Júlio, 187.

Lines to Julia, 191.

Remarks on Hair-dressing, 209.

On a Certain Age, 229.

Marius amidst the Ruins of Carthage,  
270.

Lines to Florence, 276.

Not at Home, 280.

Silent Sorrow, 283.

## VOL. II.

The County Ball, 24.

The Bogle of Anneslie, 71.

Private Correspondence, 80, 82, 234,  
308, 434.

On the Establishment of a Public  
Library at Eton, 84.

The Bachelor, 221.

Lozell's Essay on Weathercocks, 123.

The Mistake, 129.

Sense and Sensibility, 133.

Changing Quarters, 143.

Old Boots, 187.

On the Divinities of the Ancients,  
195.

Reminiscences of my Youth, No. II.  
203.

On True Friendship, 212.

The Country Curate, 265.

Gog, Canto I., 222; Canto II., 327.

Remarks on Etonian Poets, 349.

Sonnet to Ada, 400.

Surly Hall, 405.

## TROWER, WALTER.

## VOL. I.

Edith, 52.

Genius, 69.

Song, 407.

## VOL. II.

Song in Prison, 169.



**WALKER, WILLIAM SYDNEY,**  
(*Trinity College, Cambridge.*)

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p><b>VOL. I.</b><br/>The Contented Lover, 183.<br/>A Fragment, 241.<br/>Horæ Paludanæ, No. I., 297.<br/>Poetical Epistle from "W." 328.<br/>Address to the Hon. Gerard Montgomery, 410.</p> <p><b>VOL. II.</b><br/>On the Writings of James Montgomery, 11.<br/>The Lover's Song, 120.<br/>Horæ Paludanæ, No. II. 165.<br/>Stanzas in Miss Harrison's Album, 166.<br/>Stanzas, 200.<br/>Horæ Paludanæ, No. III. 201.</p> | <p>Music, 201.<br/>Stanzas, 211.<br/>Woman and Hope, 258<br/>Horæ Subfusæ, 270.<br/>To Intellectual Liberty, 279<br/>Fragment of an Address to the Spirit of Poetry, 301.<br/>Sonnet to Catherine Seyton, 303.<br/>Bounce, 303.<br/>To Hope, 315.<br/>Bellamy's Fragments, and Parody from Scott's "Allen-a-Dale," 339.<br/>Rhapsodies, 423.<br/>On the Poems of Chauncy Hare Townsend, 397.<br/>A Whimsey, 434.</p> |
|---|--|

We have not received permission to publish the names of the friends from whom we have received the following Articles.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p><b>VOL. I.</b><br/>Song, 325.<br/>Elegy, 406.<br/>Stanzas "on Whistling," 406.</p> <p><b>VOL. II.</b><br/>Stanzas for Music, 91.<br/>Lines "to the Rainbow," 91.<br/>Lines to Miss Sophia Everett, 171.</p> | <p>The Rejected Lover, 172.<br/>Caernarvon Castle, 193.<br/>Unpublished Stanzas of Godiva, 252.<br/>Lines on "Sæviar Armis Luxuria," by Robigo, 256.<br/>Matthew Swinburne, 337.<br/>Verses by "Alcæus Minor," 338.<br/>Happiness, 364.</p> |
|--|---|

There are many passages in these Volumes which the Editors, for various reasons, would wish corrected or erased. Believing, however, that the public would be better pleased, if they were allowed to shake hands with "The Etonian" in his first dress, they have made very few alterations; confident that the errors which they regret will be charitably ranked among those

"Quas aut Incuria fudit  
Aut humana parum cavit Natura."

WALTER BLUNT.  
WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.



# INDEX

TO

## THE SECOND VOLUME.

- Abdication, his Majesty's, *page* 347  
 Ada, Sonnet to, 400  
 Alexander, the Death of, 10  
 Ancients, on the Divinities of the, 195  
 Autobiography of the Punchbowl, 261
- Bachelor, the, 121  
 Bogle of Anneslie, 71  
 Bounce, 303  
 Bride of the Cave, 364
- Caernarvon Castle, 193  
 Calumny, Remarks on, 157  
 Changing Quarters, 143  
 Clerical Life, Reflections on, 361  
 Contributors to "The Etonian," 483  
 County Ball, 24  
 Country Curate, 265  
 ——— Sabbath, 150
- Death of Alexander, 10  
 ——— Chatham, 183  
 Divinities of the Ancients, 195
- Ellen, (*a Simple Tale*) 440  
 Epitaphs, in Country Churchyards, 400  
 Etonian Poets, Remarks on, 349  
 Extracts from a terrible long MS.  
     Poem, 117, 290
- Gog; Canto I., 222; Canto II., 327
- Hall of my Fathers, 392  
 Happiness, 364  
 Harvey, (Jasper) Character of, 178  
 Homer, Essay on the Poems of, 294  
 Hope, Lines to, 315  
 Horæ Paludanæ; No. II., 165; No.  
     II., 201  
 Horæ Subfusæ, 276.  
 Intellectual Liberty, Lines to, 279
- Interest, Le Blanc on, 100
- Jenkins, (Philip Wasney) Character  
     of, 181
- King of Clubs, 3, 97, 175, 261, 347
- Le Blanc on Interest, 100  
 ———'s Vale, 175  
 Letter to H. U. Tighe, Esq. 148  
     — from Peregrine Courtenay to  
     "Coll. apud Cantab. Soc." 80  
     — from Charicles to Menedemus,  
     82 \*  
     — from Peregrine of Clubs to  
     George of England, 234  
     — from Peregrine Courtenay to  
     Mr. B. Bookworm, 308  
     — from Peregrine Courtenay to  
     the Public, 476  
     — from the Rev. Mr. Bradshaw  
     to M. Swinburne, 243  
 Letters from Oxford; No. I., 214;  
     No. II., 217; No. III., 280; No.  
     IV., 284; No. V., 380.  
 Letter-Bag, the Rashleigh, I., 244;  
     II., 247; III., 248; IV., 251; V.,  
     316; VI., 318; VII., 322; VIII.,  
     323; IX., 326; X., 352; XI.,  
     356; XII., 358.
- Library, on the Establishment of a  
     Public one at Eton, 84  
 Lines on the Death of Alexander, 10  
     — on Pæstum, 268  
     — to Hope, 315  
     — on the Death of Chatham, 183  
     — to Intellectual Liberty, 279  
     — on Caernarvon Castle, 193  
     — on Music, 201  
     — on Happiness, 364

\* The "Athenian Letter" was written at a time when four of our school-fellows had been taken from us, within a very short interval, under circumstances of the most melancholy nature. An allusion is more particularly made to the death of Edmond Turnor, the son of E. Turnor, Esq. of Stoke Rochdale, Lincolnshire. I had long been on terms of affectionate intimacy with him. None of the circumstances mentioned in the Letter are wholly fictitious.—W. M. P.



- Lions, Essay on, 436  
 Love, a Sister's, 399  
 Lover's Song, 120  
 Lozell's Essay on Weathercocks, 137  
  
 Maimoune, 445  
 March to Moscow, 57  
 Michael Oakley's Objections to Wit, 269  
 Mistake, the, 129  
 Montgomery, (James) on the Writings of, 11  
 MS. Poem, Extracts from a terrible long one, 117, 290  
 Music, 201  
  
 Nugæ Amatoriæ, 376  
  
 Old Boots, 187  
 Oxford, Letters from, No. I., 214; No. II., 217; No. III., 280; No. IV., 284; No. V., 380  
  
 Party at the Pelican, 45  
 Pæstum, 268  
 Peregrine's Scrap-Book, No. IV., 85; No. V., 167; No. VI., 252; No. VII., 337  
 Pocket Handkerchiefs, Remarks on, 182  
 Poetry, Fragment of an Address to the Spirit of, 301  
 Prejudice, Remarks on, 238  
 Private Correspondence: I., Peregrine Courtenay "to Coll. apud Cantab. Soc.," 80; II., Charicles to Menedemus, 82; III., Peregrine of Clubs to George of England, 234; IV., Peregrine Courtenay to Mr. B. Bookworm, 308; V., Peregrine Courtenay to the Public, 476  
 Psammis, on the Tomb of, 184  
 Rashleigh Letter-Bag, I., 244; II., 247; III., 248; IV., 251; V., 316; VI., 318; VII., 322; VIII., 323; IX., 326; X., 352; XI., 356; XII., 358  
  
 Reminiscences of My Youth, No. II., 203  
 Rhapsodies, 423  
  
 Scrap-Book, Peregrine's, No. IV., 85; No. V., 167; No. VI., 252; No. VII., 337  
 Sense and Sensibility, 132  
 Serenade, the, 75  
 Song, the Lover's, 120  
 —, 155  
 —, to the Spring Breeze, 189  
 Sonnet on Beefsteaks, 5  
 — to Mr. Bellamy, 5  
 — to —, 66  
 — to Catherine Seyton, 303  
 — to —, 379  
 — to Ada, 400  
 Sonnets, for Young Ladies, 114  
 —, for Young Gentlemen, 116  
 Southey's March to Moscow, 57  
 Stanzas, 136  
 —, written in Miss Harrison's Album, 166  
 —, 200  
 —, 211  
 —, to —, 397  
 Surly Hall, 405  
  
 Tancred and Sigismunda, 105  
 Tomb of Psammis, Remarks on, 184  
 Townsend, (Chauncy Hare) Poems by, 397  
 —, Remarks on his Poems, 422  
 True Friendship, Remarks on, 212  
  
 Vale, Le Blanc's, 175  
 Visit to a Country Fair, 67  
  
 Weathercocks, Lozell's Essay on, 137  
 Wedding, the, 304  
 Whimsey, 434  
 Wish, (to a young Relation) 66  
 Wit, Michael Oakley's Objections to, 269

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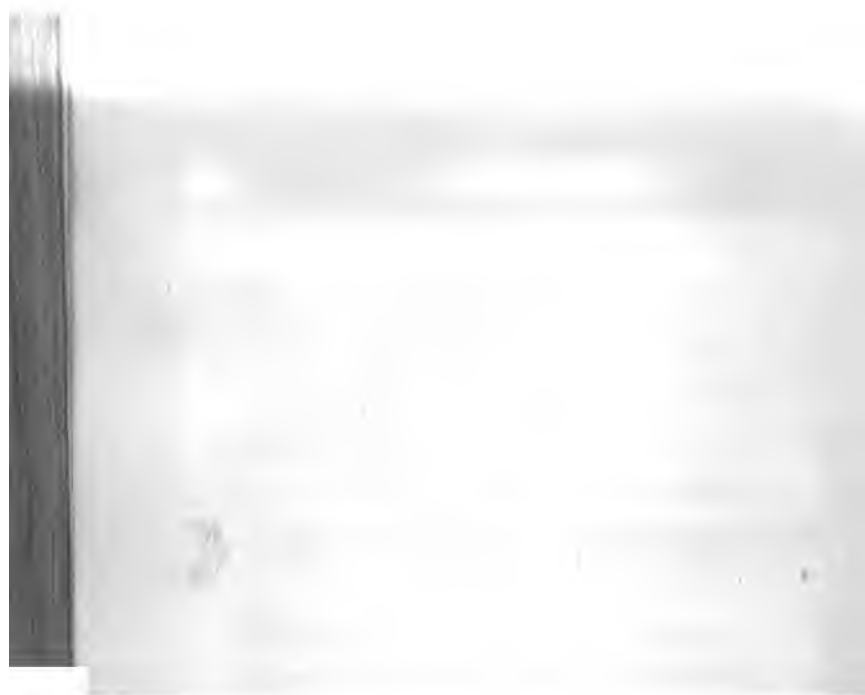
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